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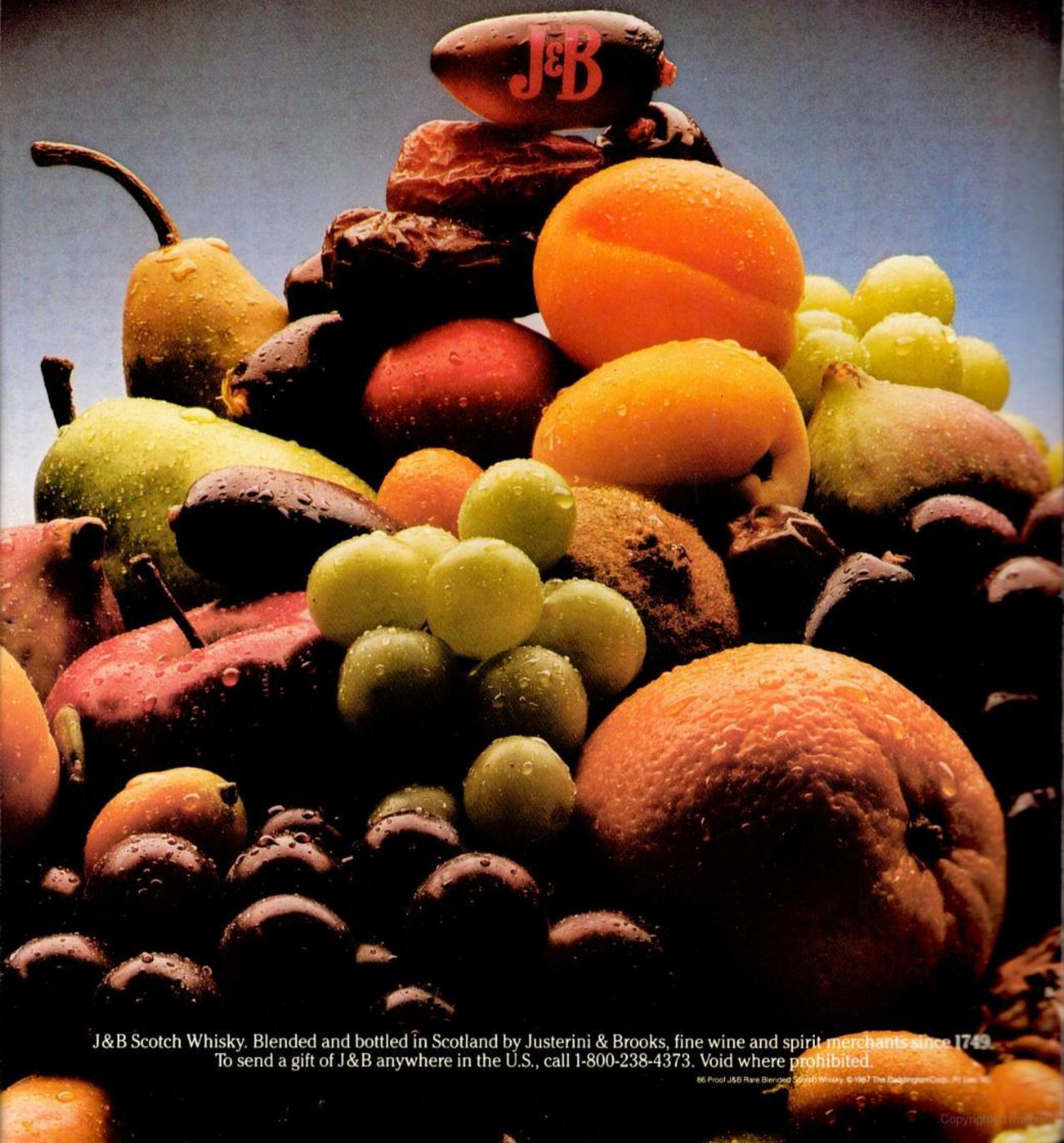
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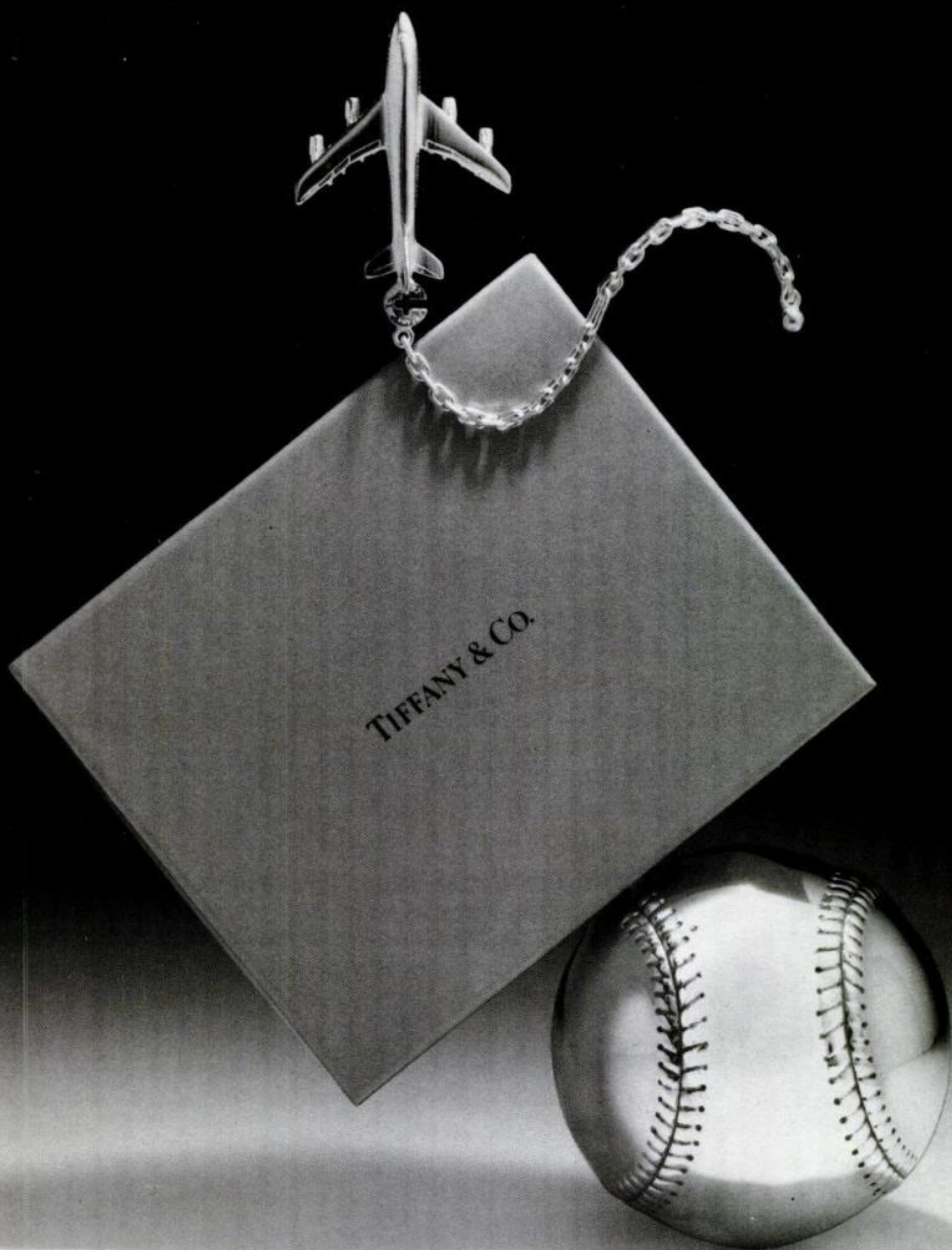
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Rolling Stone



DEPARTMENTS



GREAT EXPECTATIONS 9

NAKED CITY

► *The Duke vs. the Gipper, Meese vs. Mitchell, and Billy Martin vs. everyone. Plus, Mort Zuckerman's dating tips, SPY's All-Star Chef cards, bogus English accents, some mail addressed to "Dear Bob" and our first look back at the amazingly prescient SPY of a decade ago* 26

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NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

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the drawing

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RATS!

► *It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap to rooftop (maybe even yours), through the toilet (maybe even it numbers in the millions, and PHILIP WEISS tailed it all over the place* 58



from rooftop it can pop in yours). It's Rat,

THE FEWER, THE MERRIER

► *Frank Stella paintings, private movie screenings, Mets tickets, a good prep school and the right table at Elaine's: there's a waiting list for and a way to be rejected by everything in New York City. GEORGE KALOGERAKIS and JOE QUEENAN peek through to a life on the other side of the velvet rope* 72

THE MAFIA ENTRANCE EXAM

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► *CELIA BRADY takes a meeting with the big deals of The Industry; PHILIP WEISS on the nutty marriage of Bible-thumping Politics and Madison Avenue behind Pat Robertson; CHARLES POOTER assays the Joyce of The Webs; ANN HODGMAN takes a stab at Eating wild critters; JOE QUEENAN is baffled by the Tipper Gore of Television; AMY ENGELER covers the season's most compelling colon-cleaning trial in Science and You; and ELLIS WEINER on How to Be a Grown-up in debt* 108



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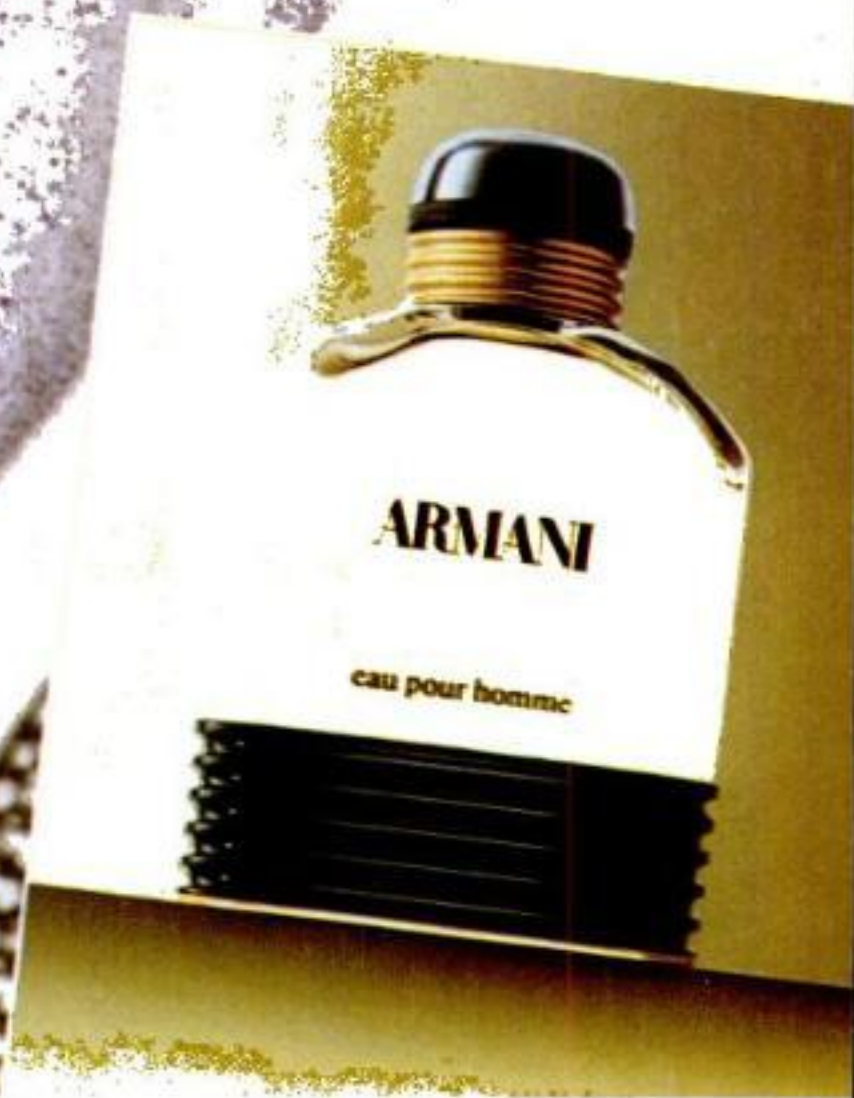
THE COVER Carol Alt photographed by Neil Selkirk. Suit and accessories: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair and makeup: Rolando Beauchamp and Debi Mazar for Bumble + Bumble, NYC. Rats by Animal Actors, Inc. Stylist: Ellen Silverstein.

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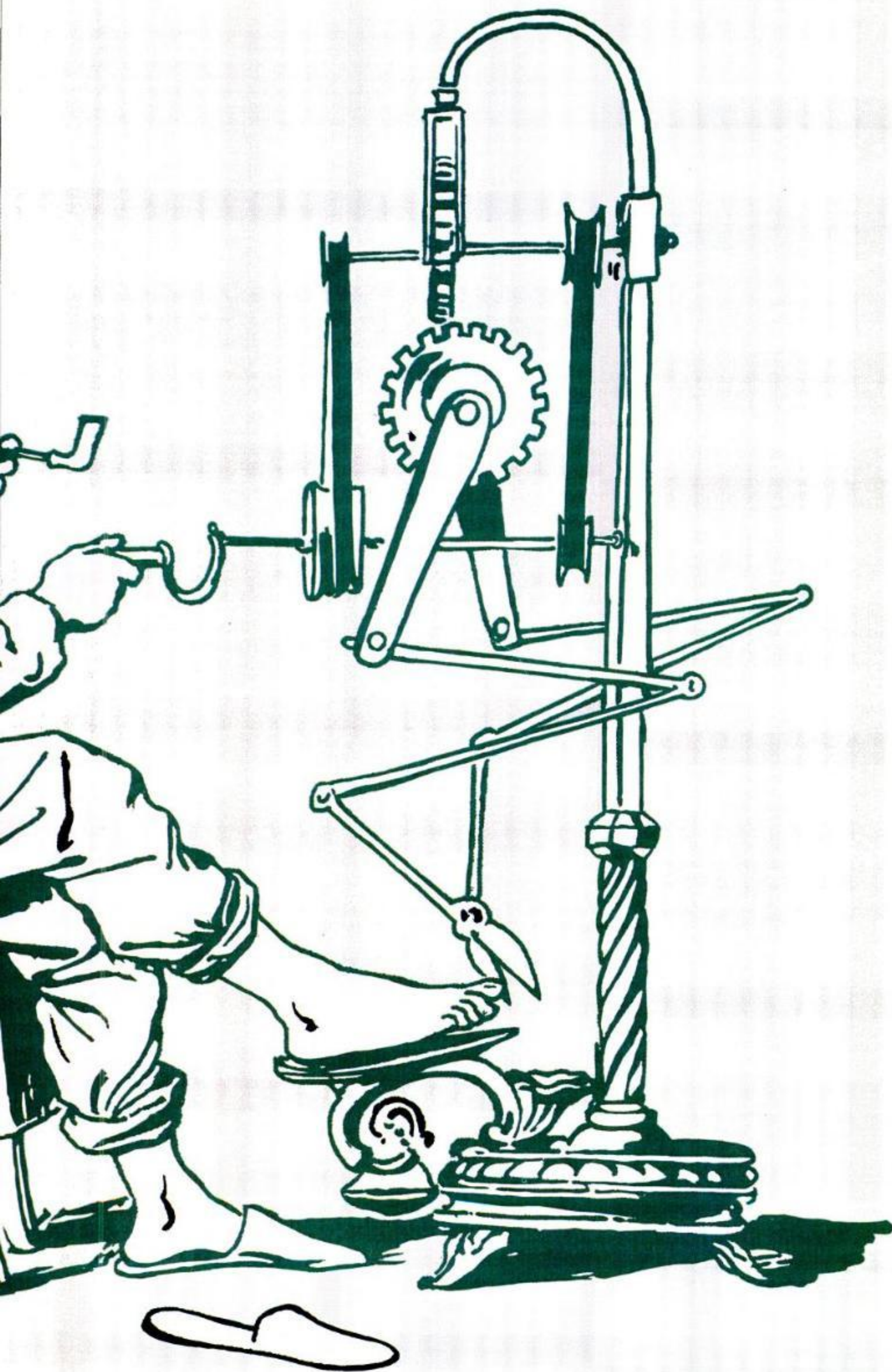


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 advertise them, no magazine succeeds like *Good Housekeeping*. **THE SEAL OF SUCCESS.**



A full-page photograph of two women running along a sandy beach. They are running away from the camera, towards the ocean. The woman on the left is wearing a blue athletic two-piece outfit and a blue baseball cap. The woman on the right is wearing a blue athletic top and orange athletic bottoms, with an orange baseball cap. They are holding hands and smiling. The ocean waves are visible in the background.

“He loves my mind.
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Good taste is always an asset.





MAY THE BEST DRONE WIN. THE KOREAN-WAR HERO Pat Robertson, blessedly, has been sent packing; in the light of day, Dick Gephardt proved to be merely a hologram and disappeared; the spectacle of Gary Hart

finally became too embarrassing even for Gary Hart; Bob Dole will now have to snap and seethe mainly in private—at one of his final campaign press conferences, the lights went out

for four long minutes. So, despite the

few remaining plebiscites (yes,

California, we really really *do* care), it's all over but the shouting. And the

cynical deal cutting. And the pandering to

Jesse Jackson. And the rewriting of the Mario Cuomo profiles.

President Michael Dukakis? He suggests more a very, very competent internist (or college admissions director, maybe) than a commander-

in-chief. President Al

Gore? The *faux* conservatism is almost unforgivably

transparent. President George Bush? Well, hey, *sure*—and why not President McLean Stevenson and... oh, President Conrad Bain • and President Hal Holbrook, while we're at

it? *They're* ineffectual white men; *they're* 60-ish; *they're* friendly; *they're* good-looking. And they manage to learn their lines, unlike Bush,

who during the campaign alluded to "inner ghetto city youth" (the vice president needs a rewrite man on staff), and who doesn't work at all well with animals—as he was leaving South Carolina, victorious, his own security dog attacked him. Now you understand why the Republicans have nominated only actors, except for incumbents, since 1968. We had grown

jokes about Ronald part of a president, just tions, reading lines. we learned the truth joke. On Reagan's



notorious notecards, without which his keepers allow him to appear nowhere, are *complete scripts*. One day not long ago, for instance, Reagan was meeting with Senator Byrd, who had just returned from a foreign trip. "Bob," the president's script and, in turn, the president, said, "I appreciate you and your colleagues' coming down today." A pause. "Bob, I want to thank you especially for undertaking this and for handling your discussions over there so effectively." That's a president for you: no rewrites necessary.

But the president *improvises* marvelously, too. Hours after Ollie North was charged with illegally using U.S. funds to subsidize the contras, Reagan dispatched four battalions of troops to the very war zone North had been illegally mucking around in. And then withdrew them. And then he said, "I still think Ollie North is a hero." North, his ex-boss declared, is "going to be found innocent." And *then* Reagan said, "The whole so-called Iran scandal, I find it hard to think of as a scandal." *All this in one week*. Say what you want about senility, but Reagan's knack for drama is undiminished. It's as if Aaron Spelling had produced *King Lear*, slightly rewritten.

Now, Jimmy Swaggart—*there's* another great natural Shakespearean madman, a born ad-libber. Swaggart has not yet ordered his followers to line up and drink from the Kool-Aid vat, but that could just be because there are so darn many of them. Despite his suspension for the next year, Swaggart has been permitted to preach to *foreigners* on TV—the theological equivalent of dumping tainted medicines onto unregulated overseas markets. "At 9:20," he said, "God told me that it [overseas TV] is going to continue." The Lord is suddenly talking to him, *and Jimmy Swaggart remembers to note the time*. We tend to come unglued at the arrival of the Chinese-food deliveryman, let alone God.

On another recent morning, a less celebrated hothead had his own hallucinatory inspiration: he decided to kill Ivan Boesky. John Mulheren, a former Boesky confederate and friend of Bruce "We Ride Through Mansions of Glory in Suicide Machines" Springsteen's, loaded up his car with semiautomatic weapons for the trip to Boesky's—but he was arrested at the end of the driveway. What, the cop couldn't have winked and waved him on *just this once*?

If the New York State Senate passes the proposed Celebrity Rights Act, you could, once Boesky *does* die, be legally prohibited from using his name or image for commercial purposes. *Yikes!* Our own plans to launch a chain of Andy Gibb Chest Hair Styling Salons and a line of Andy Gibb-brand sangria-making accessories may be in jeopardy.

Clearly, Australia has peaked as a cultural concept. Gibb (a meretricious Australian-born show business figure who made it big in America in the late 1970s) passes away just as Rupert Murdoch (a meretricious Australian-born show business figure who made it big in America in the late 1970s) passes on—or at least out of the New York newspaper business. Do you remember how terribly, terribly anxious Murdoch was to consummate a wage-cutting deal with the *Post* unions? Do you suppose it was because he knew that his quarterly corporate profits would be announced three days later and might call into question his poor-mouthing? Murdoch's company earned \$127 million during the last 90 days of 1987—thus covering all of his losses on the *Post* from the previous decade. Sweetheart? Get him rewrite. ☛



June Auction Calendar

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- 1 American Paintings, Drawings and Watercolors 2 p.m.
- 7 Oriental Rugs and Carpets 6 p.m.
- 8 Animation Art 6 p.m.
- 9 Antique & Fine Jewelry 10 a.m.
- 14 Oriental Furniture and Decorations 10 a.m.
- 16 Arts and Crafts, Art Nouveau and Art Deco 10 a.m.
- 21 Pop and Collectibles, including the Ruby Slippers from "The Wizard of Oz" 10 a.m.
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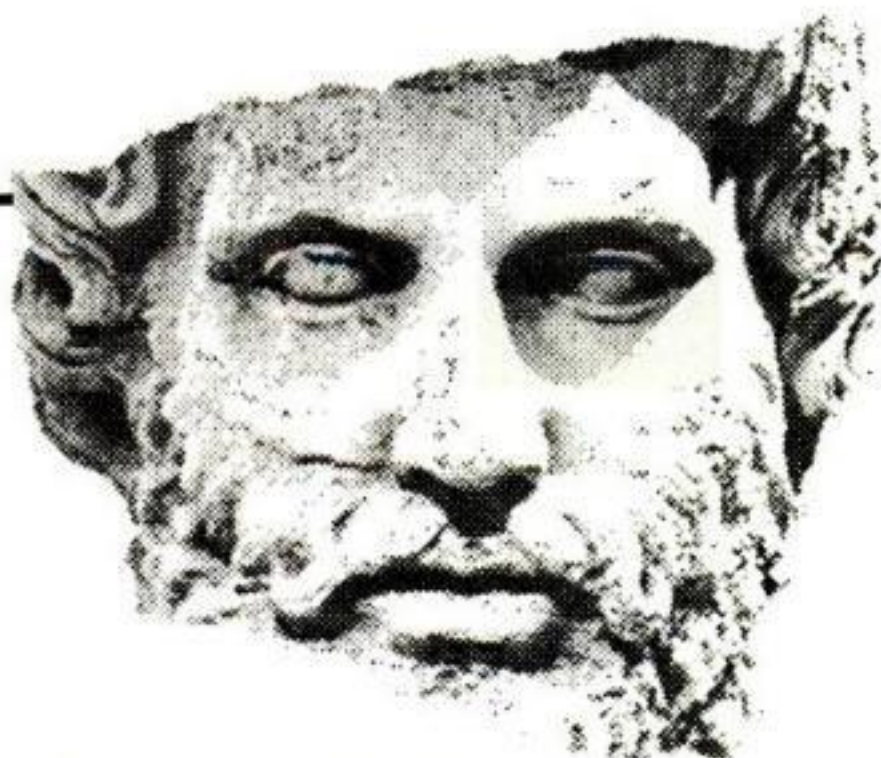


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From the SPY mailroom: Our brave expose of the menace from the north ("The Canadians Among Us," January/February) continues to earn us mail from irate—surprise!—Canadians. The story seems particularly to have touched a raw, national



alist nerve among the students of Henry Wise Wood High School in Calgary, who—Olympic spirit be damned—have re-

sponded with the most concentrated hate-mail campaign we've had to weather since that nasty Halbfinger business last November. A clutch of letters—well, nine—written for the most part in a large, careful hand on loose-leaf paper (three holes, not five) sits reproachfully in front of us. Boy, have we got plenty to answer for. Our reporter (Richard Stengel, who came highly recommended), our crack fact checkers, our ace lawyers—all of them let us down. It turns out we got it all wrong about Canada.

Several of the letter writers hit us where it hurts: at least, they say, Canada doesn't have rampant homelessness, Reagan, Watergate or the Iran-contra affair. Well...there is no adequate response; our heads bow in shame. And then these kids—these nice Canadian kids—get *really* vicious.

At least three letters contain vague threats of a legal, physical or unspecified nature. Two writers fault us for being a nation of freeway snipers. (How did they know about that? Isn't Radio Free Canada supposed to censor that kind of news?) One writer points out, *without any apparent envy*, "You guys have such rotten life-styles, jumping in and out of the sack with whoever you please, and you are all such boozers—getting plastered whenever you can." Another compares SPY unfavorably with the *National Enquirer*. The stuff kids read today—and Canadian kids at that.

"If your reporters would just take the time to do *accurate* research about Canadians, you'd find that we aren't the noodle-heads most of you seem to think we are," writes student Sheri Kabatoff, setting an admirable tone of reasoned, point-by-point rebuttal. Our assertion, for example, that Canadians wear round-toed, crepe-soled shoes is disputed by *five* correspondents—five correspondents, we like to imagine, in round-toed, crepe-soled shoes. This is apparently a sensitive, serious matter in the

land of the round-toed, crepe-soled shoe. "Are you trying to tell us that American senior citizens and people with orthopedic problems wear trendy high-heeled shoes and opened toes?" asks Marissa Lee, reasonably. But the only issue upon which virtually every Henry Wise Wood High School student commented is, of course, the Bank Machine Question.

There opinion was divided. "I have never seen a Canadian say thank you to a bank machine," states Jennifer Kauffeldt flatly. Ms. Kauffeldt, who appears to speak for the majority of hate-mail-writing Henry Wise Wood students, goes on to describe an actual encounter she witnessed between a Canadian and a bank machine during the course of which, she claims, no pleasantries were exchanged ("I saw a man beat his money out," is how she puts it, "and I'm sure he didn't say thank you"). On the other hand, Lorraine Price's slightly defensive "There is nothing wrong with... talking to our bank machines" seems to throw the issue wide open and suggest that things in Calgary are neither as simple nor as innocent as they seem on the surface.

In sum, although we were heartened somewhat by Henry Wise Wooder Laura Hodgson's generous acknowledgment that "all the things you mentioned in your magazine may be true in some sense," we undeniably blew it, Canada-wise. Sifting moodily through the letters, we are seared even now by such words and phrases as "infantile," "Also in your stupid article," "senseless drivel" and "Have you retards ever noticed...?" the last of which, incidentally, we might like to buy the rights to for the name of a folksy new Andy Rooney-ish feature planned for SPY. But that will have to wait until our spirits revive. Right now we are hopelessly depressed, and Stephanie Harding's coup de grace is still ringing in our ears: "You'd think you people would have better things to do with your time than criticize Canadians. But I guess when a magazine is a total flop, articles are hard to come by."

Maybe this swift, brutal response from north of the border—Canadian youth retaliates!—should tell us something. Are America's teenagers capable of that kind of organization? Would they have leapt so quickly to the defense of, say, normal-thickness, open-toed shoes?

Not all of the recent mail was delivered in envelopes festooned with moose and beaver stamps. ➤➤

DEAR EDITORS I would do anything to get you to print this letter concerning your fantastic article on the preternaturally energetic publicist Bobby Zarem ["Sincerely, Bobby," by Luc Sante, March], and being written from my office at Susan Blond Inc., located on West 57th Street, the most cosmopolitan street in the most cosmopolitan city in the world! Central Park is literally my front yard, and the views from the windows of my sixth-floor office are unprecedented!

I am no longer one of Bobby Zarem's satraps, but my learning experience and the sharpening of my writing skills under Bobby's unique tutelage have led directly to my fabulous current job as a publicist with Susan Blond Inc.

Susan Blond, as I'm sure you must know and everyone has been talking about for ages, is one of the most fabulous, well-respected, important and exciting publicists

and actresses (she appeared in the climactic moment of the classic Andy Warhol film *Bad*) in the world, as well as being the single most important trendsetter in New York.

Still, I'm thrilled to have been a part of the Zarem time capsule, however small.

Suzanne MacNary
New York

DEAR EDITORS You have altered the quality and the shape of my next half-century in the single finest way possible and I love you. I don't know what more I could say—for the moment.

Robert Zarem
New York

DEAR EDITORS I wanted to tell you I was betrayed by your staff. I read in the column on your December Letters page that your standard rate of exchange was one SPY insult per SPY subscription. You mean to tell me that I could have used four insults while responding to your mercenary Christmas gift subscription offer? This was not mentioned anywhere on the order form. Now I feel cheated.

Ben Cota
Oakland, California
We should have been more explicit. Nevertheless, the insults are not retroactive.

DEAR EDITORS Read with interest your article The Industry [by Celia Brady, March]. Read with no interest your description of me as "ball-shaped." Besides some inaccuracies, you have a great sense of humor.

Bernie Brillstein
Culver City, California

DEAR EDITORS For those who are interested: Issaquah is a small but booming community about 30 miles east of Seattle. It is known primarily for its salmon and for a two-day festival held in October called—yes, that's right—Salmon Days. For one weekend, thousands of people swarm through Issaquah to watch large schools (parochial, no doubt) of salmon swarm through the creeks and rivers. There are parades and huge papier-mâché floats depicting various kinds of

salmon.

The rest of the year, Issaquah is fairly quiet. Please get me out of here.

Michael Korolenko

Issaquah, Washington

Mr. Korolenko's curious letter should not be taken as a sign of mental illness. He is simply elaborating on specific information regarding Issaquah that has previously appeared in SPY's Letters section.

DEAR EDITORS So there I was, standing in the alley in my blue flannel pajamas and winter boots, holding a cardboard box that contained a mouse I had just captured in my apartment and was vainly trying to offer the neighborhood cat for Christmas (it being the eve thereof), when my neighbor emerges from his building and asks, "Got the new SPY yet?"

Earlier that week I found myself trying to explain my passion for your magazine to some miscreants from those monotonous, homogeneous (in all forms—race, income, architecture) places with names like West-River-Rolling-Oak-Hill-Brook-Stream-Fields who declare themselves to be from "the Chicago area."

Oh, why I love SPY: you have to truly love a city, as I love Chicago, and as I believe you love New York City, to know.

Edward Keyes
Chicago, Illinois ➤➤

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Baird Jones, "B.A., J.D., M.S.W., M.A.," of Manhattan, wrote almost everybody here to tell us that he was recently quoted—congratulations, Baird, B.A., J.D., M.S.W., M.A.—in *Newsday* as "disagreeing with SPY's assessment of Edwin Schlossberg" (April 1987). "Schlossberg's high standing as a cutting-edge artist in the United States was established long before he met Caroline Kennedy," says Mr.—wait, is that right? B.A., J.D., M.S.W., M.A.... yes, "Mr." will do—Jones.

Roy Thore Nilsson writes helpfully from Göteborg, Sweden, to tell us of a recent article in the Swedish daily *Kvällsposten* regarding SPY and its possible influence on the "newstarted" (Mr. Nilsson's word) Swedish monthly magazine *Z* (see this space, March issue, for details). Although we are indebted to Mr. Nilsson for alerting us to the article, which appeared in an issue of *Kvällsposten* that we had missed, we are at the same time alarmed to learn that he wants to write for SPY. At least, we think he wants to write for SPY. "As a unique marketing sensation my writings are given in your care to be able to be published in SPY for hand in hand reading in your language and in mine," he writes. To us, that sounds suspiciously like a query, English-as-a-second-language style. "Give it a good try," he adds encouragingly. "Lots of reactions must be expressed by the market." Look, it's nothing to be ashamed of—we couldn't turn a phrase in Swedish if our lives depended on it.

Is there any similarity between Ellis Weiner's confessed schoolboy marginalia (*How to Be a Grown-up*, January/February) and those of the intellectual hookers in Woody Allen's "The Whore of Mensa"? E. Miller of Manhattan thinks so. "Picky, picky, I know," E. writes, "but is it enough to keep [Mr. Weiner] out of public office?" Ellis? "If holding public office means being accountable to E. Miller, then forget it—E.'s just too picky."

Finally, the winner of our Divine Inspiration Award—chosen each month, as you recall, in a random drawing from all current mail suggesting a "Separated at Birth?" pairing of Leona Helmsley and Liberace—is... *Susanna Ashton of Poughkeepsie, New York!* Susanna will, of course, receive a copy of the March 1987 issue of SPY, in which Lee and Le and their respective tans first appeared. Congratulations to *all* our contestants!



R

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DEAR EDITORS **T**he worst thing about being a Peace Corps volunteer isn't having to walk two miles for a bucket of water, or eating parched termites for snacks, or trying to convince a lot of African farmers to do things they really don't want to do *for their own good*, or having people ask when they hear I'm in the Peace Corps, "Oh, does the Peace Corps still exist?" No, the worst thing is that we live out in the middle of nowhere and have no access to the news of the "real" world except the lousy Peace Corps-issued *Newsweek Internationals* that sometimes make their way to us out in the bush. Now, one volunteer just came back to Africa after home leave, and she brought a copy of SPY, and it has about 1,000 times more useful news than the *Newsweeks*.

So could you help us convince the director of the Peace Corps, Loret Miller Ruppe, that we would really be better off with SPY than with *Newsweek*? Help us, please.

Jean Wenzel

Sierra Leone

Gosh, does the Peace Corps still exist?

DEAR EDITORS **W**hile temporarily assigned to Tokyo I wait with bated breath for the monthly arrival of my SPY magazine. I have come to realize that SPY is what helps me retain that nasty, cynical New York Attitude that gives me a consistent edge here in the land of \$150 cab rides and raw fish. Please wait till I get back to bash the Japanese. If I read it while I'm here, I may be overwhelmed by my desire to be a New Yorker again and push somebody in front of a speeding bullet train.

Richard Marose

Tokyo, Japan

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our magazine has started to lose its touch. Didn't you predict that Gary Hart would reenter the race back in December? And now you've got ads running for *People* and Continental. You're probably even making money.

I see you're selling yourself now as a "national magazine." Pretty soon you'll print letters like "You know, I really loved your article on Canadians! Good day, eh?—Dud MacKenzie, Etobicoke, Ontario."

Rick Simonds

New York



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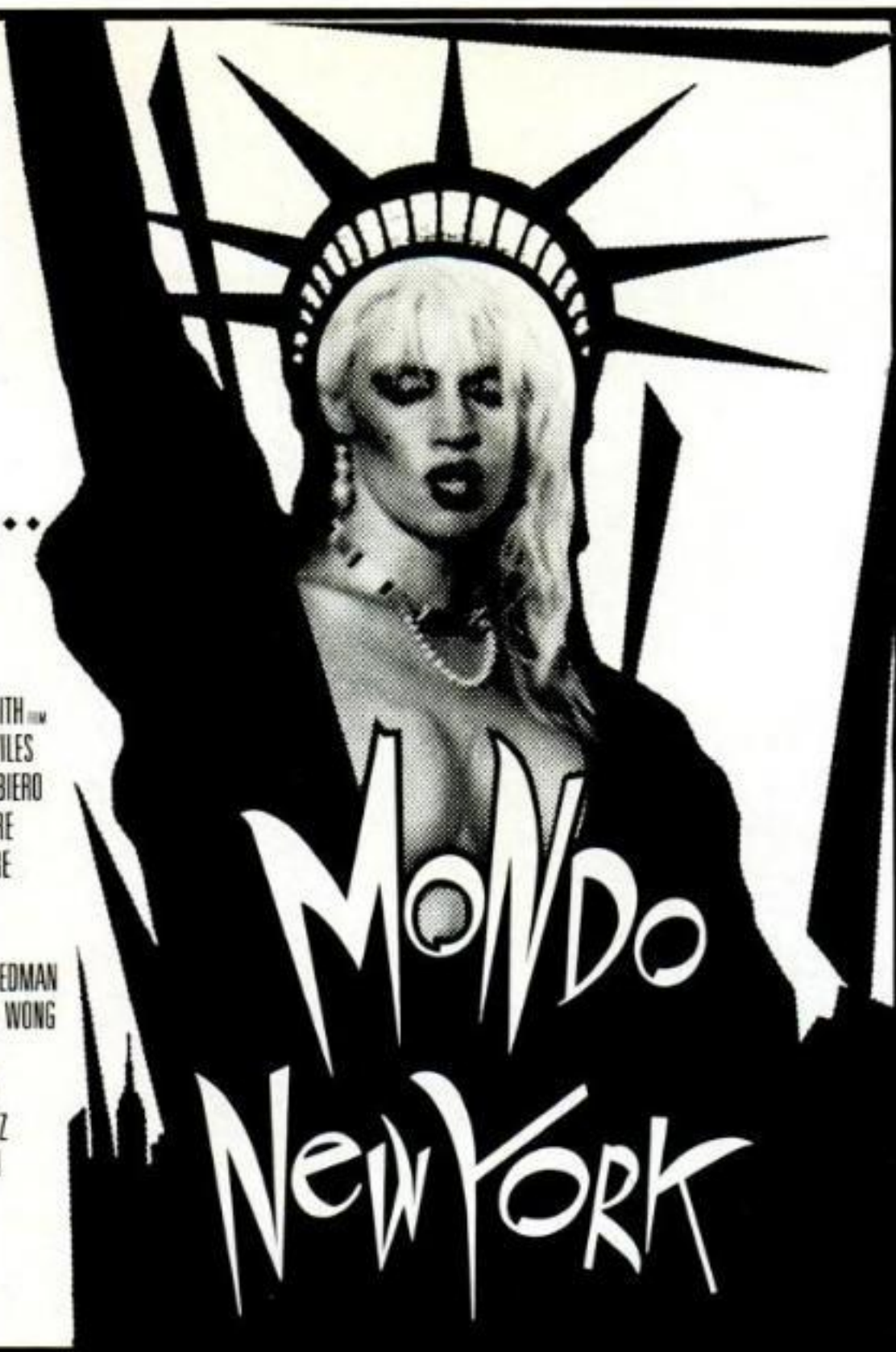
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WRITTEN BY DAVID SILVER AND HARVEY KEITH
FROM AN ORIGINAL CONCEPT BY STUART S. SHAPIRO EDITOR RICHARD FRIEDMAN
PRODUCTION DESIGNER JACQUILINE JACOBSEN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LEONARD WONG
ASSOCIATE PRODUCERS JOHN PAIGE AND STEVEN MENKIN
PRODUCTION CONSULTANT ALAN DOUGLAS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DORIAN HENDRIX
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK BY JOHNNY PACHECO AND LUIS PERICO ORTIZ
PRODUCED BY STUART S. SHAPIRO DIRECTED BY HARVEY KEITH
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON GREAT JONES
WARNING—THIS FILM CONTAINS SCENES OF EXTREME DECADENCE
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**Only one other
boot in the
world compares
to this authentic
British Welly.**



DEAR EDITORS I have no idea why, but I continue to laugh—and laugh and laugh—each time I see, or even think of, D. Diefendorf's Old Unfamiliar Folk Tune "The Cat Is in the Hay," in the January/February issue.

Why do you suppose that is?

Jeff Henderson

Washington, D.C.

Something biochemical?

DEAR EDITORS After considering Richard Stengel's article on Canadians in your January/February issue ["The Canadians Among Us"], I must take exception to his assertion that, overall, they are a dull, humorless breed of followers.

As a Canadian living in the States, I find I provide my American friends with a unique example of wit, intelligence, personal dignity and an appreciation of literature, beauty and art—all characteristics generally held dear by Canadians and, my belief is, attributable to the British-loyalist influence I felt growing up in a part of the Commonwealth.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I must go whip up a batch of boiled dinner.

Mrs. Michele S. Hughes Gentile

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS How dare you insult Canadians? Didn't you know that Canadian men—at least as seen in the media—epitomize the Ideal Male for the Eighties Woman?

Just think—Canadians are financially secure, ruggedly handsome, just plain nice, and *sensitive*. Sensitive enough to sit patiently through the tirades and tempests any healthy American woman can provide; yet masculine enough to avoid Alan Alda-esque sniveling, or the American Strong Silent Type Silent Treatment equivalent. After a good long scolding, a Canadian will say, "Why, dear—I'm sorry you never told me this before"—and *not even sulk!*

A bargain indeed. Excuse me while I remove my nail polish, take off the passé mini and fishnets, and iron a red flannel shirt.

Elaine Chen

Harvard University

Cambridge, Massachusetts

P.S. Damn your italics. They're rubbing off on me.

DEAR EDITORS **T**he following is an addition to your "De Facto Canadian" list of atrocities that *should* be and *must* be considered Canadian:

- 1) spider plants
- 2) pump toothpaste
- 3) wine coolers
- 4) shoestring spaghetti
- 5) *Entertainment Tonight*
- 6) Spuds MacKenzie
- 7) DoveBars
- 8) comedy clubs
- 9) café curtains
- 10) salad bars
- 11) Nell Carter
- 12) feminine-hygiene spray
- 13) sheepskin bicycle-seat covers

*Charles G. Beyer, E. V. Day
and Melissa Grey
Boston, Massachusetts*

DEAR EDITORS **I**n case you were wondering who designed the outfits for sitcoms in the 1960s:

THE MUNSTERS

Herman—Romeo Gigli; Lily—Krizia; Grampa—Gianni Versace; Eddie—Comme des Garçons; Marilyn—J. G. Hook

BEWITCHED

Samantha—Donna Karan; Darrin—Brooks Brothers; Endora—Zandra Rhodes; Serena—Stephen Sprouse; Tabitha—Laura Ashley

FAMILY AFFAIR

Uncle Bill—Polo/Ralph Lauren; Mr. French—Dunhill Tailors; Cissy—Katharine Hamnett; Buffy—Kenzo; Jody—Chaps/Ralph Lauren; Mrs. Beasley—see Buffy

THE JETSONS

George—Claude Montana; Jane—Courrèges; Judy—Thierry Mugler

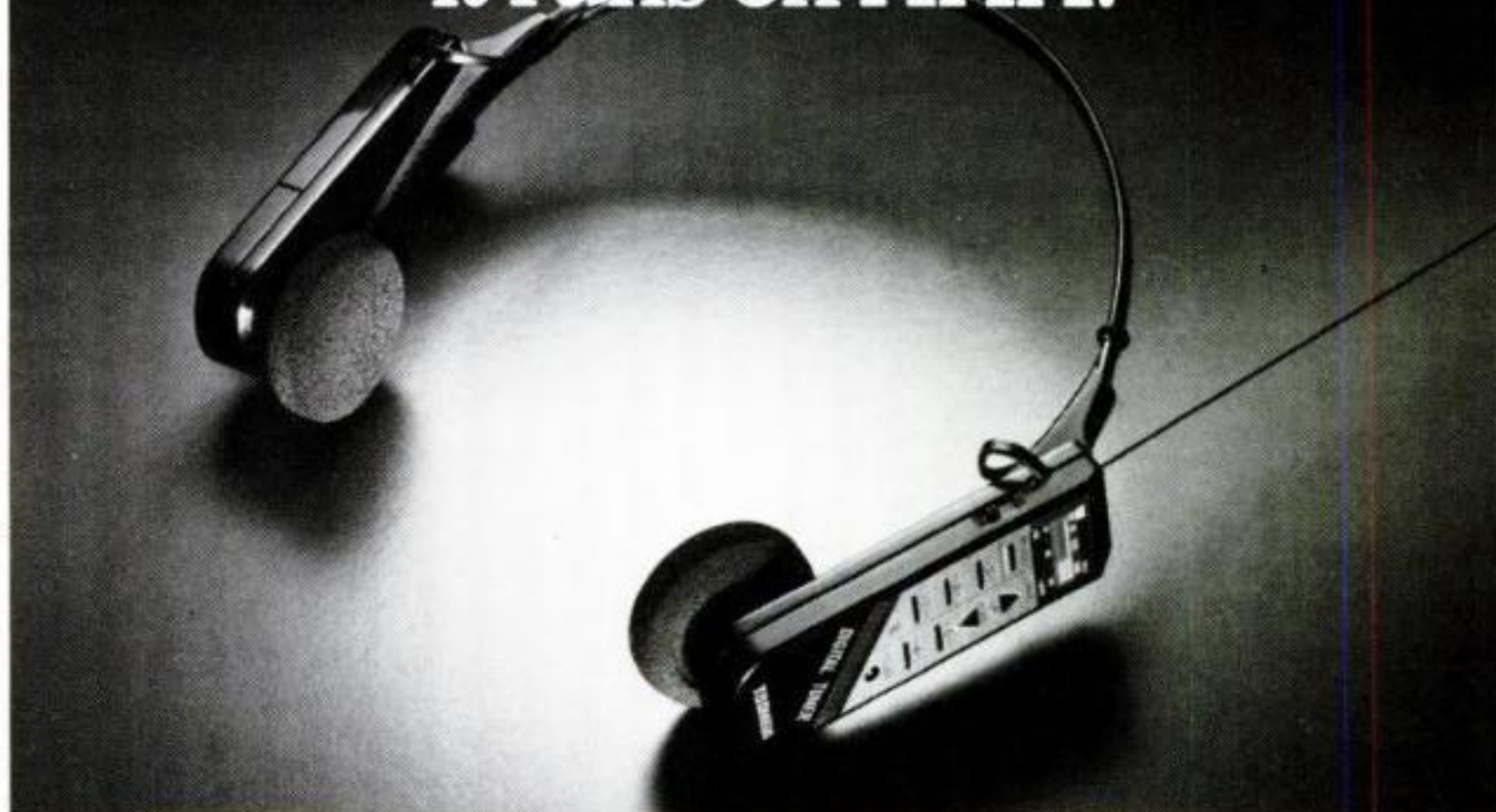
GILLIGAN'S ISLAND

Gilligan—Navy Surplus; Skipper—Gant; Professor—Perry Ellis; Mary Ann—Betsey Johnson; Ginger—Azzedine Alaïa; Thurston Howell III—Paul Stuart; Lovey—Oscar de la Renta

*Chuck Stanojevich
Hamilton, Ontario*

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎

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boot in the
world compares
to this authentic
British Welly.**

For over a century, Wellys have taken the British hunting, shooting, fishing, and safely through the treacherous puddles of Mayfair and Kensington. They're 100% rubber, hand constructed, totally waterproof, and now available at smart shops across the U.S. To find one near you, please call 1-800-322-5535. Then pray for bad weather.



Sips



◀ German artist Gottfried Von Bismarck retires his beer stein for the evening and enjoys a glass of Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne.

ADVERTISEMENT



▲ Keeping abreast of the situation—LA gossip columnist Anne Crawford checks out the scene at the Dom Ruinart party. The scene checks her out as well.



◀ Self-proclaimed party crasher Mike Sarne hits the L.A. Dom Ruinart party held at The Pink. He needs only dark sunglasses to pass for a fifties movie queen.

▶ When the champagne flows, three hands are better than one.



& Spills

Photography by Elsa Braunstein.



▲ No, you're not seeing triple. The Del Rubio Triplets are a figment of reality. (And you thought you lived on the fringe.)

▶ There's a reason why Nancye Ferguson was the life of the L.A. Dom Ruinart party. A 60-watt bulb would have fit nicely under what she considered a hat.



▲ Mistaking The Pink for The Young Republicans Club, these squeaky-clean faces were enough to make any self-respecting night-crawler cringe.



POP 84 CLOTHING FOR MEN AND WOMEN

STORE LOCATIONS

7580 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood • 213/658-5653
The Atrium on Main, 2936 Main St., Santa Monica • 213/399-0405
La Reina Plaza, 14622 Ventura Bl., Sherman Oaks • 818/501-0242
300 Columbus Ave., New York • 212/496-6740

In this May's

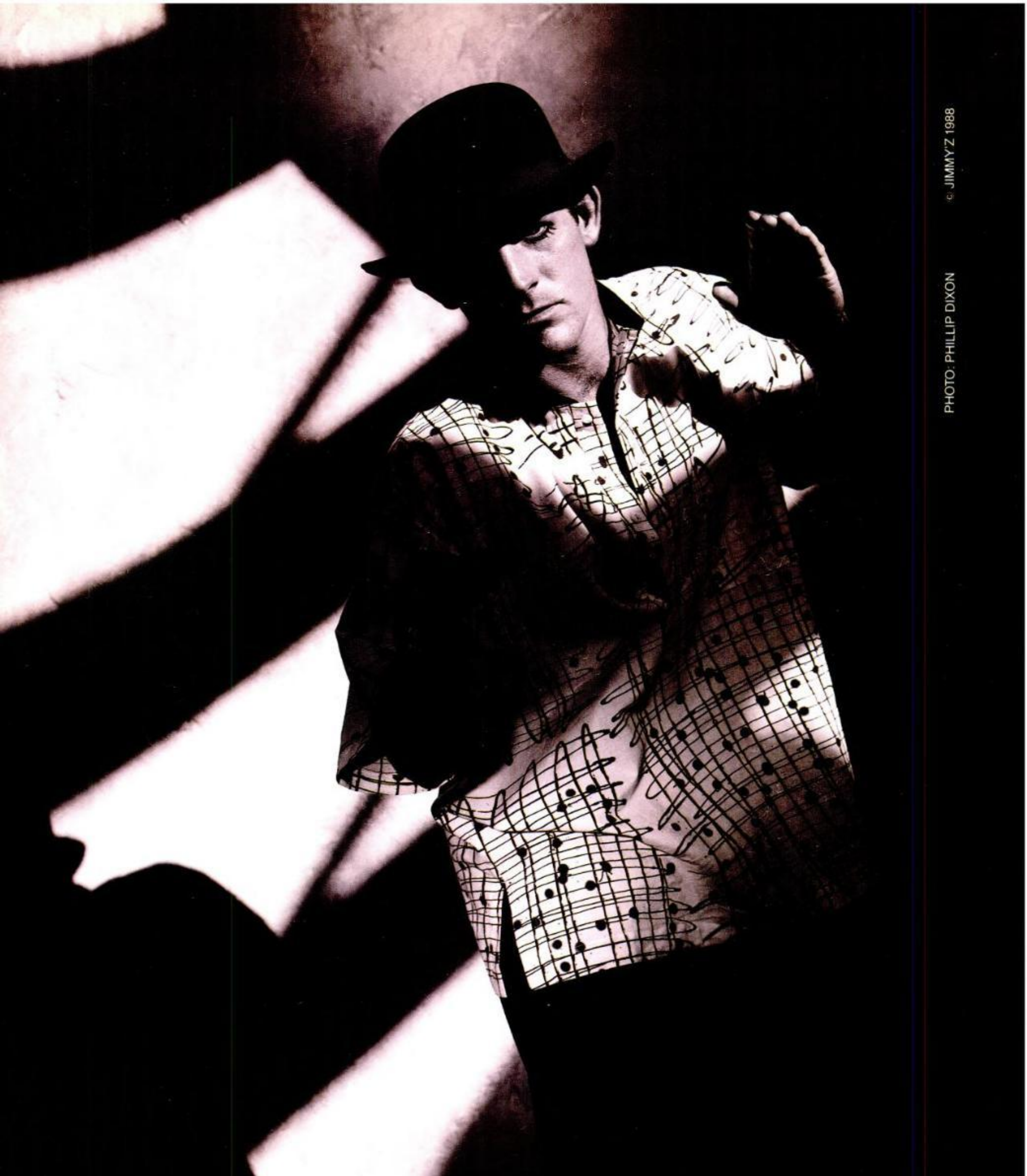
Interview

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDRA IVANY

YEMEN DISH

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: HILY TOMLIN • PHILIP JOHNSON • PATTI SMITH • E
AND ROBERT LONGO

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PHOTO: PHILLIP DIXON

JIMMY'Z

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N

aked City

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

WITH A BULLET

For the Grateful Dead and Herb Alpert, 1987 was a pretty good year. On the other hand, some hit-makers of the past found themselves longing for the upper reaches of the charts and the days when "shipping platinum" meant something more than the organized transport of nontarnishing metals. Herewith, SPY's nominees for the first CDs to be remaindered.

	HIGHEST POSITION		
	DEBUTED AT		
PERFORMER/ ALBUM	WEEKS ON BILLBOARD TOP 200		
David Bowie/ Never Let Me Down	263	41	34
Dan Fogelberg/ Exiles	17	130	48
Mick Jagger/ Primitive Cool	13	81	41
Van Morrison/ Poetic Champions Compose	12	150	90
Alice Cooper/ Raise Your Fist and Yell	10	151	73
The Temptations/ Together Again	10	154	112
The Bee Gees/ E.S.P.	8	129	96

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



B. MYERSON



M. ZUCKERMAN



F. FELLINI

SHE'S BEEN UP and she's been down, but through it all, **Ed Koch's** former beard, **BESS** "I Decline to Answer on the Grounds That It May Tend to Incriminate Me" **MYERSON**, has never been less than expert at exploiting a photo opportunity. When a camouflaged photographer from the *New York Post* caught her, in mufti, grabbing fireplace andirons from the Westhampton home of **NANCY CAPASSO** — formerly the Westhampton home of Myerson's convict boyfriend, **ANDY CAPASSO** — Bess's beauty-queen instincts kicked in. After depositing the andirons in her car, she rushed back inside the house and changed out of her sweatpants and jersey. Exactly 12 minutes later, she reappeared in a dressier outfit, coiffed hair, her face made up. "This is an incredibly vain woman," Mrs. Capasso's lawyer, **RAOUL FELDER**, told SPY, by way of unbiased explanation.

Those andirons, incidentally, are not the only things Myerson is accused of liberating from Andy's ex-house. Nancy Capasso claims that \$65,000 worth of art and furnishings disappeared from the house after it was awarded to her as part of her divorce settlement. More pathological still, SPY has learned, Myerson evidently replaced some of the missing items with cheesy Azuma-style substitutes. "A lot of wicker stuff," Nancy's lawyer says. "*Schmattes*. You know, *junk*."

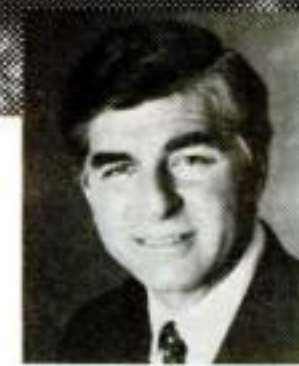
IT WAS AN UNNECESSARY, self-inflicted public humiliation straight out of the **RICHARD NIXON** play-book: **MORT ZUCKERMAN** was being interviewed by a group of reporters in his *U.S. News & World Report* offices when he suddenly broke off the questioning, picked up the phone and dialed *Vanity Fair* pinup girl **DIANE SAWYER**. Uh, was she free a few days hence?, Zuckerman asked. Judging from the abrupt termination of the call, Sawyer seemed to be busy washing her hair or cleaning out her refrigerator or something on the evening in question. Ever the shameless swain, Zuckerman hung up and continued his interview right where it had left off.

WHO WAS THAT SHORT GUY swaggering through the offices of the Creative Artists Agency in Los Angeles recently, hitting on all the female employees? Why, that was **DUSTIN "Ishtar" HOFFMAN**. When the star finally lured one poor young thing into the agency's private celebrity lounge and told her to get down on her knees, he wasn't thinking what you're thinking. He just wanted to have her take off his shoes and massage his tiny feet.

JUSTINE BATEMAN, fresh from her critically...acknowledged movie debut in *Satisfaction*, has started plotting the rest of her film career. She recently submitted to executives at 20th Century Fox the names of the directors with whom she would be pleased to work. And although neither man has ever directed a single situation-comedy episode, both **INGMAR BERGMAN** and **FEDERICO FELLINI** were fortunate enough to be included on Bateman's list.

WE HAVE **DONALD TRUMP's** very own testimony — from his superlative-choked *Trump: The Art of the Deal* — that when it comes to his Trump Tower penthouse spread, "I don't believe there is any apartment anywhere in the world that can touch it." And we've seen enough pictures of the casino-inspired triplex in fawning magazine and TV profiles to agree. But until now, we'd never been given a glimpse into the ultra-exclusive, superluxurious inner sanctum that Trump probably never refers to as "the can." **A FRIEND OF OURS**, while dining recently *chez Trump*, paid a visit to what Trump no doubt never — never — refers to as "the little boys' room" and discovered that the trailing edge of the Trump bathroom tissue roll had been folded into a superclassy, napkinlike point. And scant moments later, when Our Friend had cause to return to what Trump probably only occasionally refers to as "the throne room," he discovered that a paid Trump retainer had already stolen in and refolded the toilet paper *en pointe*.

AT LEAST HE DOESN'T CALL HIS WIFE MOMMY



The only thing farther apart than their politics are their intellectual capacities, yet Ronald Reagan and Michael Dukakis also have a great deal in common.

Enough to make Democrats nervous. Enough, maybe, to make Republicans nervous. Certainly enough to make us nervous.

Michael Dukakis

Just before running for governor, hosted tedious non-prime-time TV show (*The Advocates*)

First major elective office was governorship of state with high-tech industries and great universities

Running for president, boasts incessantly about fiscal successes as governor of Massachusetts

Fired brilliant strategist John Sasso early in campaign

Son John, former actor, campaign manager in South

Wife scheduled photo opportunity to admit having been a drug addict

Lost Iowa caucuses in 1988

Won New Hampshire primary in 1988

Has claimed, "I'm a very simple person, really"

Ronald Reagan

Just before running for governor, hosted tedious non-prime-time syndicated TV show (*Death Valley Days*)

First major elective office was governorship of state with high-tech industries and great universities

Running for president, boasted incessantly about fiscal successes as governor of California

Fired brilliant strategist John Sears early in campaign

Son Ron, former dancer, campaign liability in South

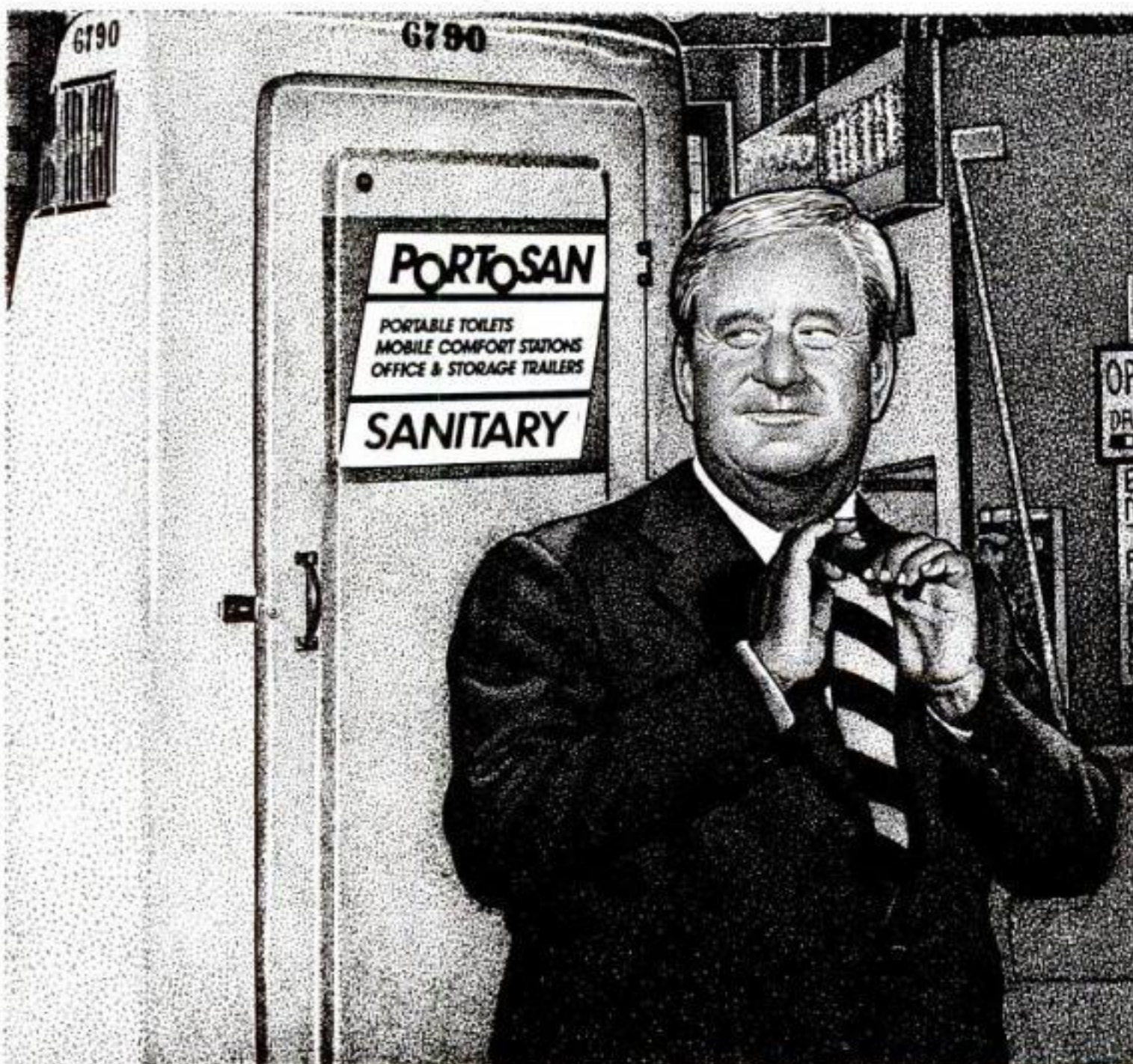
Wife appears frequently in photo opportunities with drug addicts

Lost Iowa caucuses in 1980

Won New Hampshire primary in 1980

Is a very simple person, really ☺

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Supreme Court plaintiff Jerry Falwell, in high spirits, pays his mother a surprise visit.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A monthly tally

Elizabeth Taylor.....	8
Barbara Walters.....	6
Pat Buckley.....	5
Norman Mailer.....	5
Ivana Trump.....	5
Liza Minnelli.....	4
Joan Rivers.....	4
Frank Sinatra.....	4
Cher.....	3
Malcolm Forbes.....	3
C. Z. Guest.....	3
Happy Rockefeller.....	3
Arnold Scaasi.....	3
SPY.....	3
Russian Tea Room.....	3
Liz the Lion-Hearted (Liz Smith's dog).....	2
Geraldine Stutz.....	1

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Joe Walsh/ Got Any Gum?	8 131 113
Joe Jackson/ Will Power	8 181 131
The Monkees/ Pool It	7 97 80
Donna Summer/ All Systems Go	6 165 122
Anne Murray/ Harmony	6 181 149
Barry White/ The Right Night & Barry White	6 193 159
Boy George/ Sold	5 148 145
Peter, Paul and Mary/ No Easy Walk to Freedom	5 187 173
Kenny Rogers/ I Prefer the Moonlight	4 163 163
John Kay and Steppenwolf/ Rock & Roll Rebels	4 175 171
Richie Havens/ Simple Things	4 184 173
Pete Townshend/ Another Scoop	1 198 198

IT'S HIS PARTY

Just as Teddy Kennedy's presidential ambitions will always be circumscribed by Chappaquiddick, Albert Gore's efforts will always be colored by his wife's clumsy assault on rock 'n' roll. It doesn't matter that she might have had a point, or at least that there is a point to be made on the subject. Instead, Tipper positioned herself as a censorious yahoo who just might not object were the federal government to step in and put its foot down. Thus she ceded the high ground to the moral exemplars of the recording industry, who, realizing that Prince's rapaciousness and AC/DC's Satanism help pay for their Porsches and their children's orthodonture, protested that Tipper was an enemy of the First Amendment.

The question that was never satisfactorily answered amid all the commotion she

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

raised was why Tipper was so darned surprised to discover that rock lyrics contained a lot of references to sex. Rock 'n' roll has always been brimming with sex; she was born in 1948, the rock era, and is a confessed marijuana user. What did she listen to when she was young?

Alas, Tipper discovered rock 'n' roll during what may be called the Window of Chastity. Here are some of the songs that reached number one in 1963, the year Tipper turned 15: "Walk Right In" by the Rooftop Singers; "Hey Paula" by Paul & Paula; "Our Day Will Come" by Ruby & The Romantics; "I Will Follow Him" by Little Peggy March; "It's My Party" by Lesley Gore (no relation); "If You Wanna Be Happy" by Jimmy Soul ("If you wanna be happy for the rest of your life/ Never make a pretty woman your wife"); "Blue Velvet" by Bobby Vinton; "Fingertips-Pt. 2" by Little Stevie Wonder; and, for four weeks, "Dominique" by the Singing Nun.

Some other hits you could have heard on Top Forty radio a few thousand times during 1963: "Do The Bird" by Dee Dee Sharp; "The Monkey Time" by Major Lance; "Only in America" by Jay & The Americans; "All I Have to Do Is Dream" by Richard Chamberlain; "Can't Get Used to Losing You" by Andy Williams; "I Love You Because" by Al Martino; "Wives and Lovers" by Jack Jones; "If I Had a Hammer" by Trini Lopez; "Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer" by Nat King Cole; "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" by Rolf Harris; "More" by Kai Winding & Orchestra; "Rhythm of the Rain" by the Cascades; "Mickey's Monkey" by the Miracles; "Harry the Hairy Ape" by Ray Stevens; and "Hello Mudduh, Hello Fadduh!" by Allan Sherman.

One song from 1963 may provide the key insight into Tipper Gore: a Top Ten hit in February of that year from Eydie Gorme called "Blame It on the Bossa Nova." ▶

OUR REGULAR D.C. SCORECARD

We still believe that President Reagan didn't know a criminal conspiracy was brewing in the bowels of the White House and the Old Executive Office Building next door. We believe that this president is not a dissembler, not a liar, not a crook. And just to show our good faith—to prove we know exactly who has been caught breaking the law and who has not—we present our Reagan administration rap sheet for 1987 and 1988.

GUILTY ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS	INDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS	UNINDICTED ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS
William Casey, <i>former CIA director (dead)</i>	Oliver L. North, <i>formerly of the National Security Council and the Marines</i>	Elliott Abrams <i>assistant secretary of State</i>
Lyn Nofziger, <i>former senior adviser to Reagan (convicted)</i>	John M. Poindexter, <i>former national security adviser</i>	Edwin Meese, <i>attorney general</i>
Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane, <i>former national security adviser (pleaded guilty)</i>	Richard V. Secord <i>retired Air Force major general</i>	George Bush, <i>vice president</i>
Michael Deaver, <i>former White House deputy chief of staff (convicted)</i>		Ronald Reagan, <i>president</i>

THE SPY LIST

(third in a series)

Andy Capp
Jimmy Carter
Prince Charles
Baby Doc Duvalier
Allan Gotlieb
John Gutfreund
Harry Helmsley
J. Seward Johnson
Marty Peretz
Nick Pileggi
Ronald Reagan
Wilfrid Sheed
Howard Stringer
Al Taubman
Denis Thatcher
Tom Tisch
Donald Trump
Johannes von Thurn und Taxis
Andrew Wyeth
John Zaccaro

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

- "Cheever continues to do what the best fiction has always done: give us back our humanity, enhanced."
—John Updike on John Cheever's *Falconer*
- "Superb—the most important American novel I've read in years."
—Cheever on Updike's *Rabbit Is Rich*
- "Remarkable ... Powerful ... Mesmerizing ... Lyrical"
—Susan Cheever on Paul Theroux's *O-Zone*
- "A terrific novel about the way we live now."
—Theroux on Cheever's *Doctors and Women*
- "A beautiful book, and worthy of those mountains he is among."
—Paul Theroux on Peter Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard*
- "Sharp-eyed, honest, and exceptionally well-written."
—Matthiessen on Theroux's *The Old Patagonian Express*
- "A feat of imaginative breadth ... which lifts fiction high. The whole landscape is the brighter for it."
—George Steiner on Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers*
- "A work of literature ... an astonishing book."
—Burgess on Steiner's *The Portage to San Cristóbal of A.H.*
- "He is, to say the least, a mature and wise writer."
—Anthony Burgess on Robertson Davies's *The Manticore*
- "A delight to read."
—Davies on Burgess's *Little Wilson and Big God*
- Howard Kaplan



THE NAME OF THAT NEW WHITE WINE WAS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.



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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME VI [P-Q-R]

Who's Newly Who

Hermes Pan, Fred Astaire's choreographer; Bill Parcells, Giants coach; Craig Patrick, former Rangers general manager; Sean Penn, ex-con; Frank Perdue, chicken man; Rhea Perlman, actress; Amanda Plummer, talented acting spud; Lee Harris Pomeroy, architect; Tom Poston, veteran character actor; Prince, entertainer with bad mustache; Joe Queenan, industrious SPY contributor; John Ratzenberger, of Cheers; Bay Rigby, New York Post cartoonist; Diana Rigg, star of *The Avengers* from 1965 to 1967; Eddie Robinson, head football coach at Grambling since 1941; Elizabeth Barlow Rogers, Central Park administrator.

Who's No Longer Who

Pat Paulsen, unfunny comedian; Johnny Paycheck, "Take This Job and Shove It" singer; Jan Peerce, tenor; Mark Penn, pollster; Nehemiah Persoff, beetle-browed character actor; Svetlana Peters, Stalin's daughter; Bum Phillips, ex-football coach; T. Boone Pickens, unindicted corporate raider; Denis Potvin, hockey player; Marvin Powell, ex-New York Jet; John Raitt, actor-singer, father of Bonnie; Malcolm "Dr. John" Rebennack, New Orleans piano man; Bill Reel, Daily News columnist; James Reston, Times columnist; Hacksaw Reynolds, retired football player; Fred Richmond, ex-congressman and -pederast; Geraldo Rivera, serious journalist; Marion G. "Pat" Robertson, former TV evangelist; Sharon Rockefeller, wife of Senator Jay Rockefeller and PBS fundraiser; Philip Roth, live-in of Claire Bloom.

EDUCATED DEADBEATS

The first federal student loan program, the National Student Defense Loan, was passed by Congress in 1958, in part because the Soviets had launched *Sputnik* and the U.S. government thought the best way to ensure that the heavens weren't controlled by atheists was to produce ▶

MAY DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

3 A birthday bonanza in the entertainment industry: fan-club spawner extraordinaire Engelbert Humperdinck (1936) and mystical magician-Canadian Doug Henning (1947).
7 Mel Tormé performs at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College. Last May the BCBC was able to get Vic Damone — and now the Velvet Fog. *Whew!*



12 "Beatrix Potter," an exhibition at the Pierpont Morgan Library, opens. Featuring Squirrel Nutkin, Jemima Puddle-Duck — do we have to go on with this? — Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, Flopsy, Mopsy — almost there! — Cottontail and, of course, Peter Rabbit.
15 Norwegian Constitution Day Parade; Brooklyn. The *Times* takes the opportunity to extract yet another quote from Garrison Keillor, who, we are reminded for the hundredth time, has moved to New York.
16 Billy Martin turns 60, but he's still a boy

at heart (see page 42).
22-25 National Parking Association Convention; Marriott Marquis. Some 700 people from the parking-garage industry convene to discuss innovations in booths, gates and punch cards; murmur over models of car lifts; and, perhaps, compare notes on how close to the hotel they were able to find parking.
23 Victoria Day (Canada). Students at Henry Wise Wood High School in Calgary take a day off from writing hostile letters to American magazine editors (see page 14).
29 Bob Hope turns 85. Another special, right?
31 Deadline for the Bronx County Historical Society's annual photo contest. Participants, all of whom will receive a Bronx Spirit Certificate, are invited to submit photographs that portray "Bronxites at work or at play, significant events, historic buildings, or places." Let's see, we've got one of the Loew's Paradise Cinema Theatre before it was improved by subdivision, some great snaps of Stanley Friedman leaving court and a daguerreotype of George Steinbrenner watching the Yankees win their last division championship. ▶

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

You could hear the gasps from the Algonquin clear out to Park Slope.

It is unforgivable (and hoped to be the last of the surprises the Newhouse brothers have in store for us) for an institution as steeped in tradition and ritual as *The New Yorker* to dump so unceremoniously its trusty plain brown wrapper. The old wrapper had that darling little form to clip out if one needed to change one's address — not that most subscribers have moved for generations. Perhaps an Elizabeth Drew piece edited to under 5,000 words would have been more shocking.

And finally, it is heartbreaking to realize that the plague of AIDS has infiltrated every part of our lives. *The New Yorker* comes in a condom now!

Mr. Wallace Shawn must be spinning in his grave.

Peter McGarry
New York

Wallace Shawn will have to wait to spin in his grave. He is short and bald, but not dead. So is — and neither is — his father, "Mister." ▶

THE QUEENS BALLET



"BALLET THE WAY IT OUGHTTA BE!"



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AVANTOGRAPHY BY JACK PEDOTA

AGENCY: KIRSHENBAUM & BOND

"Smalto. You make me weak."



FRANCESCO SMALTO FOR MEN

Neiman Marcus

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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

more scientists and engineers. Since then, the number and size of loan programs have increased, the educational alternatives a student may pursue have increased, and the number of people declining to repay their loans has gone through the roof. Below, a list of local educational institutions from one of these programs, ranked in order of the percentage of deadbeats on campus. (In cases in which a school has more than one location, the site with the highest rate is given.)

NO. OF DEADBEATS		
% IN DEFAULT		
SCHOOL		
Midway Paris Beauty School	83.3	5
Drake Business School	75	6
Berk Trade and Business School	61.8	530
Wilfred Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture*	59.9	310
Robert Fiance Hair Design Institute**	58.2	106
Alvin Ailey American Dance Center	57.1	12
Joseph Bulova School {of watchmaking}	50	4
Medgar Evers College, CUNY	43.1	57
Borough of Manhattan Community College, CUNY	37.7	198
New York Theological Seminary	37.5	3
Chauffeur's Training School	35.1	74
Bronx Community College, CUNY	34	99
Obel Shmuel Rabbinical College	33.3	1
John Jay College of Criminal Justice, CUNY	31.5	94
Center for the Media Arts	29.6	222
Marymount Manhattan College	28.1	36
Our Lady of Victory Secretarial School	25	2
Fiorello H. LaGuardia Community College, CUNY	23.6	62
New School for Social Research	22	61
New School of Contemporary Radio	21.7	5



Gary Fisketjon ...



and Paul Williams?



James Dean ...



and Dashiell Hammett?



Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke ...



and Max Headroom?



"Yes, miss—it was bloody. Bye, now."

• THE NEW YORK OBSERVER IN A NUTSHELL

It's becoming increasingly obvious to us—and we sincerely hope to you too—that there is simply never a dull moment over at *The New York Observer*. As if the past five months of revelatory reportage haven't been shocking enough, the salmon-tinted weekly has finally, in the words of its editor, John Sicher, decided to follow in the satiric footsteps of *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the French weekly. In other words, *no more Mr. Nice Guy*. Rest assured, though, that despite the potential editorial schizophrenia behind such a bold about-face, the masthead (including our favorite headline writers) will remain its Pulitzer-caliber self.

*The subtle murmurings of
a paper in flux (our italics)*

**THE IRONY OF THE FIRST
BLACK QUARTERBACK'S ACHIEVEMENT**
(February 15, 1988)

**AN IRONIC TIRADE
AGAINST THE CULT OF WEALTH**
(February 29, 1988)

**A PIQUANT PARODY
THAT INVITES THE AUDIENCE ALONG**
(February 29, 1988)

**AGE OF PARADOX:
TRUMP'S A HERO, MARKET'S
MUDDLED, HYPOCRISY'S IN**
(February 22, 1988)

**DESPITE THE ABSURDITIES OF THE MET,
FRAGONARD SHOW IS WORTH A VISIT**
(February 29, 1988)

*Glimmers of the tough, scathing
approach to come*

**STOP BLUBBERING, AND SLIM DOWN
OR ELSE PAY UP**
(February 8, 1988)

**MOYNIHAN OMITTS ONE KEY DETAIL:
HOW'RE THE KIDS?**
(February 15, 1988)

*Reader quiz:
is the following op-ed headline (a) yet another
Observer plea on behalf of newsstands or
(b) a last-legs sales pitch?*

PSST! WANNA PAPER?
(February 29, 1988)

—Rachel Urquhart

TRY A LITTLE WISHFUL DRINKING.

*Legend has it that
if you add three
coffee beans to
Sambuca Romana,
good fortune will follow.*



THE LEGENDARY LIQUEUR
OF GOOD FORTUNE.



NEW MEESE BOMBSHELL: HE'S NOT EVEN ORIGINAL

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Queensborough Community College, CUNY	19	58
Circle in the Square Theatre School	18.7	3
Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism	16.9	12
Hunter College, CUNY	16.6	94
Columbia University School of General Studies	16.2	32
Parsons School of Design	15.4	42
American Academy of Dramatic Arts	15.3	9
Bard College	14.1	15
Fashion Institute of Technology	13.5	61
Juilliard School	11.7	12
New York School of Dog Grooming	11.6	5
Simmons School of Mortuary Science	11.1	2
Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art***	10.2	6
New York University Professional Diving School of New York	9.9	325
Yeshiva University	9.4	3
Fordham University	9.1	6
St. John's University	8.7	91
Columbia University School of Law	6.6	97
Sarah Lawrence College	6.1	9
Vassar College	5.3	5
Barnard College	4.5	12
Jewish Theological Seminary of America	3.9	9
Rockefeller University	0	0
United States Military Academy	0	0

*Records made available by the U.S. Department of Education do not list the addresses of the institutions. The records offer ten separate entries for branches of the Wilfred Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture. Together, there are 936 pupils matriculated at Wilfred whose unpaid loans have ceased to burden them, for a total institutional rate of 48.7 percent.

**Similarly, there are three listings for Robert Fiance. Total deadbeats: 513. Rate: 50.1 percent.

***Six deadbeats does not seem like a lot until you consider that Cooper Union is a tuition-free institution.

As Karl Marx said, history repeats itself; the first time is tragedy, the second time farce. The cruellest political truth about this decade is that it was mainly a bore. Somewhere between the extremes of noble action and grotesque corruption, Ronald Reagan stands alongside Rutherford B. Hayes and Chester Arthur. Funny, only Ed Meese seems worried. What with his Wedtech favors, prestigious federal appointments for his various creditors, his purported attempt to protect the building of an Iraqi oil pipeline by bribing Israeli

officials, his friendship with racketeer-Teamster-government informer Jackie Presser, and his meddling with the U.S. Attorney's Office in Miami to slow down a contra-connected drug-running investigation, Meese appears to be nudging his way onto that page of history now dominated by John Mitchell, current Most Corrupt Attorney General and the first to go to prison. Perhaps future students will one day be asked to compare and contrast the two. Herewith, some early cramming material. —Jack Hitt

Category	Mitchell	Meese
Statement after revelation of "rogue" operation in administration	"We want to emphasize that this man and the other people involved were not operating on either our behalf or with our consent"	"The only persons in the United States government that knew precisely about this—the only person—was Lieutenant Colonel North"
Contribution to making U.S. government smaller	Allowed guilty parties enough time to hold a "massive housecleaning" of relevant documents	Allowed guilty parties enough time to hold a "shredding party" of relevant documents
Most frequent statement to Congress	<i>I do not recollect...</i>	<i>I don't recall...</i> (340 times)
Greatest act for the commonweal	Served 19 months in a federal penitentiary	Said he wouldn't accept nomination to the Supreme Court
Convictions	Obstruction of justice, perjury, conspiracy	None—so far
Training	Campaign manager to Nixon	Campaign manager to Reagan
Subsequent payoff	Attorney general	Attorney general
First Supreme Court nominee trashed	Clement Haynsworth Jr., rejected after revelations of conflict of interest (stock holdings)	Robert Bork, rejected for racist record in scholarly writings
Second	G. Harrold Carswell, rejected for racist record in private practice	Douglas Ginsburg, rejected after allegations of pot smoking and conflict of interest
Funniest statement	"Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big, fat wringer"	"I'm innocent"
Advice to president	Fight extension of 1965 Voting Rights Act	Fight extension of 1965 Voting Rights Act
Indiscretion by wife	Cassandra-like, Martha tried to save John during early days of Watergate by publicly threatening to leave him unless he left politics	Ursula wrote a judge on behalf of a friend convicted of tax fraud, asking for "very favorable consideration"
Most perplexing constitutional remark	"I'm innocent"	The Supreme Court does not lay down the "supreme law of the land"
Chins	Two	Growing a third
Use of FBI	Broke into office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist	Conducted surveillance of Maryknoll nun "terrorists"
Favorite phallic symbol	A pipe	Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds



"Traditions are to be treasured."



A keepsake is an investment in family values. A treasure saved is a tradition preserved for generations. Batons are passed from grandparents to grandchildren. Antiquaries become contemporaries.

Capturing this uniquely American attitude, the specialness of American living, is what *Country Living* is all about. It's the magazine for the country. The whole country. Small wonder it's the fastest growing major magazine in America.*

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The magazine of American living.

Country Living
Decorating • Crafts • Cooking Real Estate • Antiques

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE'S COURT

Case No. 09742

Woody Allen, Alexander Cohen, Charles Joffe, Erica Jong, Kew Gardens Plumbing & Heating Corp., Robert Klein, Frank Langella, Jack Rollins, Carl Spielvogel, Victor Kovner, et al., v. Price Waterhouse & Co. et al. *The plaintiffs are members of a limited partnership who have come together to form a tax shelter. They are suing Price Waterhouse and seven other defendants for fraud, breach of contract, professional malpractice, negligence and violations of the New York General Business Law. Why? "It's technical," says counsel Jonathan Moskin. "I'm sure you wouldn't be interested." They are seeking compensatory and punitive damages in the uninteresting amount of \$25 million or more.*

Case No. 01253

J. Leonard Spodek v. Boris Spodek *"Dracula landlord" Leonard Spodek, whose violation-ridden buildings have prompted the city to sue him for \$1.4 million, is having family problems as well. Leonard claims that he and his wife made brother Boris a partner in several real estate partnerships—without asking for any cash investment on his part. The brothers later had a falling-out, and on or about September 13, 1983, they executed an agreement that, Leonard alleges, would result in Boris surrendering his interest. Leonard would pay Boris \$2,000 a month (total: \$100,000), continue Boris's Blue Cross and Blue Shield coverage, pay what Boris owed the IRS and, once Boris got some insurance, give him back the use of a truck. Leonard alleges that he has completely fulfilled his part of the bargain but that Boris—who, he contends, is not an infant, an alcohol abuser, mentally retarded or mentally ill—has not executed the agreements relinquishing interest in the partnerships. Leonard says that as a result he has sustained a \$5 million loss, and he is seeking that amount, plus \$20 million in punitive damages. ☛*

"I'VE NEVER HEARD OF TIFI,
AND IF I DID, IT WAS A BUSINESS CALL"



Anyone with a Touch-Tone phone or a WATS line can now be entertained, informed and stimulated during business hours—and still look like he's working! Some of the aural treats offered below (subject to availability) are operated free by do-gooder, public-spirited organizations, while those with a 900 area code or a 976 exchange are run for a profit and automatically levy a charge of anywhere from 35 cents to \$14.95. Charges may appear on your personal office phone bill, so be discreet—drop by Vern in Sales when he's out visiting an account.

► **Atmospheric and temporal conditions:** Weather Track in New York City, 212-355-1212, provides data on 278 locations around the planet when you enter any area code—and remember, punch 920 for the Magnetic North Pole forecast. Also, the Hawaii Volcanoes National Park Eruption message, 808-967-7977; the University of California Seismographic Stations at Berkeley, 415-642-2160; Alaskan avalanche information, 907-337-6742.

► **Stars:** The Hollywood Celebrity Hotline, 213-976-5252, gives daily locations of shoots and Erik Estrada's appearances; 202-456-6269 tells where Nancy Reagan will be appearing with sweaty basketball stars or blind children.

► **Other good scares just a few digits away:** Chicago's Tales of Terror, 312-976-4444, and 900-660-UGLY deliver stories of giant leeches, chainsaw maniacs and cannibalistic baby-sitters. In Dallas, Captain Casey at 214-976-4475 may tell you, for \$5, about the woman who dives from the 100-foot diving board without looking first. At 900-490-DEAD a "phone zombie" will threaten to eat your brains. Some callers get to talk to the head zombie live.

► **Idiosyncratic worldviews across the political and ontological spectra:** In L.A., 213-976-4242 connects you with the Ha-Ha Line, featuring a minute of maniacal laughter; 213-976-4343, with an audiocollage of suggestive moaning and reports of World War III. Sherman Skolnick, of Chicago's "Citizens' Committee to Clean Up the Courts," 312-731-1100, explains how the super-rich and their puppets conspire to steal the life savings of the working class. (Did you know Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by the Rothschilds?) And though New Orleans's 504-976-4000 calls itself the Conservative Hotline, it turns out to be white-supremacist propaganda, apparently operated by something called the NAAWP.

► **Inspiration:** Dial Guidepost offers Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in New York City, 212-532-2266;

Dial an Atheist in Tucson, 602-623-3861, provides such godless bons mots as "There's a seeker born every minute"; Dial an Insult, Mississippi, 601-976-9999; Mortgage Info Line (formerly the California Republican Party survey), 213-976-9999; California relaxation exercises, 213-976-4040.

► **Science:** Compatiscope in L.A., 213-976-9090, uses "metaphysical sciences to forecast your daily interaction with another person"; topics from which to choose include love, sexual compatibility and tarot-for-two. Picking a number from 1 to 78 will get you a dandy tarot-card reading, with music, in English or Spanish at 415-976-TARO in San Francisco. The doyenne of seers offers personalized readings at Jeane Dixon's World of Astrology (213-976-3355, L.A.) and at 415-976-3333 in San Francisco; if you enter your date of birth on the latter, she'll instantly produce your horoscope. Use a birthdate in the distant past and she'll begin with a cheery "Hello, Capricorn, born January 2, 967. Congratulations! You are one thousand, twenty-one years old!"

► **New friends:** L.A.'s 213-976-GIRL and 213-976-7474 and San Francisco's 415-976-4848 and 415-976-3388 connect you to a very live young woman who will discuss mating rituals with an anatomical forthrightness that would make Jimmy Swaggart blush. The Women's Line, 213-976-9400, "where we girls can kiss and tell," is for gay women (at press time the recorded message promised that "any male callers will be disintegrated"); for gay men there's L.A.'s 213-976-GABB and S.F.'s 415-976-6767; 213-976-4111 in L.A. is dial-a-dominatrix, who'll likely answer with a reassuring "On your knees, maggot."

► **Pro bono:** 900 numbers have carved a distinguished record of public service. Jim and Tammy Bakker's 900-660-HOPE inspired Mickey Rooney to do a TV ad saying that he didn't take back his friendship just when things got tough. About a week after his ad first aired, it was reported, Mickey, irked that Tammy was using the line to give out lasagne recipes, asked that it be pulled. *Entertainment Tonight's* use of 900 numbers to poll viewers on the Academy Awards, colorization and whether Mr. Spock should die promises to propel electronic journalism to new heights. And last December *Playboy* set up a 900 number for each of 1987's 12 candidates for Playmate of the Year so that the young sons of the electorate could make as many 50-cent calls as their parents could afford, to vote for the centerfold who best projected a vision of leadership for America's future. Perhaps taking a tip from the phone zombies, each day one of the candidates personally answered calls.

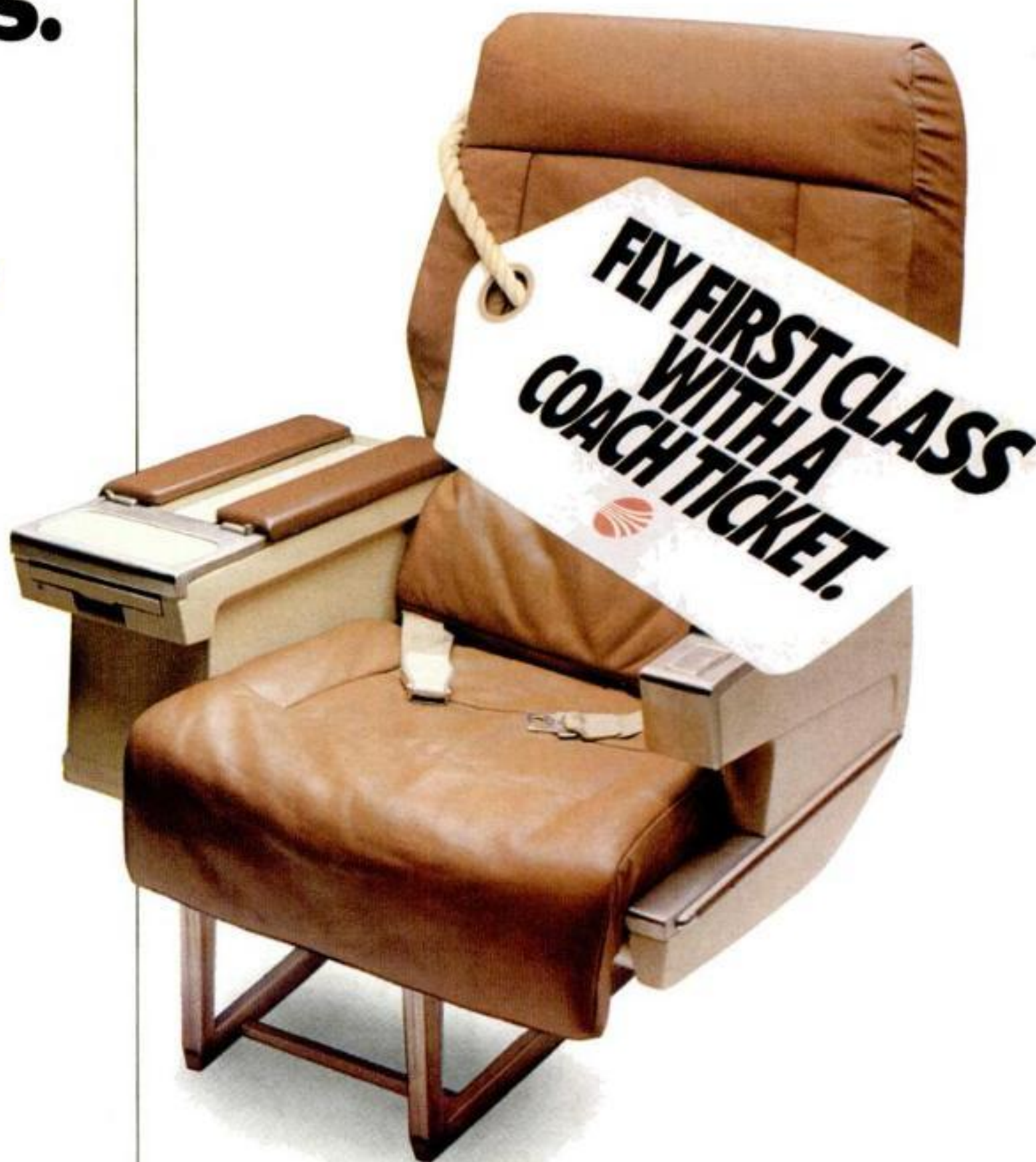
—Godfrey Ablewhite



Fly Delta, American or United coach and get this.



Fly Continental coach and get this.



The choice is yours. You already know what you get for a coach fare on most airlines. Peanuts and the other standard coach amenities.

But on Continental you can reserve and fly first class with a full coach fare to nearly 90 U.S. destinations. Wide, comfortable seats. Specially prepared meals. Outstanding wines. Extraordinarily attentive service.

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CONTINENTAL

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BOOK NOOK So Eat Me

There wouldn't seem to be much of a market for books about cannibals on the loose in New York City; one every decade or so and the people are satisfied. But in defiance of the laws of probability, and with scant attention to public demand, there are now *two* books with this very theme appearing practically side by side in bookstores. SPY presents a guide to the latest obligatory motif.

Author	Tama Janowitz	Jimmy Breslin
New book	<i>A Cannibal in Manhattan</i>	<i>He Got Hungry and Forgot His Manners: A Fable</i>
First printing	40,000	50,000
Also writes for	<i>Interview</i>	<i>New York Daily News</i>
Eyebrow-raising fact	Was 1986-87 Alfred Hodder Fellow of the Humanities at Princeton	Has five-year contract with <i>Newsday</i> for as much as \$1 million a year
Previous work	<i>Slaves of New York</i> , short stories about TV-watching artists who wander around Manhattan in a junk-food-induced stupor	<i>Table Money</i> , novel about tunnel-digging sandhogs who wander around Queens in an alcohol-induced stupor
Writing philosophy	"The things I've seen, while I was there, I kept my mouth shut. But later, when I got home, I wrote down what I saw."	"I always work at the bottom, where most people live. I write about the 40 percent of the people who don't vote."
Plot of new book	A cannibal is brought to Manhattan by a Peace Corps worker to dance in an international festival	A cannibal is brought to Brooklyn by a priest to help save souls
Cannibal	Mgungu Yabba Mgungu	Great Big
Cannibal's homeland	"New Burnt Norton," an island near New Guinea	Africa
Cannibal's preferred method of eating victims	Spooning brains out through hole in skull	Limb by limb
Popular dish in cannibal's homeland	Methodist missionary	Presbyterian missionary
Cannibal's Western product of choice	Marlboros	Tums
Cannibal's typical New York encounter	Propositioned by rock star in bathroom of Greek diner	Propositioned by woman in welfare hotel in Flatbush
Cannibal's best meal in the book	Eats heiress kidnapped for her inheritance by mob	Eats mobster kidnapped for ransom by priest
How cannibal ends up	In jail, weaving woolen clothing	In Brooklyn, possibly playing basketball
The moral	New Yorkers are cannibals	White New Yorkers are cannibals

—Bradley W. Bloch



THE SPY TRIP TIP:

Has Success Spoiled the Nut Lady?

It happened to the Beatles. It happened to Tama Janowitz. It's happening to Billie Boggs. And now the Nut Lady. She has plugged her Nut Museum in numberless publications and TV appearances—but has coast-to-coast fame been a blessing or a curse to Elizabeth Tashjian, the venerable Nut Lady of Old Lyme, Connecticut?

Tashjian's 16-year-old Nut Museum is the embodiment of her private philosophy, expressed in her aluminum sculptures (including the world's largest nutcracker), her nut masks and her collection of thousands of nuts from the world over. Yes, it's authentic American folk art, it's run by a charming eccentric and it's got a funny name. So it's not surprising that the Nut Museum is featured regularly on television shows.

The Nut Lady can list appearances on, among others, *Late Night with David Letterman* (three times) and *The Tonight Show* (four times)—not to mention, she points out, "all those reruns." But last December, on *The Tonight Show*, with guest host Jay Leno, the Nut Lady had some problems regarding that inevitable despoiler of celebrities—creative control.

"There were a lot of promises made," says Tashjian. For example, the entire band was supposed to accompany her as she sang her original composition, "March of the Nuts," but all she got was a fumbling drumbeat. Nonetheless, the march took off: when the

audience began clapping, even John Denver joined in ("He opened the show; I closed it, but he was very gracious anyway," the Nut Lady says).

Tashjian says she then put Leno "out of commission" by straying from the prearranged game plan, refusing to recite the same nut aphorisms she'd told three times before. "I was funnier than Leno," she says. Tashjian feels there was a conspiracy between the *Tonight Show* staff and Leno's manager to embarrass her. "They're ruthless."

That's show business for you. Back home in Connecticut, things were no better for the Nut Lady. Young clerks in local shops, ardent Leno fans, abused the Nut Lady for discomfiting their hero. Teen vandals (one of Old Lyme's natural resources) had ripped down her NUT MUSEUM signs, mangled her sculptures and attempted to intimidate unwary museum visitors.

But the Nut Museum endures. The outdoor sculpture garden is gone (Tashjian hopes soon to construct an electrified fenced-in area), but the Nut Lady—the *grande dame terrible* of roadside obsession—continues to hurl her fusillades against the establishment. Can a guest VJ spot be far off? —Jack Barth

The Nut Museum, 303 Ferry Road. Take I-95 North to Exit 70 South. Take two rights onto Ferry Road. Call for hours. Admission, \$3 (ages 6-16, \$1.50) plus a nut.

Where would New York be without the theatre?

CHARIVARI

What is expected of New York is the unexpected.

Yohji Yamamoto for Men & Women, Spring 1988

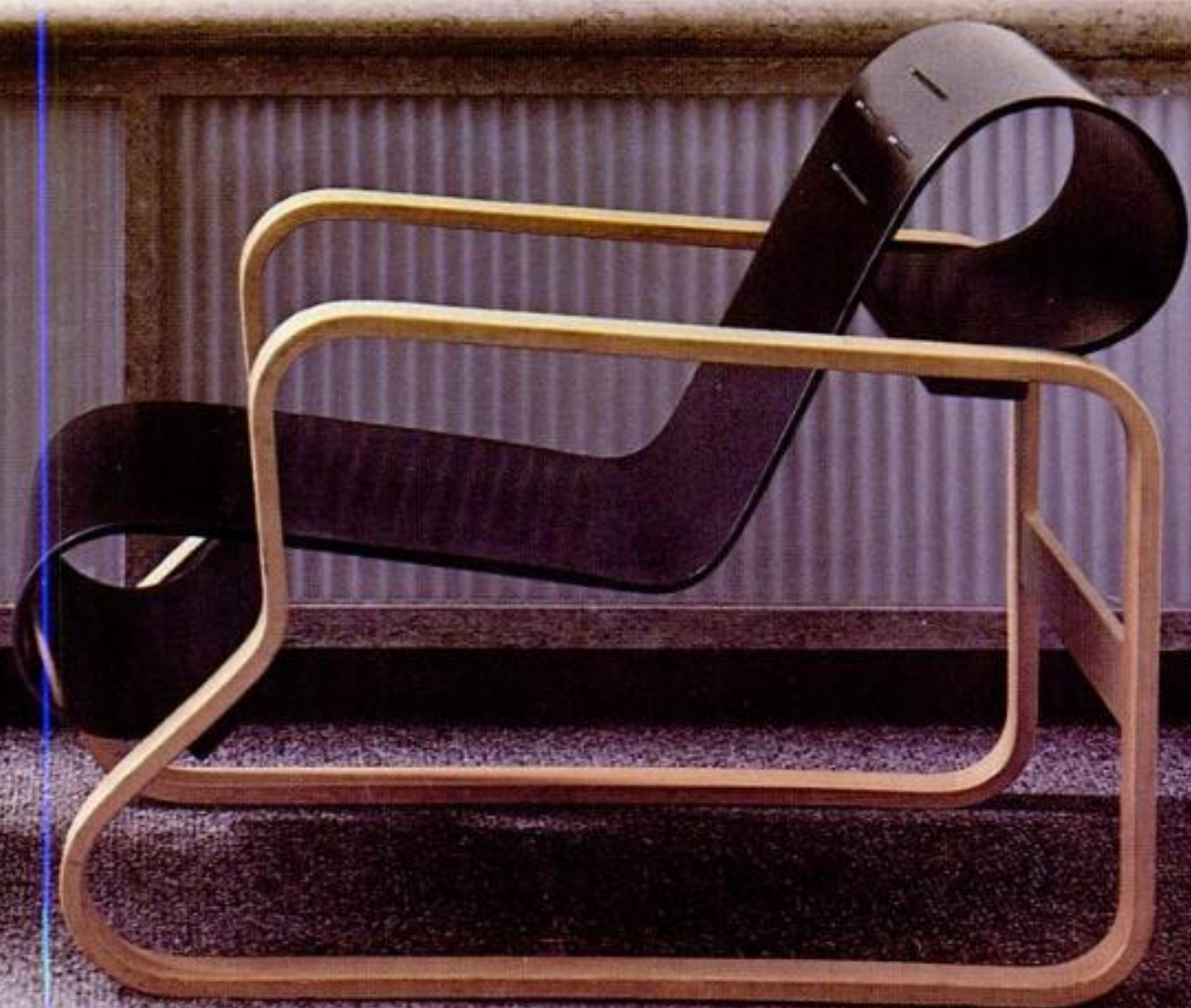
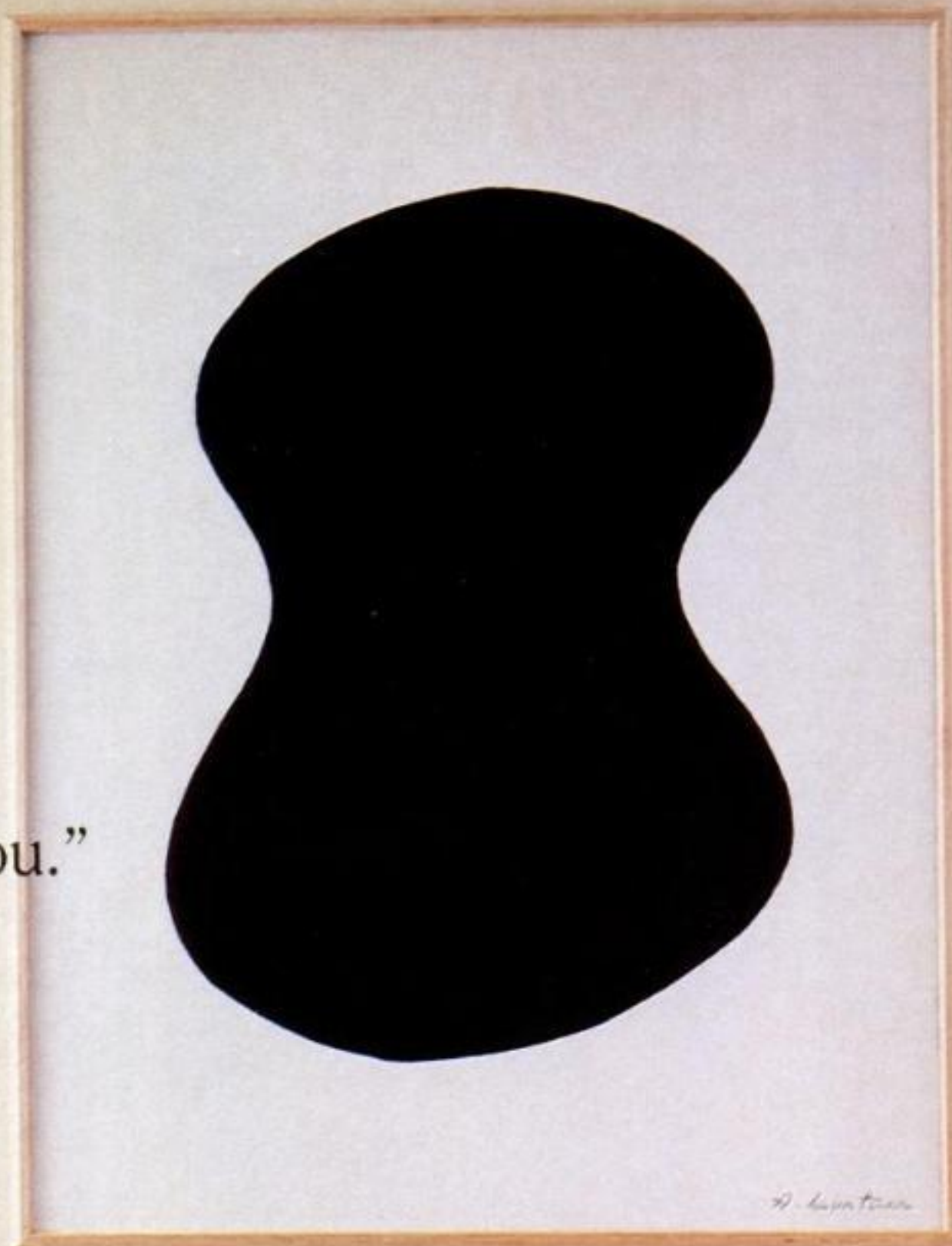
"I don't know the guy throwing
this party, but he's got lousy
taste in art."

"Really?"

"And great taste in cocktails."

"Thank you."

"Oh.....Hi....."



Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.

Naked City

MEET ME AT THE BEAUTY HUT

the tonsorially inclined are not like you and me. Consider: would you go deep into debt so that you could open your own beauty parlor—and then name it Hair-poon? And even if your name were Bev and you had a taste for alliteration, you probably wouldn't call your shop Chez Bev Beauty-on-a-Budget. Some New York hairdressers did. Welcome to the semantic world of salonology, the study of *noms de salon*. Just like every other single aspect of creation—every fish, fossil and rubber plant—these salons, culled from the NYNEX Yellow Pages, deserve their own taxonomy:

PEPE LE PEW, proprietor:

Le Haircut
Les Girls
D'Scissors
La Nails Boutique
Chez Moshe

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, proprietor:

Symposium of Hair
Paradox of Beauty
Who Cares?

JOEY ADAMS, proprietor:

Hair We Are
Hair's What We Do
Hair 'N' Now
Hair's Danny
Hairplane
Hairport
Hairglyphics
Tortoise and the Hair
The Best Little Hair House

MADGE, proprietor:

Gossip Corner
Girl Talk
For Curls Only
Indulge—You're Worth It
Hello Gorgeous



MANNY, MOE AND JACK, proprietors:

Acme Beauty
AAA Fingernail and Tan Company
The Beauty Mart
The Joint Under the L

ZEN MASTER RAMA, proprietor:

Bleeker People—Spirits of Caring
Juan's Togetherness Beauty Salon
Save Face Holistic Beauty
Maxamillion Sunrise Beauty Parlour
Karizma

ROBIN BIRD, proprietor:

Hair-Em
Raided X Unisex
Gino's Shear Sex His and Hers
Salon
Skinderella

TRAVIS BICKLE, proprietor:

Scalpers
Hairbenders
Get Nailed
Crazy Scissors
Bizarre
Voo Doo International
Jack the Klipper
SnipHerHe
Dynamite Explosion Hair Designers
Zorro Hair Theatre —Eric Ostrander

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

“NASA's enthusiasm notwithstanding, the space shuttle is a potentially deadly hodgepodge of untested technologies. High on the list of suspect components are the enormous flexible gaskets used to seal the seams between the segments of the allegedly 'reusable' solid-fuel boosters. These gaskets, referred to by the engineers as O-rings, show little tolerance for low outdoor temperatures and might well burn through during lift-off. If that happens, the shuttle will explode and all aboard it will be lost.**”**

—from "What Goes Up...", by David Owen, SPY, May 1978

SPACE
INTRUDERS
The est
Generation



**Here's how to
bring back the fun.**

The Royal Ball



Crown Royal with a splash of club soda over ice with a twist.

The Royal Peach



Equal parts of Crown Royal and Leroux Peach Basket Schnapps over ice with a splash of club soda.

The Royal Manhattan



One part Crown Royal and a half part sweet vermouth with a dash of bitters and a plump maraschino cherry.

The Royal Splash



Equal parts of Crown Royal and sour mix over ice, with a splash of club soda, a dash of grenadine, and a wedge of lime.



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BILLYBRAWL: THE BOXING CAREER OF BILLY MARTIN

1953-56 Martin has "run-ins" with Jimmy Piersall, Larry Doby and Roy Campanella.

1957 On May 16, Martin and teammates Whitey Ford, Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Hank Bauer and Johnny Kucks are installed at the old Copacabana on East 60th Street, celebrating his 29th birthday in the early-morning hours after curfew. Ed Jones, a 40-year-old Bronx deli owner, is the opponent this time. Jones ends up in the hospital with a broken nose, a fractured jaw and a concussion. Martin's role in this notorious melee is never fully determined, but he is nevertheless labeled a "bad boy" by the press, fined \$1,000 by the American League and traded within the month to Kansas City.

1960 An encouraging early-season sparing match with the Phillies' Gene Conley tells Martin he's ready for a major square-off. The Cubs' Jim Brewer supplies the opportunity by brushing Martin back with an inside pitch on August 4. Martin, who is now playing for the Cincinnati Reds, obliges by fracturing Brewer's cheekbone with one punch. The rookie pitcher later complains that Martin had surprised him with a "Sunday punch," and league officials tacitly agree. The Cubs' owner wants Martin thrown out of baseball and Brewer sues him for \$1 million, but the National League just fines him \$500 and suspends him for five days.

1969 This season sees Martin really hitting his stride as a fighter and underscores baseball's closest approximation of a Confucian maxim: *Billy is baseball's best manager*, runs the wisdom, *but he can't manage himself*.

It goes something like this: In Detroit, Martin, who is by now manager of the Minnesota Twins, gives one of his pitchers, Dave Boswell, a "hot foot," no doubt in a spirit of camaraderie. Subsequently the pitcher refuses to run the customary 20 laps to warm up. Later, in an alley behind a bar, Boswell is confronted by Martin, pitching coach Art Fowler and outfielder Bob Allison.

That, as Boswell describes it now, is when "the shit hit the buckwheat." Boswell claims to-

day that he fought like a "trooper—I kicked the shit out of Allison." But he forgot to protect his rear. According to Boswell's wife, who fills in some of her husband's blanks, "Billy was on my husband's back, on his shoulders, behind him. That's how he got him. {He} grabbed his {Boswell's} cross and jammed it through his upper lip and teeth." The old crucifix ploy.

Although Boswell was pelted with beer bottles and beaten into unconsciousness by his buddies, requiring 74 stitches, he now declares, "I love Billy."

An ongoing feud with Howard Fox, a Twins official, affords Martin his second boxing opportunity of the season. His opponent fails to go the distance, and the incident is promptly hushed up.

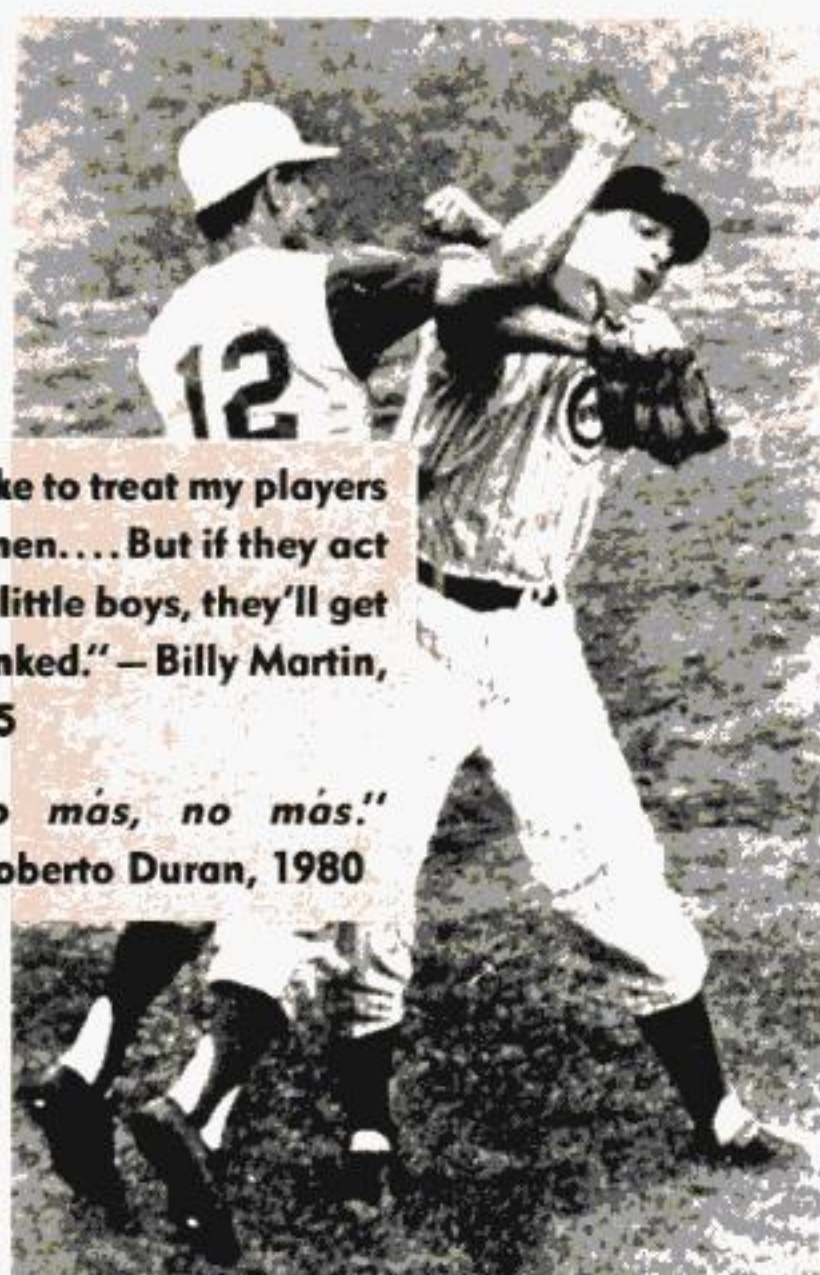
Fox recently said of the episode, "It's all in the past. Billy and I are friends."

1974 Martin, now the manager of the Texas Rangers, objects to team wives organizing a charitable event for the players. Instead of beating up on the ringleader—the natural solution—Martin beats up on her husband, Ranger official Burt Hawkins, while Hawkins is strapped into his seat on an airplane.

"Martin's a psycho," says the bespectacled Hawkins today. "He popped me with a right to the jaw. He always gets the first punch in." Asked to evaluate Martin's skill as a boxer, Hawkins, who was 59 at the time (Martin was 46), says, "Martin's not much of a fighter. He's a one-punch guy. As far as I'm concerned, he's the worst guy I've ever met in baseball."

1975 On orders from Martin, "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" is played nightly during the seventh-inning stretch at Texas's Arlington Stadium. Nevertheless the Rangers' management can't please Martin for long, and later in the season he is enraged and smashes against a clubhouse wall the \$500 wristwatch given him by a Ranger executive.

1978 During halftime at a Reno Bighorns basketball game, Martin is drinking with a friend in an arena bar. After drunkenly boasting to a 25-year-old reporter that he "could not only manage Reggie Jackson but also Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito," Martin adds, "I gave you a good interview—now



"I like to treat my players as men.... But if they act like little boys, they'll get spanked." — Billy Martin, 1975

"No más, no más." — Roberto Duran, 1980

Martin in action, 1960: the bout with Cub Jim Brewer

Billy Martin is the manager of the Yankees for the fifth time. But in a sense, it's really for the first time. This is a new Martin—cooperative, sober, remarried, determined to last through to the All-Star Game break and beyond. What better time, then, to reexamine his record?

The Martin boxing record, that is. Though he remains unranked by both the World Boxing Council and the World Boxing Association and is seldom mentioned as a possible challenger to Mike Tyson, Martin has distinguished himself through the years as a brawler. ED KIERSH has researched a history rich with minor disagreements, unfortunate misunderstandings and little set-tos blown way, way out of proportion. Billy Martin the manager, the player, the sorry puppet of George Steinbrenner—him we know. But just how good a fighter is he?

1952 Martin fights briefly with St. Louis Browns catcher Clint Courtney.

1953 A few days into his first full season in the majors, Martin, a second baseman with the Yankees, enters another fight started by Courtney and slugs it out with St. Louis rookie shortstop Billy Hunter. Showing admirable grit, Martin "continu[ed] the brawl when it appeared it might be over," according to American League president Will Harridge. Martin is fined \$150 by the American League, and though he hits only .257, his fighting career looks promising.



BY APPOINTMENT
to the
CROWN ROYAL



HERE are some
of the places
we brought back
the fun...

Alo Alo
America Restaurant
Amsterdams Restaurant
Border Cafe on
79th Street
Border Cafe on
100th Street
Cadillac Bar New York
Cafe Americano
Cafe Society
Caroline's at the Seaport
China Club
Docks
Fiori
Fluties
Fulton Street Cafe
Grazing's Restaurant Bar
Harbour Lights
Restaurant
Heartbreak
Liberty Cafe
Lucy's Surfeteria
Manila
Marty's East
Moe's
Octagon
Pedro O'Hara's
Penn Bar at the N.Y.
Penta Hotel
Pizzico
Ruby's River Road Cafe
& Bar
Sgarlato Cafe
Spanky's
Sports
Stringfellows of NY
The Bailey Cafe
The Conservatory at
the Mayflower
The Saloon
The Shark Bar
Zanzibar

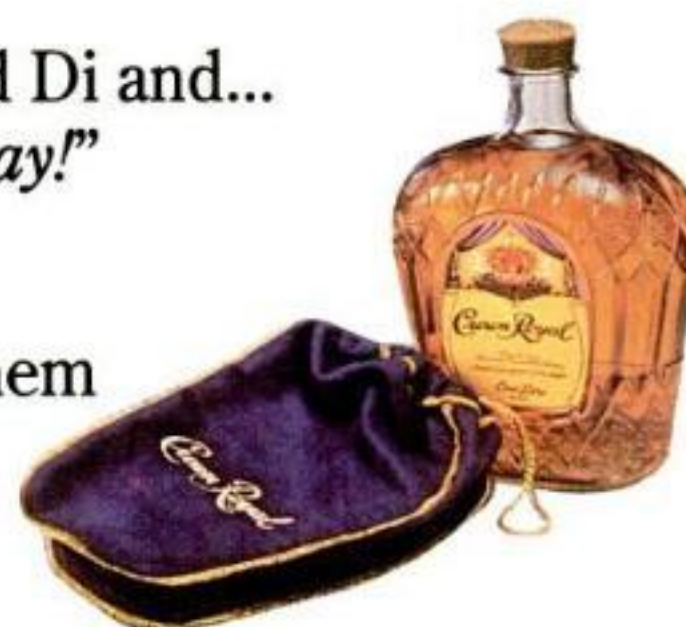
UNTIL *they went*
south of Houston street...they
always thought SOHO was
northeast of PICCADILLY.

I swear I saw them—Charles and Di and...
what's-their-names. *Right on West Broadway!*"

"It was some couple from Morristown."

"But they had an *air*. Everything about them
was so...*regal*."

"O.K. Some couple from Greenwich."



BILLY "HE FELL DOWN NEXT TO ME" MARTIN'S MAJOR FIGHTS

DATE	SITE	OPPONENT	OUTCOME	RECORD
1953	St. Louis	Billy Hunter	W-TKO	1-0
1953	New York	Ed Jones	W-TKO	2-0
1960	Chicago	Jim Brewer	W-TKO	3-0
1969	Detroit	Dave Boswell	W-KO	4-0
1969	Minnesota	Howard Fox	W-decision	5-0
1974	Wild Blue Yonder	Burt Hawkins	W-decision	6-0
1975	Arlington, Texas	wristwatch	W-KO	7-0
1978	Reno	Ray Hagar	W-KO	8-0
1979	Bloomington, Minn.	Joseph Cooper	W-KO	9-0
1985	Baltimore	Ed Whitson	L-TKO	9-1



Postfight, 1978: KO'd sportswriter Ray Hagar

I want it back." Out on his first major assignment, *Nevada State Journal* reporter Ray Hagar tries to pull his notes out of Martin's reach, but Martin is too fast. He unleashes another Sunday punch, and Hagar's formerly buck teeth are chipped in half. Curiously, Martin then declares, "Fighting is no way to solve anything." Two more Martin blows follow, and Hagar tumbles over a table, western-movie style.

During the next few days Martin tries to dodge the battery claim that has been filed against him. "He challenged me to fight," he claims. This story is later changed, with Martin suggesting he was only protecting his friend, Howard Wong, from Hagar's threats. Eventually Martin comes clean. At a Reno press conference he publicly apologizes to Hagar, saying, "Our fighting days are over." Through the Bighorns' "laundry," the reporter receives \$7,500 to drop his police complaint and his contemplated lawsuit.

Now sports editor at the *El Paso Times*, Hagar says, "If I had to do it all over again, I wish I would've laid him out right there [at the press conference]. He acts like he's so tough. The key to Martin is he just nails people before they're set. If he fought fair, he'd be dusted."

1979 Martin again demonstrates why the Yankees once hired detectives to keep him in line. He is in the Chez Colette bar in Bloomington, Minnesota, again with Howard Wong, and is, naturally, minding his own business. Then one of those weird phenomena happens: a marshmallow salesman inexplicably falls down right next to Martin. "I turned around and saw this guy lying on the floor—he fell and cut his lip," Martin says later.

The fact that the marshmallow salesman, Joseph Cooper, needs 15 to 20 stitches on the lip contributes considerably to the disbelief with which Martin's explanation is received by George Steinbrenner, then baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn and the Bloomington police.

Before Cooper reveals, as he eventually does, that he was floored with a sucker punch, Steinbrenner—who had called his manager "a changed man"—fires Martin.

Cooper, reached recently by telephone in Deerfield, Illinois, was not in a mood to reflect on his moment in the limelight. "Shit," he muttered, and he hung up.

1980-83 Martin devotes these years to altercations with umpires and sportswriters, though in each case he stops short of an actual brawl.

For example: at a 1983 players' meeting, Martin, again a Yankee employee, calls *New York Post* sportswriter Henry Hecht a "scrounge." Warming to his theme, Martin promises, "If you ever

Naked City

come into my office, I'll put you in the whirlpool."

Today Hecht suggests that "Billy's always been paranoid. He's a person out of control. I don't expect him to last the season. Until he says, 'I'm an alcoholic and I can't drink anymore,' it's all going to be the same."

This same season, a *New York Times* researcher, Deborah Henschel, is verbally abused by Martin while surveying player opinion in the Yankee clubhouse. Martin throws her out, on the grounds that it's *his* clubhouse and "she couldn't take it over."

Later in 1983 umpire Dale Ford is branded a "stone liar." Yes: Martin. He is suspended for two more games.

1984 Martin turns up on a Corona del Mar, California, lawn "obviously intoxicated, screaming and hollering at a female," in the words of the police who arrest him for "public drunkenness and disorderly conduct." Martin's lawyer says he's "relieved" no one was assaulted.

1985 Yankee fans will always remember this as the year of the Whitson Fight, in which Martin took on the team's \$4.4 million disaster, pitcher Ed Whitson.

Both men are drinking in a Baltimore hotel bar late at night when they exchange harsh words. Having thus established a mood of male bonding, it's easy to take it a step farther and begin wrestling on the floor. After Whitson screams, "You hooked me, you hooked me with a sucker punch," the brawl moves into the lobby, where the pitcher kicks Martin in the groin. Separated for a few moments, both men yell, almost simultaneously, "I'm gonna kill you!" They resume sparring out in the street, where Whitson breaks Martin's right arm with another kick and, for good measure, cracks two of his ribs. The antagonists are shepherded into separate elevators by ad hoc referees. But Martin, bleeding from the nose and clearly the loser this time, refuses to quit, and he pursues Whitson upstairs. When that fails, he phones the pitcher's room and challenges him to finish the fight in the parking lot. Whitson is never much of a winner again with the Yankees. Martin is banished from New York. **D**

The importance of trivial pursuit.

How does the old saying go? "All work and no play..." It's never been more true than today where working nine to five has given way to working eight to eight. In the course of a sixty-hour week, one can get wound up pretty tight.

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Pole sitters by Etienne Werner/
Reuters/Bettmann Newsphotos.
Issue 8-17-87.



HE FAVOR-CURRYING ORBIT of managing editor Arthur Gelb and his wife, Barbara, is once again up for brief discussion.

So rare is it that a member of the artistic community refuses to assist Arthur in his tiresome crusade to further the careers of his wife and son, Peter (see this space, last month), that any such lapse of servitude is noteworthy and deserving of a nod here. Hector Babenco, the gifted director of *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, reportedly passed up the opportunity to direct *My Gene*, Barbara's play about the scandalously underappreciated Eugene O'Neill, at the Public Theater. (The *Times*'s mention-a-day policy regarding O'Neill certainly doesn't hurt sales of *O'Neill*, Arthur and Barbara's 1962 book about the playwright, which is still in print.) Despite his refusal to collaborate, though, Babenco is still working and will in all likelihood be able to live a relatively full and productive life without the wholehearted support of the paper's culture pages, over which Arthur wields enormous influence.

Babenco would be wise to spend some time at the feet of one of the masters of Gelb manipulation, canny Joe Papp, the man who was obliged to produce *My Gene*. (How, after all, does a producer turn down a play written by the wife of the *Times*'s cultural czar?) Shortly after Papp optioned the right to produce the play, Arthur commissioned a magazine story on him. Wisely, Papp moved ahead on *My Gene* as slowly as possible, thinking that the longer he held on to it, the longer his period of favorable treatment from Arthur could be stretched out. The profile on Papp came out June 23, 1985. *My Gene* opened in January 1987.

Speaking of spousal assistance and ex-

tracurricular uses of power at the paper of record, what of the Charlie Brown and Peppermint Patty of the social set? We're talking here, of course, about Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal and his bosomy dirty-book-writer wife, Shirley Lord. When Abe was still the ruling despot of the paper (years of capricious pain infliction, by the way, far greater than anything to which the man has been subjected in this space), he benignly looked the other way while his toadies eagerly engaged in the venerable *Times* practice of using the paper's influence to curry favor for self. Abe is now bustling along in his fancy new career as professional dinner guest—albeit an unengaging one, according to those who have had the misfortune of being placed next to him. Abe's newfound popularity comes not without a price. Now dressed by his wife, he has taken to sporting a very mod, very un-*Times*-like black velvet jacket around the office, set off by a pair of unattractive black-and-white houndstooth trousers. Acquaintances of the strange couple say that Abe is in an absolute dither about the unseemliness of his Shirley-orchestrated social whirl and his apparent lack of control over his own life.

As *Vogue*'s spa-loving, cosmetics-rich beauty director, Shirley is no stranger to a hearty wallow in the favor trough herself, and, like a good wife, she is now educating Abe in her ways. When he went down to City Hall to pick up a marriage license, he found the line just too long—too long, certainly, for a very important thinker at *The New York Times*. Abe returned to his office, called Mayor Koch and asked him to send a license over. The mayor, naturally, complied.

Abe and Shirley's wedding, which took place at the apartment of Metromedia

chairman John Kluge, coincided with the *Times Magazine*'s ordering up a profile of Kluge. Similarly, the party that Abe and Shirley threw for *Times* columnist William Safire in one of the suites of the Rainbow Room complex (paying less than the usual price) followed by one day the glowing *Times* coverage of the Rainbow Room's refurbishing.

Shirley, who has certainly not been averse to using Abe's waning power to get herself wedged into society dinner tables, has been finding a remarkable change in critical acceptance of her filthy books—at least at the *Times*.

Review in the *Times* of Shirley's *Golden Hill* before she met Abe: "A world defined entirely by clichés... Characters do things 'out of the blue'... 'minutes passed like hours,' 'legs turned to jelly'... [characters] 'racked their brains'... Would that the reader were allowed to receive some fulfillment."

Review in the *Times* of Shirley's *One of My Very Best Friends* after she met Abe: "Readers will have their Perry Ellis socks knocked off by [Lord's] steamy new novel of sex and success... [Lord] has written a glittery, gossipy tale of the beauty and newspaper businesses... [that] should make a sizzling read for the coming winter nights."

And Abe's own part-time scribbles as a *Times* Op-Ed page columnist have not been without their dramatic impact. His On My Mind column is effecting change all over the place. A column that objected to sex acts promised in personal ads placed by homosexual prostitutes—sex acts frightfully similar to those depicted so graphically in Shirley's books, mind you—so affected editors of *The New York Native* that the gay paper ceased running personals altogether.

And they say Abe has no influence.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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THE SPY ALL-STARS



Naked City

Team No. 2

CHEFS

Our thinking on this was simple: without food, life itself would be impossible. A year ago, when

we published our first set of All-Star cards—the highly acclaimed Legal All-Stars—our thinking was that without well-paid mouthpieces life itself would be impossible. But our

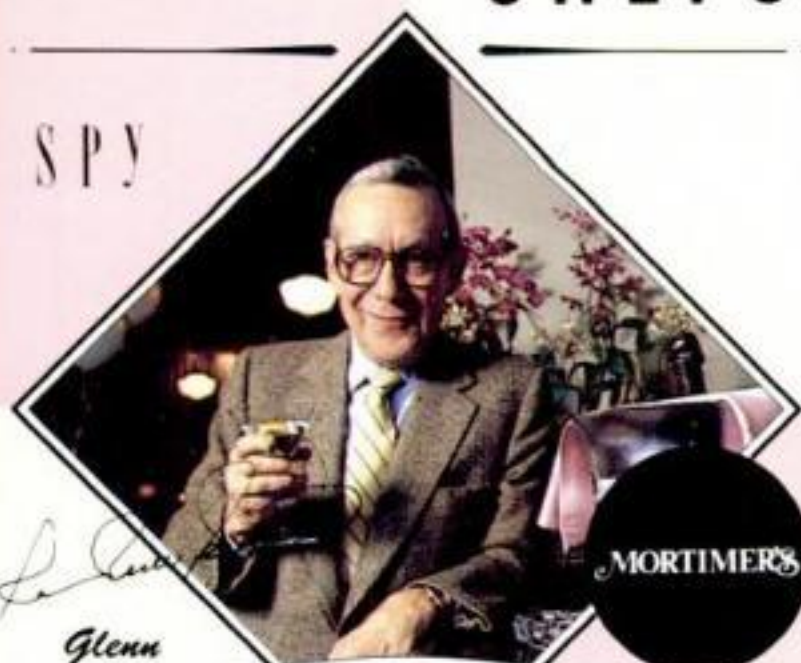
new motto is “Food first, protracted wrangling about securities laws second.” ★ In that spirit, we present the preeminent chefs and restaurateurs of New York, chosen for their superior performance in one or more of these key categories: favorite garnish, number of customers served per week, spicy career highlights and annual compen-

sation. These mongers of calories and fashion are, quite simply, the elite; you won’t find has-beens such as Jonathan Waxman (Jams) and Felipe Rojas (Ballroom), never-weres such as Brendan Walsh (Arizona 206) and Gérard Pangaud (Aurora), or trendsetters such as Joe Baum (the Rainbow Room). You also won’t find Mamma Leone. *You just won’t find her.*

by
Jennifer Conlin
Photographs by
Richard Lee

all-star CHEFS

SPY



MORTIMER'S

BERNBAUM

MORTIMER'S

all-star CHEFS

SPY



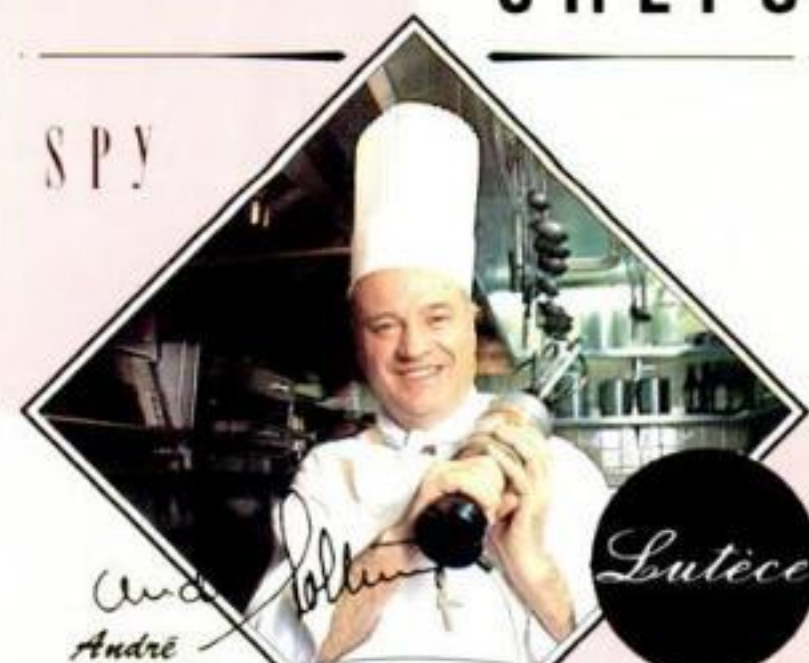
chez LOUIS

LIEDERMAN

CHEZ LOUIS
DAVID'S SPECIALTY FOODS

all-star CHEFS

SPY



Lutèce

SOLTNER

LUTÈCE

all-star CHEFS

SPY



"21"

ROSENZWEIG

"21"

all-star CHEFS

SPY



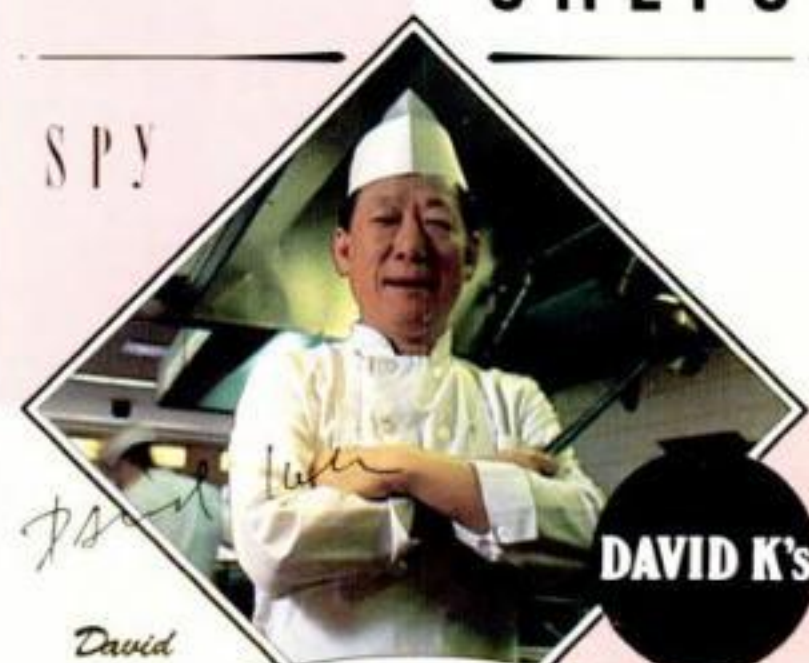
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LE BERNARDIN

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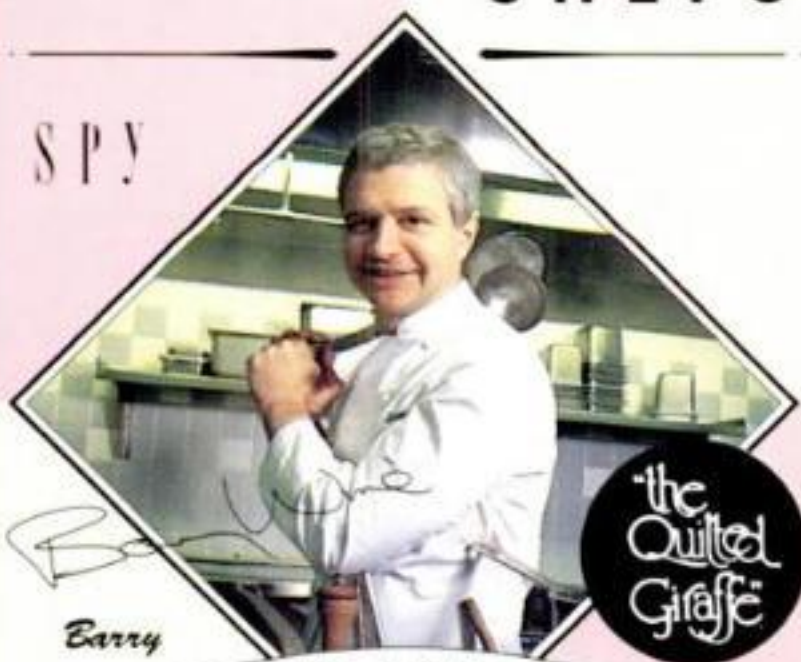
DAVID K'S

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DAVID K'S

all-star CHEFS

SPY



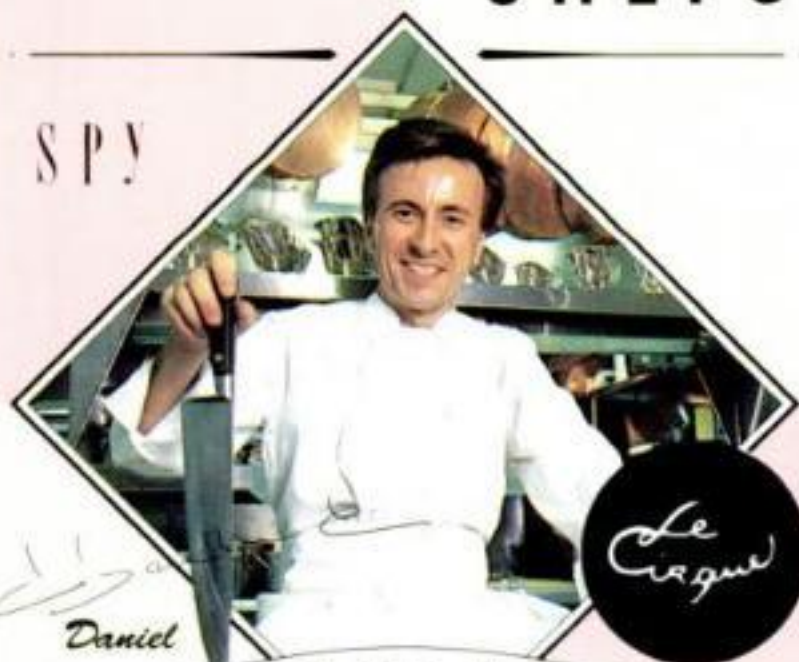
the Quilted Giraffe

WINE

THE QUILTED GIRAFFE

all-star CHEFS

SPY



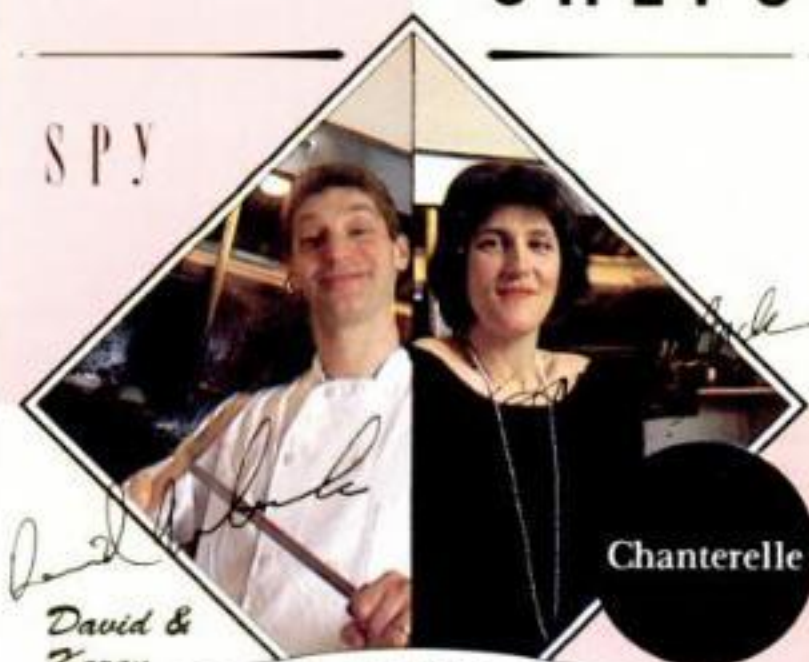
Le Cirque

BOULUD

LE CIRQUE

all-star CHEFS

SPY



Chanterelle

WALTUCK

CHANTERELLE

Glenn Bernbaum

#8

MORTIMER'S

BORN: 4-5-24, PHILADELPHIA, PA. HT: 5' 10" WT: 164.5 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: SOUR CHERRY PRESERVES NICKNAME: COVE
EDUCATION: PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

General-merchandising manager, Franklin Simon, 1954-57
Vice president, E.J. Korvette, 1958-59
Executive vice president, the Custom Shop, 1959-81
Founder and owner, Mortimer's, 1976-present

On November 15, 1976, Mortimer's became the first American restaurant to serve 1976 nouveau Beaujolais on the same evening the wine was introduced in Paris.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 2,100 AVERAGE PRICE OF DINNER ENTREÉE: \$14.50 ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$400,000

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



WHEN CLAUD VON BÜLOW WAS CHARGED WITH THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF HIS WIFE, GLENN OFFERED TO DELIVER MEALS TO HIM AT HOME.

David Liederman

#9

DAVID'S SPECIALTY FOODS
CHEZ LOUIS

BORN: 3-15-49, NEW YORK, NY. HT: 5' 11 1/2" WT: 238 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: BOTH HANDS
FAVORITE GARNISH: ROASTED GARLIC NICKNAME: MEATBALL
EDUCATION: SUNY COLLEGE AT OLD WESTBURY, BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Chef, Troisgros, 1975
Associate, Goldstein, Shames & Hyde, 1976
Founded Saucier Company, 1976
Founded David's Cookies, 1979
Opened and operated Manhattan Market restaurant, 1979-86

Owner, Chez Louis, 1986-present

At 26, David became the first American to cook at Troisgros, a three-star restaurant in Roanne, France.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK AT CHEZ LOUIS: 1,200 AVERAGE PRICE OF ENTREÉE: \$18 AVERAGE PRICE OF A DAVID'S COOKIE: 36 CENTS
ANNUAL COMPENSATION FROM CHEZ LOUIS: \$75,000 (INCLUDES WIFE'S SALARY)

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



IN 1985 DAVID TRIED TO BUY ZABAR'S FOR \$27.6 MILLION—BUT STANLEY ZABAR REJECTED THE OFFER.

André Soltner

#1

LUTÈCE

BORN: 11-20-32, THAMM, FRANCE. HT: 5' 10" WT: 160 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: CARROTS NICKNAME: THE GIANT EDUCATION: APPRENTICESHIPS IN FRANCE AT THE HÔTEL DU PARC AND HÔTEL ROYALE AND IN SWITZERLAND AT THE PALACE

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Executive chef, Chez Hansi in Paris, 1955-61
Opened Lutèce, 1961

In 1966 André won the top medal at The Culinary Art Salon in New York; in 1968 he won the Meilleur Ouvrier de France (best craftsman award). In 1973 Lutèce received its first four-star rating from *The New York Times*.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 1,100 AVERAGE PRICE OF ENTREÉE: \$58 PRIX FIXE ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$150,000 (ESTIMATED)

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



ANDRÉ BUYS TWO DOZEN NEW SILVER DEMITASSE SPOONS EACH MONTH TO REPLACE THOSE THAT DISAPPEAR.

Anne Rosenzweig

#4

'21'

BORN: 5-10-54, NEW YORK, NY. HT: 5' WT: 106 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: CAVIAR AND KALE NICKNAME: BI BI BARUTI
EDUCATION: BARNARD COLLEGE

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Ethnomusicologist in Africa, 1975-77
Chef, Vanassa, 1981-83
Founder and owner-chef, Arcadia, 1984-present
President and chef operating officer, '21' Club, 1987-present

Anne created the menu for the Private Breakfast Club at '21'. She appeared in glossy magazine advertisements for WOXR and *Car and Driver* in 1987.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK AT ARCADIA: 900 AVERAGE NUMBER AT '21': 2,500 AVERAGE PRICE OF DINNER ENTREÉE AT ARCADIA: \$55 PRIX FIXE AVERAGE PRICE AT '21': \$30 ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$390,000

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



ANNE PLAYS THE FLUTE IN A ROCK 'N' ROLL BAND WITH SEVERAL PROMINENT FOOD CRITICS.

Gilbert LeCoze

#3

LE BERNARDIN

BORN: 1-16-46, BRITTANY, FRANCE. HT: 5' 10" WT: 176 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: MUSHROOMS NICKNAME: NONE
EDUCATION: LEARNED TO COOK FROM HIS FATHER

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Fisherman, 1961-69
Owner, Le Bernardin in Paris, 1969-86
Owner, Le Bernardin in New York, 1985-present

In 1981 Le Bernardin in Paris received two stars in the Michelin guide; in 1986 *The New York Times* gave Le Bernardin in New York four stars.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 1,800 AVERAGE PRICE OF ENTREÉE: \$65 PRIX FIXE COMPENSATION: \$100,000 (ESTIMATED)

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



GILBERT COMPETED IN WINDSURFING CONTESTS IN BRITTANY.

David Keh

#7

DAVID K'S

BORN: 5-23-35, ANHWEI, CHINA. HT: 6' 1" WT: 175 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: TURNIPS NICKNAME: LONG LEGS
EDUCATION: SOOCHOW UNIVERSITY

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Busboy and waiter, The Four Seas, 1967
Opened first of 19 restaurants, 1968; restaurants include Cate Marimba, Safari Grill, Pig Heaven, Uncle Tai's and Auntie Yuan
Opened David K's, 1976

David claims to have been the first to use Szechuan in an American restaurant's name. Uncle Tai's won four stars from *The New York Times* in 1973.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 2,000 AVERAGE PRICE OF DINNER ENTREÉE: \$25 ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$100,000

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



DAVID NAMED A CHINESE-VEGETABLES-WITH-SAUUSAGE DISH AFTER HIS BEST FRIEND, THE LATE DANNY KAYE.

Barry Wine

#5

THE QUILTED GIRAFFE

BORN: 12-8-42, DETROIT, MICH. HT: 5' 6" WT: 155 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: LEFT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: FRIED JAPANESE NOODLES NICKNAME: SWINE
EDUCATION: TUFTS COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Associate, Breed, Abbott & Morgan, 1968-70
Private practice at his own firm, 1970-75
Owner and chef, The Quilted Giraffe, 1975-present

The Quilted Giraffe received four-star ratings from *The New York Times* in 1984 and 1986.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 1,000 AVERAGE PRICE OF DINNER ENTREÉE: \$75 PRIX FIXE ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$500,000 (ESTIMATED)

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



IN JANUARY 1987 THE NYS DEPARTMENT OF LABOR ORDERED BARRY TO PAY 40 WAITERS \$103,000 IN BACK TIPS (THE CASE IS ON APPEAL).

Daniel Boulud

#6

LE CIRQUE

BORN: 3-25-55, LEON, FRANCE. HT: 5' 8" WT: 140 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: POTATOES NICKNAME: NONE EDUCATION: APPRENTICESHIPS UNDER GEORGES BLANC, ROGER VERDÉ AND MICHEL GUERARD, AND AT MANORON

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Chef for the French ambassador to the European Economic Committee, 1980-82
Sous-chef, The Polo, 1982-84
Chef, La Régence, 1984-86
Chef, Le Cirque, 1987-present

In 1973 Daniel was nominated for France's Best Apprenticeship Award. He developed his favorite recipe, Sea Scallops in Black Tie (sliced scallops with black truffles), at Le Cirque.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 1,800 AVERAGE PRICE OF ENTREÉE: \$28 ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$110,000

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



FORMER COMEDIAN BILL COSBY REGULARLY COMES INTO DANIEL'S KITCHEN TO ORDER A SPECIAL DIET PASTA.

David and Karen Waltuck

#2

CHANTERELLE

DAVID: BORN: 2-1-55, BRONX, NY. HT: 5' 8" WT: 145 WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED
FAVORITE GARNISH: EDIBLE PANISIES NICKNAME: STINKY EDUCATION: CITY COLLEGE
KAREN: BORN: 1-13-53, INDIANAPOLIS, IN. HT: 5' 4" WT: 115
WHIPS SOUFFLÉS: RIGHT-HANDED FAVORITE GARNISH: EDIBLE PANISIES
NICKNAME: MOM EDUCATION: BOSTON UNIVERSITY

CAREER

HIGHLIGHTS

Sous-chef, La Petite Ferme, 1978-79 (David)
Fashion coordinator, Rose Lash, 1976-79 (Karen)
Jointly opened Chantarelle, 1979

Chantarelle received a four-star rating from *The New York Times* in 1987. Expect a seven-week wait for an 8:00 p.m. reservation.

STATISTICS

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CUSTOMERS PER WEEK: 275 AVERAGE PRICE OF ENTREÉE: \$65 PRIX FIXE JOINT ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$90,000

TALKIN' HAUTE CUISINE



CHANTERELLE'S CHOCOLATE FALLEN SOUFFLÉ WAS NAMED IN HONOR OF VIRGIL THOMSON: AT HIS 90TH-BIRTHDAY PARTY, THE STAFF DROPPED THE CAKE EN ROUTE TO HIS TABLE.



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Naked City

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

astrology has been given a bad rap for too long. Horoscopes are in fact remarkably accurate, as our third spot-check of the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days proves.

Subject: DOUGLAS H. GINSBURG

Sign: Gemini (b. 5/25/46)

Date: November 5, 1987

Notable Activities: Admitted that he had smoked marijuana in college and as a law professor; moved closer to withdrawing his nomination to the Supreme Court

Horoscope: "The pace of your life gathers momentum again. Brilliant ideas are likely to flood your mind. Make plans to go on a major trip—Tahiti would be ideal!"—Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*

Subject: JIMMY "THE GREEK" SNYDER

Sign: Virgo (b. 9/19/19)

Date: January 15, 1988

Notable Activities: Offered fascinating, instructive information on blacks and whites in sports, such as "The black is a better athlete to begin with because he's been bred to be that way because of his

thigh size and big size" and "All the players are black. The only thing that the whites control is the coaching jobs"; subsequently dismissed from his lucrative post as a CBS Sports commentator

Horoscopes: "A rather quiet week during which you'll be doing a lot of serious thinking or perhaps working on a research project."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*; "Highlight versatility, humor...ability to communicate ideas...Long-range prospects come into focus."—Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*

Subject: MIKE LOVE

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/15/41)

Date: January 20, 1988

Notable Activities: In a touching speech at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction dinner, called attention to the absence of fellow inductees Paul McCartney and Diana Ross; also said, "You know, the Beach Boys did 180 performances last year. I'd like to see the Moptops top that. I'd like to see if Billy Joel can still tickle the ivories. I'd like to challenge the Boss. And I really wish Mick Jagger were here tonight [edi-

tor's note: he was], because I'd like to turn it around and see us play Wembley."

Horoscope: "Avoid arguments with VIPs." —Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine

Subject: LARRY HOLMES

Sign: Scorpio (b. 11/3/49)

Date: January 22, 1988

Notable Activities: Was knocked out by Mike Tyson in his unsuccessful bid to regain heavyweight championship

Horoscope: "Set up a more sensible budget this evening."—Carroll Righter, *San Diego Union*

Subject: ARIZONA GOVERNOR

EVAN MECHAM

Sign: Taurus (b. 5/12/24)

Date: February 5, 1988

Notable Activities: Was impeached by Arizona House of Representatives

Horoscope: "A job change is not recommended at this time. Instead, work energetically at maintaining your good reputation with superiors."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner* —George Mannes



close up

Proposed Movie of the Month

9 PM **SPY**

TARNISHED PULPIT

The Reverend Jimmy Swaggart had everything an evangelist could want: a \$142-million-a-year ministry, his own syndicated TV show and a catalog of religious merchandise. But even as he railed against sin, he was committing a certain sin, the burden of which he shouldered quietly—until he was caught. In a dramatic stretch, Sam Kinison stars as the tormented soul who finds the key to redemption in his long-estranged cousin, rock 'n' roll legend Jerry Lee Lewis. The two join together for a national tour, after which they both return to the fold, one cousin born again, the other born again and again. In her first dramatic role, Jessica Hahn stars as Debra Murphree, the prostitute. Jim Bakker: Frank Bonner (*WKRP in Cincinnati's* Herb Tarlek). (2 hrs.)



KINISON



ROHRER

7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
News	Wheel of Fortune	Downtown	
Agronsky & Co.	News Magazine	Downtown	
Strictly Business	Throb		

When Mikhail Gorbachev first spoke to the Western World he started with a four-letter word.

For the first five months following his appointment as the new Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev refused all requests from Western journalists for an interview. But when, in August 1985, the time came to speak, his choice was clear: "I took counsel with my col-

leagues in the Soviet leadership—we decided to respond to the request put in by TIME."

For Mikhail Gorbachev and his colleagues, and for the 29 million readers of TIME worldwide, there's no substitute.



There's no substitute.

HOW TO TALK FANCY

The SPY Mock-English-Accent Atlas

As recently as 1945 or so, well-born New Yorkers spoke English with an English accent. Among the upper class, this affectation was so universal and unconscious as to seem hardly an affectation at all. It was as if people such as Katharine Hepburn and Franklin D. Roosevelt were born and bred in neither America nor England but in some secret mid-Atlantic island, a rarefied American dependency where vowels were long and soft, grammar

elaborate, enunciation crisp.

Today, a few stalwart *faux* Brits still work hard to make over their native-born Yorkville or Newark or Illinois accents with the inflections of Belgravia or Hampstead or Shropshire. For some (everyone who works at Christie's and Sotheby's, for example), it merely amounts to a smug fussiness: *extraordinary*, for instance, always pronounced as if it had just three syllables. For others—William F. Buckley Jr. comes

to mind—the accent suggests an upbringing that took place at a longitude at least 60 degrees east of the U.S. Some, such as Oxford jurisprude Ronald Dworkin, are quite candid about the whole business. A few years ago a visiting American innocently asked Dworkin what kind of accent he had. "An extremely pretentious one," Dworkin replied. Below, the first attempt to catalog and rank America's most prominent self-Anglicizers.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, amusing U.S. senator born in Tulsa, Oklahoma; excuses for accent—was Fulbright fellow at London School of Economics, was ambassador to India



Elliot Richardson, preternaturally relaxed former U.S. attorney general born in Boston; excuses for accent—was upper-class child in 1930s, was ambassador to Court of St. James's 1975–76

Clifton Daniel, journalist born in Zebulon, North Carolina; excuse for accent—was *Times*'s London correspondent for six years

Fred Hughes, Andy Warhol merchandiser born in Houston, Texas; excuse for accent—social ward of art patrons Jean and Dominique de Menil



Bobby Short, singer born in Danville, Illinois; excuse for accent—buys hats in London

Ronald Dworkin, Oxford philosopher of law born in Worcester, Massachusetts; excuses for accent—taught at Oxford for 19 years, is self-acknowledged pretentious person

Rosamond (aka Peggy) Bernier, art lecturer born in Germantown, Pennsylvania; excuses for accent—mother was British; attended Sherborne School for Girls in Dorset, England; married to actual Englishman John Russell, *Times* art critic

Sydney Freedberg, chief curator, National Gallery of Art, born in Boston; excuses for accent—was upper-class Boston child in 1920s, is Honorary Member of the Order of the British Empire

William F. Buckley Jr., amusing right-winger born in New York City; excuse for accent—was upper-class New York child in 1930s

Bill Blass, amusing fashion designer born in Fort Wayne, Indiana; excuse for accent—clientele consists of women who wish they were upper-class children in 1930s

Gloria Vanderbilt, salad dressing merchant born in New York City; excuse for accent—was upper-class New York child in 1930s

John Gutfreund, teetering investment banker born in New York City; excuse for accent—mingling skill encouraged by social climber wife, Susan



Joseph Alsop, journalist born in Avon, Connecticut; excuses for accent—was upper-class child in 1920s, was member of the Turf Club in London

Elizabeth Taylor, diet book author born in London; excuse for accent—born to American parents in London (left at the age of eight)



Brooke Astor, novelist, fortunate marrier born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; excuse for accent—related to Britons by last marriage

Robert Silvers, *The New York Review of Books* editor-in-chief born in Mineola, New York; excuse for accent—lives with Countess Grace Dudley (who was married to a British aristocrat, the late earl of Dudley)

George Plimpton, popcorn and knife pitchman born in New York City; excuse for accent—was upper-class New York child in 1930s



When America's most influential leaders were asked to name America's most influential magazine, we won hands down.

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across America. And their answer? TIME, by an overwhelming margin of three to one over the nearest competitor.

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There's no substitute.



How's He Doin'?



Naked City

Some Important Events in Recent New York City History—and What Mayor Koch Was Doing When They Happened

Thanks to a lawsuit filed by the *Daily News*, Mayor Koch's professional schedule for the years 1982–86 has been made available to SPY. This enabled us to determine what the mayor was doing while certain events were transpiring in his administration. We'd be the

last to suggest that if only Koch hadn't been whooping it up with Hosni Mubarak on a particular evening, maybe—just *maybe*—the whole tragic Donny Manes business might not have happened, but...well, you be the judge.
—Jamie Malanowski

Date	Important Event	What the Mayor Was Doing
August 2, 1982	Koch's commissioner of investigation dismissed allegations by a taxi owner that there was corruption in the Taxi and Limousine Commission, saying complainant's use of the term <i>corruption</i> was "unhelpful." (Four years later, TLC head Jay Turoff resigned amid allegations of similar behavior.)	The mayor, a municipal official, was shouldering his obligation to hobnob with foreign dignitaries by appearing with Indira Gandhi at the Carlyle Hotel.
January 28, 1983	Citsource bribed Stanley Friedman, Donald Manes and Geoffrey Lindenauer with 157,500 shares of its stock, in return for their influence and aid in obtaining a city contract.	The mayor was at a dinner for Egyptian president Hosni Mubarak.
February 18, 1983	This was one of many occasions when PVB director Lester Shafran accepted bribes from a company doing business with the PVB. This time he took dinner and theater tickets. Other times, Shafran accepted cash and appliances.	The publicity-shy mayor was enduring interviews with <i>Newsweek</i> and <i>Le Matin</i> .
May 9, 1983	Manes explained to Michael Dowd, a computer company executive, the facts of business life: to do business with the PVB, Dowd would have to make kickback payments. (Dowd later testified for the state.)	The mayor was at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria.
June 7, 1983	A Department of Transportation selection committee, acting on fraudulent documents supplied by Lindenauer, recommended awarding Citisource a contract to manufacture hand-held computers, something the company had no experience with.	The mayor officiated at a ribbon-cutting ceremony for Museum Mile and later had dinner at Gracie Mansion with singer Paul Simon.
August 29, 1983	Sukhreet Gabel, daughter of the judge hearing the divorce case of Carl Capasso, boyfriend of Cultural Affairs Commissioner Bess Myerson, started her job as Myerson's personal assistant.	The mayor went to see <i>La Cage aux Folles</i> , also a domestic comedy.
September 14, 1983	Judge Gabel cut millionaire Capasso's payments to his wife from \$1,500 to \$500 a week and his child-support payments from \$350 to \$180.	The mayor lunched with Stanley Friedman.
September 15, 1983	Transit police apprehended graffiti artist Michael Stewart; two weeks later he died, though <i>clearly</i> not of injuries sustained in police custody.	The mayor presided at Transit Police Medal Day ceremonies.
June 28, 1984	The Board of Estimate approved a \$22.7 million contract to Citisource. The mayor's representative voted "aye."	The mayor went to a party for the Muppets and on a cruise with Malcolm Forbes.
October 29, 1984	Sixty-seven-year-old Eleanor Bumpurs was shotgunned by a police officer who was evicting her from her apartment in a city housing project.	The mayor exploited a photo opportunity with Marvel Comics.
February 8, 1985	Lester Shafran and developer Michael Lazar committed mail fraud.	The mayor did the Sherrye Henry radio show, had a photo opportunity at the Toy Fair and greeted the French ambassador.
November 29, 1985	Lindenauer accepted a bribe from Bernard Sandow, who was wearing a wire for the U.S. Attorney's Office.	The mayor was lunching with out-of-work politician Geraldine Ferraro.
December 20, 1985	Shafran again accepted dinner and theater tickets from a company doing business with the PVB.	The mayor was interviewed by <i>The Los Angeles Times</i> and lunched with the Egyptian ambassador.
December 30, 1985	A desperate Manes gave Lindenauer \$58,000 and encouraged him to flee the country to avoid giving testimony.	The mayor, presumably enjoying the holidays, made no appointments.
January 10, 1986	Manes was found weak and incoherent, having attempted suicide.	The mayor rushed to Manes's bedside, reaffirming his friendship. ☹

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Cheers	4,745,000
60 Minutes	3,507,000
L.A. Law	3,355,000
NBC Nightly News	1,411,000

*Professional/Managerial Adult Audience



There's no substitute.

RAT CITY!

They live in our walls. They wait for our trains. They eat

our food. They furnish their

nests with our detritus. They chew through our sheet metal, our lead

pipes and our concrete. They

outsmart us at every turn. They were here

before we were. They'll be here when we're gone. They'll

survive a nuclear war. They are our

shadow, our

enemy, our next-door neighbor.

*“There are no
weird stories
about rats,”*

George Laws said. And then he told some. 🐭 We sat at the edge of the teeming ratopolis in a basement where the city’s rathunters unwind after a day going into holes with rats.

The air was choked with smoke, music and the legend of that four-legged shadow of man. 🐭 If rat stories did not seem weird to Laws, a foreman of exterminators for the city of New York, it was because nothing rats do surprises him. If the stories seemed weird to me, it was because I had just started collecting them. Not the commonplace assertions: that for every one of us there is one, or two, or four of them (perhaps 30 million rats in the city of New York?), or that they can squeeze through



holes the size of a quarter, or that they pop up in toilets. Old news. The idea was to view the range of human experience involving rats, to dip a bucket into that polluted

river! 🐭 “Plastic means to a rat like a rattle to a baby,” said Laws. “Any hole a rat can put his head through, he can put his body through.” 🐭 “They don’t have no bone, just **BY PHILIP WEISS** gristle,” said someone else. This was a rat myth. 🐭 “The head’s the only bone. She’ll cut a hole for her head and cut it no wider and pull the rest of her body through.” 🐭 “Like a liquid?” 🐭 “Not liquid. I wouldn’t use that word.” 🐭 “You can put down bait from now till doomsday, you’ll never kill them all.” 🐭 How’s that stuff work? 🐭 “His own blood drowns him. See him moving slowly, trembling just like a person having a heart attack.” 🐭 “Eat chicken like we eat chicken, eat bacon just like we eat bacon.” 🐭 “Man has been living wrong as far as sanitation is con-

If Fred Astaire had done dances in a grimy urban environment where he had to hug the wall or a fence all the time so he could feel something solid against the hairs of his back—that's how the rats danced.

cerned," Laws said. When we looked at rats, I came to realize, we saw men. I began anthropomorphizing the rats as prosperous citizens to better understand their behavior, and Laws went happily along with this conceit. Garbage, for instance, was their caviar.

Laws drove me out to a lot at 111th and Amsterdam and kept taking deep breaths and shaking his head in disgust. "Smell them?" he said. "That's odorage." I didn't smell anything, though the ground was a moonscape of rat harborage and burrow exits.

We passed a pool of water and Laws said, "This is like down in the Caribbean for them—they got the beach over there."

We stood quietly until the rats came out. Next to the unlidded garbage cans, two did skittering pirouettes and dives. If Fred Astaire had done dances in a grimy urban environment where he had to hug the wall or a fence all the time so he could feel something solid against the hairs of his back, which is to say, if he'd been thigmotropic—that's how the rats danced. One of them squirted out of a hole and grabbed a paper towel. A quilt.



The priests at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, across the street, had complained about rats coming in from the lot, Laws told me, and when I got home I called the cathedral. A spokesperson said she knew nothing about a rat problem, thus demonstrating the Second Law of Rats: *Nobody has them*.

The First Law of Rats is, we all have them. And if George Laws was right, rats could inform us about us. Yes: rats could rat on us.

I HAD PUT AN AD IN *THE VILLAGE VOICE* SAYING I was interested in rat experiences, and people called me night and day with recollections.

"The rat's got the trap against the leg of the kitchen table and is springing it open," Jon said. "Off its neck. Then it sat there and looked back, like

saying *I know you did this*, before it walked away."

"I rolled over and felt something tugging at my leg," said Bill. "I turned on the light and there were three or four of them chewing at the blanket. Like kittens—fat little suckers."

"I was pregnant at the time. I tell you that because someone said later that that was why this happened," Cynthia said. "I heard what I thought at first was my husband scratching on the pillow, but he doesn't sleep on that side. I didn't open my eyes for a couple of seconds, and there was something on the pillow, near my eye. It was so close that I couldn't see all of it. I jumped up and it ran under the bureau. I told my husband it was a rat, and he said, 'You're dreaming.' Then he saw it. We got the super. The rat ran into a canvas L.L. Bean bag and Manny, the super, started jumping up and down on it. They dropped it out the window, and the rat fell out on the fire escape, dead, we thought. A minute later it was gone. Later I found the fruit in the kitchen. The rat had taken a bite out of each piece, nine or ten pieces, like a little child bites. And on my pillowcase there were smears, just like someone had smudged a piece of charcoal. I know you're not going to believe me, but without its tail it was the size of a legal pad."

Wanting deeper facts, I called experts. Gil M. Bloom, director of the Pest Management Institute in Queens, said one reason the rat was so dreaded was its tail, which was scaly, not furry, and therefore unlovable. Maybe that's why the rat had never got a good spokesman—for instance, Mickey Mouse. Bloom sent me on to Austin Frishman, Ph.D. Frishman, a pest specialist, was impatient with my elementary questions, telling me that everything I wanted to know was in his book. He would send it to me for \$11.30 plus tax.

The Rodent Handbook came hand-bound with a photo of a rat's skull and a quote from the author on the cover: THE DEEPER WE LOOK THE MORE WE WANT TO KNOW. Inside were hundreds of true-or-false questions, the answer to almost every one of which was "true": "82. Rats sometimes leave 'grease' marks on walls which are body secretions....94. Rats cannot throw up [thus making poisons unusually effective]....127. Rats exhibit cannibalism when available food is depleted....135. Rats can scoop up water with their front paws...."

And fight one another, boxing style, on their hind legs. And, preferring not to venture out of spots they know, can live for generations in a tiny place—say, the crown of a palm tree or a planter in a restaurant or behind your shoe tree in the closet—if all their needs are taken care of. And, if their needs aren't taken care of, can migrate for miles and miles. Can jump up two feet from a standstill, three feet on a run. Can scale brick walls and rusty pipes, can swim half a mile, can survive nuclear explosions, can easily grow to 17 inches (tail included) and one pound in weight, can fall 50 feet and scurry off,

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THE 1988 FRONT-RUNNER? J&B SCOTCH!

The J&B Scotch Route '88 Campaign Manual has been cited repeatedly for its unique view of the 1988 presidential campaign. At the outset, last November, it was considered a bit of a lark. Then the predictions started coming true, the profiles proved on target, and the poll results began to look eerily prescient.

Lark no longer, the J&B Scotch Route '88 Campaign Manual continues its electoral inquiry. On the facing page is "The J&B Scotch Day-by-Day Campaign Update," comparing actual events to our predictions from last November. The accuracy of these predictions is no less than chilling. We have also included a few of the pointed questions that we will be asking voters this spring, along with some of the views of the experts—the candidates themselves. Stay tuned.

IS JESSE JACKSON A POET?

On international relations: "Stop drugs from coming in, stop jobs

from going out."

Describing himself: "A tree shaker, not a jelly maker."

On fellow big egos: "The only problem is if they have a Cadillac ego and a bicycle brain."

On his campaign: "We are the smallest dog with the biggest bite."

THE J&B SCOTCH ROUTE 88 CAMPAIGN MANUAL

IS GEORGE BUSH A WIMP?

Warning his boss of impending crisis: "We're in deep doo-doo, Kemo Sabe."

Reviewing his military record: "I thought I was kind of a macho pilot."

Brother John on Bush's upbringing: "A real, real teacher's pet."

A Bush supporter: "Anyone who thinks George Bush is a wimp ought to shake his hand—ouch!"

IS GARY HART A SINNER?

On his place in history: "If I am elected, I will not be the first adulterer in the White House."

Qualifying his pledge never to lie to Americans: "On their business."

On contrition: "I don't weep for myself. I weep for this country."

Describing Donna (No Excuses) Rice: She "dropped into my lap. . . . I chose not to dump her off."

New Yorkers Drink J&B Scotch in Shadow Caucus

During the evenings of February 8, February 16 and March 8, J&B Scotch hosted a series of informal bar polls at several popular night-spots in Manhattan. These quaint community caucuses allowed New Yorkers to join with fellow voters in Iowa, New Hampshire and all over the South to register their choices for party nominee. Happy J&B Scotch drinkers were reported to have voted early—and often—aware, perhaps, that it was unscientific polls taken late at night in crowded bars that made this country great!

Are these former candidates still alive?

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| • SPIRO AGNEW | • HENRY JACKSON |
| • EUGENE MCCARTHY | • HAROLD STASSEN |
| • JOHN ANDERSON | • TERRY SANFORD |
| • BIRCH BAYH | • ERNEST HOLLINGS |
| • HUBERT HUMPHREY | • FRED HARRIS |
| • THOMAS EAGLETON | • GEORGE ROMNEY |
| • SHIRLEY CHISHOLM | • JOHN GLENN |
| • GEORGE WALLACE | • FRANK CHURCH |
| • SARGENT SHRIVER | • PHIL CRANE |
| • EDMUND MUSKIE | • MO UDALL |

The J&B Scotch Day-by-Day Campaign Update

In SPY's November issue, the J&B Scotch Route '88 Campaign Manual presented "The J&B Scotch Day-by-Day Campaign Checklist." J&B Scotch Route '88 dared to call the race, significant event by significant event, despite the fact that the race had barely begun. Well, we've reached a midway point in the presidential sweepstakes, a brief lull in the action before the conventions. And a good opportunity to compare the results so far to the forecasts of the J&B Scotch Route '88 Campaign Checklist, as presented last November.

J&B SCOTCH PREDICTION

ACTUAL EVENT

DECEMBER 15, 1987

"Confessed adulterer Gary Hart reenters race 'for the good of the nation.'"

Confessed adulterer Gary Hart reenters race.

DECEMBER 21, 1987

"Confessed adulterer Gary Hart withdraws, saying he wants to spend Christmas with his family."

It took until March 11; the holiday turned out to be Easter.

JANUARY 15, 1988

"Moment of tension when Babbitt says to Gephardt, 'Well, Dick ... I disagree.'"

Babbitt *was* the first to disagree, and he stood up—*literally*—and we all felt very tense.

JANUARY 30, 1988

"Pat Robertson, after successes in Michigan, *really* looks like plausible candidate."

For a few frightening days, it looked like Pat might actually have a chance.

FEBRUARY 9, 1988

"Babbitt withdraws."

The second of the seven to drop (although one week later).

FEBRUARY 16, 1988

"NH Primary. . . all the candidates cry. Even Dukakis, the Democratic winner, who thereby shows emotion for the first time."

Dukakis won, and rumor has it that he was *very* emotional.

FEBRUARY 18, 1988

"Dole, after lopsided loss in New Hampshire, returns to acerbic self."

Dole, after being routed in New Hampshire, takes our cue, promising, "No more Mr. Nice Guy."

MARCH 11, 1988

"After his extraordinary successes on Super Tuesday, Jesse Jackson abandons gimmick of speaking in rhymes, switches to alliteration."

Jackson wins the popular vote on Super Tuesday and proclaims, "We're expanding the establishment, from a narrow stream to a broad-based river."

MARCH 11, 1988

"Letter to the editor signed by Richard Nixon appears in *Times*."

Nixon's comments about a (fellow sinner) Ted Kennedy candidacy are followed by a *Times Magazine* cover story on March 13.

MARCH 16, 1988

"Bush and Dukakis leading their respective parties."

Well, it wasn't *entirely* obvious last November.

IS PAT ROBERTSON REALLY TRULY CRAZY?

On rival political factions: "The long-range goal of Planned Parenthood . . . in my estimation, is to provide a master race."

Citing evidence of broad-based support for his campaign:

"There are people all over America fasting and praying for all this."

Urging his supporters to carry on our great tradition of freedom: "Take authority over the shrouded minds of the people."

IS MIKE DUKAKIS UNEMOTIONAL?

Addressing screaming supporters after winning in Minnesota: "If we continue to do consistently well as we did tonight, we're going to win this nomination for the presidency."

After sweeping the Florida and Texas primaries, among others, and leading the field: "I think I have a shot at the Democratic nomination."

With momentum swinging his way in mid-March: "The White House might be ready for a few Greek dances in 1989."

On his wife's contrary views: "Kitty thinks I'm pretty passionate."

IS BOB DOLE FUNNY? IS HE MEAN?

On why Bush lost in Iowa: "Voters work for a living and want a president who has faced similar problems."

To a Du Pont supporter after losing New Hampshire: "Why don't you crawl back in your cage."

Responding to the invitation of an anchorman to address his victorious rival after New Hampshire: "Yeah, quit lying about my record!"

Summing it up: "Nothing in life is easy for me."

Rat has developed a taste for things human. Seeking bedding or decorative knickknacks, rats have been known to drag lipsticks, rings, keys and dollar bills into their nests.

can, can and can again—the most can-do, adaptable creature in the universe, next to man.

The best true/false in Frishman's book was "118. Rats have a sex drive." That's a triumph of understatement, like saying Ed Meese has jowls. Rats do it a lot, they do it like rabbits (they also allegedly taste like rabbits), they do it as much as 22 times a day, and sometimes they do it till one of them dies. A pair of rats, I learned, can be responsible in a year for 15,000 offspring, any one of which would be lucky in New York to live 15 months.

But unlike man, rat (I'd begun to use *rat* as a generic for the rat race, the way you say *man* for the human race) enjoys no leisure. Rat toils all night; put rat on a treadmill and it might log 20 miles. And if rat did not gnaw all day, its chisel-edged upper incisors would grow and grow, adding four inches a year, curling around and up through its



palate, into its brain. When God gave out teeth, He made rat an exploding offer.

Gnawing gives rat its name—originally derived from the Latin for "to gnaw"—but although gnawing will get rat through lead pipes and concrete walls, rat is hopeless without a protrusion on which to operate. That is why when rat attacks man, it usually begins with the toes, the fingers, the lips, the genitals. In a grim but common scenario, rat smells food on a sleeping baby—the city's Health Department says that "rats follow the smell of milk"—begins nibbling at the baby's face, baby pushes it aside, rat bites. A possible result is rat-bite fever: short-term chills, vomiting, achiness. But leptospirosis, an infection one can get from a bite or just from touching infected rat urine, can result in jaundice and even death.

When all is said and done, rat attack is unlikely. You should probably fear it most when you are dead: rats enjoy morgues. From time to time New

York City's morgue, at 30th Street and First Avenue, has a rat problem. Other especially infested spots include Federal Hall, the hospital on Ward's Island (whose Dumpsters rat checks out seeking grisly wastes), the traffic islands on Park Avenue and on upper Broadway, Bryant Park, Herald Square, just about everywhere in Chinatown, some spots in Central Park, the giant rock in Riverside Park near Edgar Allan Poe Street, and South Street Seaport. In subway stations, where rat is often spotted darting around the tracks just before a train pulls in, homeless people have inadvertently made things more congenial for rat by bringing in rags that rat uses for its nests. Rat also frequents the crumbling catacombs of our sewers, what the world's reigning rat expert, William B. Jackson, of Bowling Green State University, calls "the infestation highway, the disease elevator." Our plumbing is rat's jungle gym. Four-inch pipes? Rat arches its back to shinny up inside them.

Genetic flexibility is a blessing and a bummer to rat. On the down side, rat is so easily and rapidly inbred as to be a perfect lab animal—scientists making neurotic rats, rats too fat to walk, rats doomed by too much Sweet 'n Low. Unpleasant things always happen to rat in the lab: it has tubes stuck in its open brain, gets its anus sewed up, sees its fur Naired off. Of course, huge insights have been gained. "Blinding the rats," one keen student of mazes observed, "greatly disturbed their performance."

The up side of rat's genetic flexibility is that it has evolved right alongside man. It competes for our food and tails us everywhere, evolving to do so. Do we find rat repulsive? Very well, it will learn to stay out of sight. Do we try to kill rat at every turn? It becomes suspicious of any unaccustomed thing. We leave poison everywhere. Rat becomes Superrat, able to withstand 100 times the dose that would have once done him in. Along the way, rat develops a taste for things human. Seeking bedding or decorative knickknacks, rats have been known to drag lipsticks, rings, keys and dollar bills into their nests.

The marvel is that man's relationship with rat has been short—so brief, in fact, you might be tempted to dismiss it as an infatuation. Having originated in Asia, rat as we know it only got to the Western world in the 1700s, crossing the Volga River from Russia in 1727 to escape famine and earthquakes. Europe was at that time dominated by the black rat, scourge of Hamelin; and the new kid, the chunkier and far more aggressive brown rat (or Norway rat), made short and bloody work of black in city after city. Before long, rat had made it to California.

For much of this time rat got okay press. The Indians associated it with prosperity, the God Ganesha being commonly pictured riding a rat steed. The Chinese claimed that rat, once ingested, stopped hair loss (and so they dried and flattened rat and brought it to market). Filipino chefs made rat sausage. In ancient Israel it was a bad sign if rat

left your house for your neighbor's. Londoners half tolerated rat's presence because it scavenged garbage, provided hours of amusement when assembled en masse in tin-lined pits and set upon by terriers, and was a chief source of something called oil of rat ("Skin a sufficient number," instructed a rat historian in the nineteenth century, "then take out their bowels, but leave in the heart, liver, and lights... Let them stand until they are quite dissolved, and the oil will float"). Meanwhile, though English farmers knew rat as an agricultural pest, it was a central figure in what one author called that "wholesome country pastime" that distracted adolescent boys the way only video games and dial-a-porn can today—namely, ratcatching. Bob Joy, a great ratcatcher of the late 1800s, wrote a manual on the art: "When I have done work and turned towards home, I have made it a rule always to put a dead rat into the bag as I think it amuses the ferrets and breaks the monotony of a long journey, just as when I run down home I like taking a snack at Swindon Station."

This wistful, bucolic view of ratting prevails today, notably in the pages of *The New Yorker*, which not long ago ran a profile of D. Brian Plummer. Plummer is a ratcatcher-writer in northern England who's spent his happiest moments on a maggot farm (which did not figure in the *New Yorker* account). In *Tales of a Rat-Hunting Man*, Plummer describes his hand-catching method, in which "you" corner the rat, step on him—"then tail him by swinging him clear of your body." (A full-grown rat cannot climb his own tail to bite "your" hand.) Plummer makes some questionable boasts in his work—for instance, that rat's incisors spread when it bites, causing copious bleeding. But by such mythicizing, rat looms large in Plummer's worldview as a sign of masculinity and ancient nature.

The truth is, rat lives very much in time. Consider a key date in its progress, 1894 (just 30 years before rat made it to Montana), when it was conclusively linked, after years of suspicion, to the spread of plague. This was not easily forgiven—plague had killed millions of people through the ages and changed the course of empire, and so forth.

Rat PR promptly went to hell. People forgot that rats did such noble tasks as helping break down waste in the sewer system. Groups with names like the Vermin Repression Society and the College of Pestology sprang up. With the twentieth century, rat became a bugaboo. People regularly claimed to spot monster rats, and in 1908 *The New York Times* headlined a French scientist's warning about our food supply, RATS MAY DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE. The Danes pioneered antirat laws and paid citizens for kills. The accounting method relied on rat's aforementioned unlovable tail—a scaly, pencil-like, 200-ringed tail (which, by the way, doesn't touch the ground as rat runs and helps rat keep its balance)—the Danes employing a typewriter-size guillotine

to keep track of inventory. Rat-history books have photos of men wearing virtual overcoats of dead rats while waiting at the lopper's table.

Man devised more and more ways to get rid of rat. The oddest means were superstitious: singeing or tarring a rat or tying a bell around its neck and then setting it free among its coreligionists, supposedly to spook them and get them to move on. Rat being rat, though, the most ingenious efforts sought



M-I-C (See you real soon)... **K-E-Y** (Why? Because we like you)... **D-E-A-T-H**

The people at Disney are in a bind. On the one hand, the corporation's most beloved creation—its worldwide ambassador of Disney goodwill—is a mouse. Mickey, that perky, big-eared, skinny-legged, four-fingered, squeaky-voiced pest, has starred in dozens of Disney films, and his likeness adorns hundreds of company products, from Mickey watches to corn holders to saltshakers to pasta. One of Disney World's most celebrated sights is that of Disney employees wearing Mickey suits and rodent heads as they stroll through the park day and night, ceaselessly greeting children and providing photo opportunities. "I kind of relate to Goofy, myself," says Tom Brinkmoeller, a spokesperson for Disney, "but Mickey Mouse is the patriarch of the character clan."

On the other hand, one of the chief attractions of Disney's complexes is that, unlike the usual grimy, grease-ridden amusement emporium befouled with cigarette butts and Sno-Kone wrappers and teeming with scavenging underlife, Disney parks are spanking-clean. Regular sightings of Mickeys—real rodents, not recent college graduates in fur suits—around the garbage pails on Main Street, U.S.A., in the Magic Kingdom, could sour a visit for the average family and hurt the park's walloping 20-million-visitors-a-year appeal. In other words, live representatives of Mickey's tribe are not welcome, and if they venture into the park, they can expect confrontation. How hostile? Well, Disney would rather not poison or trap or d-CON or squash its corporate symbol—at

least, not publicly.

"Actually, there is no corporate policy on mice," Brinkmoeller explains, "but we do try to coexist with them. There's no actual policy like 'Kill mice but let Mickey live,' or anything like that. In fact, we feel they were here before we were, so we try to leave them alone."

"I'm sure they spray for bugs and, well, stuff around the food areas," says Pam Parks, another company spokesperson. "I don't think that just because Mickey Mouse is here, they wouldn't do that. But there just aren't any mice here. There is a lot of Florida wildlife, like alligators, deer and egrets. But no mice."

But Disney World and the surrounding Disney properties cover about 28,000 acres, much of it undeveloped, temperate and lousy with animal life. Aren't there *any* mice at all? Parks checks with her boss and returns to the phone to say that he would confirm one Magic Kingdom mouse sighting.

"He says there once was a mouse in City Hall," Parks says. "It was captured and put back into the woods. We didn't want to kill it." Has Mickey's primacy informed the Disney rodent policy? "I don't think so," Parks says.

The Disney ethic of peaceful coexistence doesn't, in any case, extend to rats. Rats that venture into the Magic Kingdom are summarily baited, trapped and tossed. "We don't demonstrate as much love and care to rats as we do to other animals," says Brinkmoeller. "But then again, Mickey's not a rat." —Susan Orlean

to use rat's sex drive against itself and (like that other technology aimed at the prevention of tiny, furry, wordless creatures—contraception) demonstrated the scientific community's rigor in placing the burden on woman. In one method practiced on

"One day I watched when they had an assembly line going in the kitchen. My mother had left a bowl of chicken wings on the counter, there were three or four rats on the counter, and they would push one off the edge, and another would drag it across the floor, and another would pull it behind the refrigerator."

ships, baby male rats were captured and raised on the flesh of females. Then they were starved and set free with the idea that their learned appetite would defeat the sexual appetite. (It didn't.) In the Rodier method—another fiasco—rats were trapped, the females killed and the males released, the theory being that when the male-female ratio increases, the female spends a good deal of her life running from a pack of feverish males and proves a failure as a mom.

Rat killing has always had political overtones. In World War II rats were suspected as agents of chemical warfare, and in 1952 Mao Tse-tung anticipated the Cultural Revolution with an official plague on rats. American rats got politicized during the civil-rights struggle. *Native Son* begins with a lurid (and implausible) battle—"A huge black rat squealed and leaped at Bigger's trouser-leg and snagged it in his teeth"—and in the 1960s New York's rat-bite statistics shot up to 700 a year, in part because urban renewal was destroying habitat, pressuring evicted rats to act with desperate boldness. (Experts say less than a third of actual bites are reported.) Rat was a sign of blight, of the callous landlord, of crime. Protesters emptied sackfuls of rats in Congress.

"A lot of homes were coming down in the South Bronx, and my family was one of the last to leave," a caller told me. "Rats took over the whole bottom of the house. One day I watched when they had an assembly line going in the kitchen. My mother had left a bowl of chicken wings on the counter, there were three or four rats on the counter, and they would push one off the edge, and another would drag it across the floor, and another would pull it behind the refrigerator. We were 8 kids, there must

and anticoagulant, the pelleted poison that the raters push with dowels down burrows and that causes internal hemorrhaging—thus proving superior to such methods as glue boards, chemical sterilization and electrocution wires across sewers.

Solomon Peeples is the head of the bureau. A man of Buddha-like serenity, Peeples says he respects rat but does not like it. "We're antagonists—we sit on different sides of the fence."

We talked about poison.

"The beauty of the anticoagulant," he said, is that since it takes a few days to kill and causes no pain, rat doesn't figure out what hit it. That ignorance is a lucky thing, for unlike mouse (a loner), rat is extremely social and if it had any inkling of danger would warn its fellows. One caller told me about the rat that flagged packages of d-CON he'd set out with pieces of tin foil, apparently to scare younger rats off. Rat has a "telepathic vocabulary," one writer-ratter concluded, while the great zoologist Konrad Lorenz observed that rat survives via traits similar to man's: "transmission of experiences... dissemination within the close community."

Even when anticoagulants sneak past rat's social defenses, though, its shifting immunities force Pest Control to continually change the chemical cocktail. "No matter what we come up with, they will adjust," Peeples said.

Then somehow Peeples and I got around to the most uncomfortable question: how many rats there are in the city. The convenient ratio is 1:1, though Gil Bloom of the Pest Management Institute says it's 3:1 (rats to men), and here the establishment media concur (*The New York Times* says it's 4:1 among the poor). But William Jackson, expert of experts, maintains that the most careful census puts the ratio closer to 20:1, man to rat.

Of course, this ratio makes better reading when reversed, and Peeples told me of a recent case in Harlem where a lady kept hundreds of rats in her house. "They do what I tell them. They come when I call," a Los Angeles man named Robert Ehman with a similar predilection said last year after his arrest (which only took place because his pets had chewed through the walls into neighboring apartments).

Grasping at a utopian straw, I asked Peeples if man and rat could ever learn to live in harmony.

"People have trouble overcoming prejudice against other *people*. At least they can communicate. It would be much more difficult overcoming prejudice against rats."

"Can you explain the deep fear of rats?" I asked.


"Now you're talking about *human* emotion, which I don't know much about," Peeples said.

He sent me to the Harlem office to meet one of his 600 employees, this one a throwback to the rustic age of ratcatching. Angel Laboy squeezes rats to death with his (gloved) hands after seizing them by the tail. Laboy said he couldn't teach this skill—it



have been 15 chicken wings, and they got them all."

Some politicians got behind the issue, setting up the city's Bureau for Pest Control, which 20 years later is a \$10 million empire of antirat education

In New York, some people
think  is the sign of a
great anisette.

In Rome, Paris, Athens,
Venice, Monte Carlo,
London, Madrid,
Tokyo, Vienna,
Rio de Janeiro
and the rest
of the world,
they know
better.

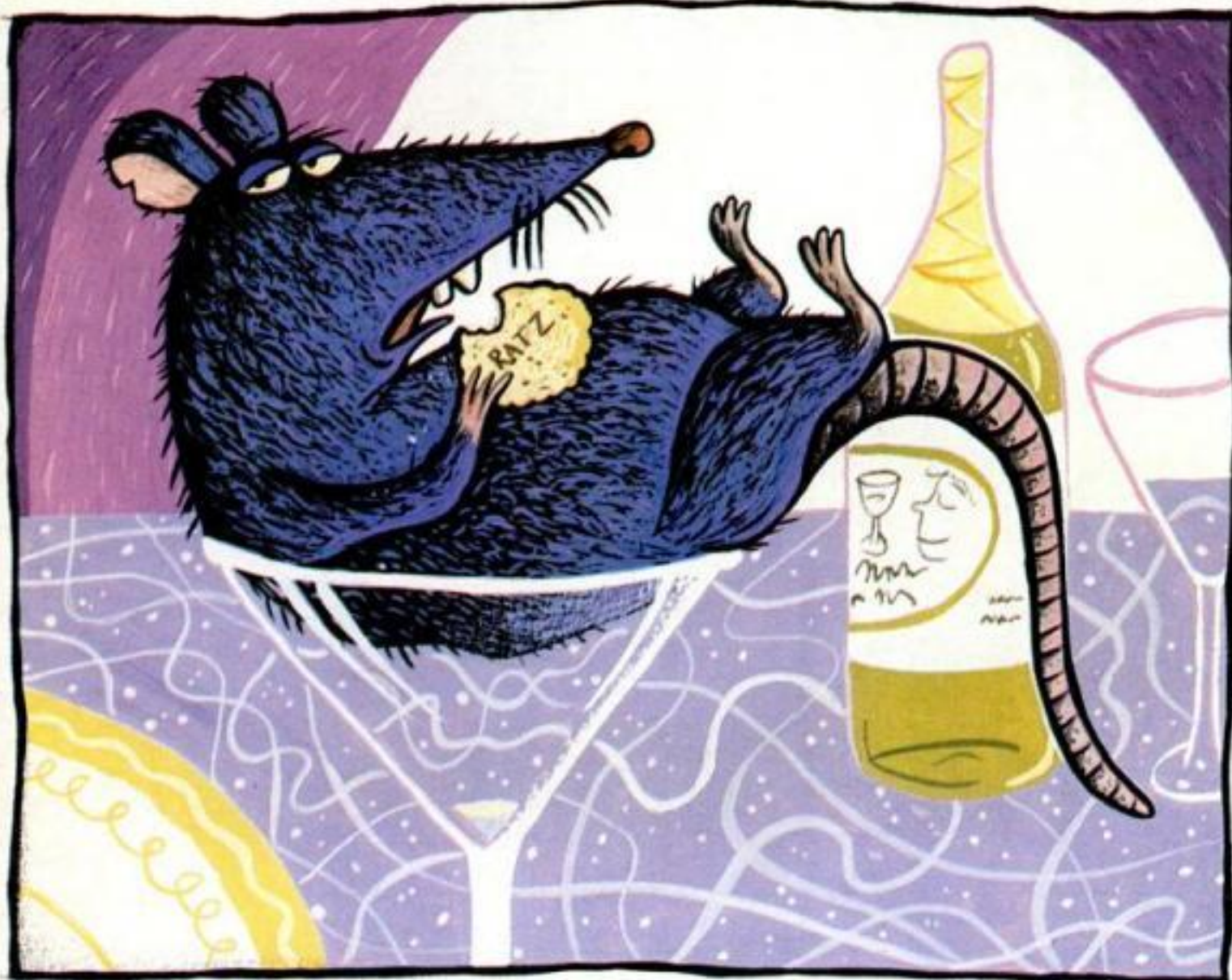


Marie Brizard
The world's anisette.

"Rats don't care about nothing," Gene said. "Why should they? They're not your friends. They're not nobody's friends. Put it like this: they're the biggest freeloader in the world."

dwells in the nerves—and that he is otherwise a "passive" person. For example, he told me that once he put a string around a rat's neck and walked it through his neighborhood, delighting children. This brought to mind the long tradition of ratcharming, ranging from Indian mystics who summoned rat from the burrow by scratching thumb against fingernail to the Pied Piper. "Be kind to your mothers by not taking ferrets or dead rats in your pockets into her drawing room, and wash your hands after fondling them and before cuddling her," Bob Joy counseled his ratcatching pupils 100 years ago.

Today such intimacy is a rare thing. We like our rat technological and remote. Private exterminators seek out rat by using black lights to detect rat urine, and that's as close as they like to get. On finding a live one, they go bonkers, cordoning off the area, putting on full-face respirators, nuking the rat with fumigants such as methyl bromide. Destroying them mechanically is just too messy, though now



and then you hear about an exterminator who, having made the big mistake of not tucking his pants into his boots before wading into the war zone, had to stab a rat through his pants. Randy Dupree, the assistant health commissioner who oversees the Bureau for Pest Control, says that most city exterminators actually whistle or sing when they enter an infested basement. But they are not summoning rat; they are giving him time to clear out.

I went out with a couple of exterminators on the Lower East Side. They had perfected their own private slang for prostitution, which, after all, seems to proliferate in rat-dense areas.

"Ice cream," said Paulino, pointing.

"Ice cream," Al said, honking the horn. "These pimps got this area sewed up."

We got out on Ludlow Street and stepped over Christmas trees to go into a basement.

"Christmas—it means something to a rat," said Gene, who served as guide. "He might get more food. Food is their money. As long as a rat can sit back and eat good, they're satisfied."

"Nobody likes the rat man," Gene muttered. We put bags of pellets behind the stove and the sink and the tub. "Because they love water. Water they love."

"Got a bigass cat too. Come on, let's go."

Back in the van, Gene delved into rat's mind.

"Rats don't care about nothing. Why should they? They're not your friends. They're not nobody's friends. Put it like this: they're the biggest freeloader in the world."

After a couple of hours flinging bags into holes, I had some sense of the futility of poisoning; it just makes room for more rats and keeps the pest-control industry in business. The only way to get rid of rat is to change human behavior. Do people throw food onto the subway tracks? Do people put out garbage in plastic bags? Well, rat will be there.

It would take a massive, holistic approach to obliterate rat, but such efforts lack funding. The state used to have a huge lab upstate where scientists studied rats culled from all the boroughs and other cities (Chicago's were tougher than ours), but five years ago it was abandoned. With the onslaught of AIDS, and with bite reports running at less than half the 1970 level, rat has disappeared down a political if not cultural burrow.

EVERYONE WAS A RATOPHOBIC. I HEARD FROM ONLY one ratlover. Linda had rat pets. They were intelligent and loving, but having rats could be a sad thing.

"They go through their whole life cycle in a few years," she said. "It sort of hooks you in on the life-and-death issues. I work through a lot of stuff. I had this rat Krishna? Krishna had a tumor, and I didn't want to deal with her death. So I gave her to my friend Sharon. I had a dream that I was having sex with Krishna. That was Tuesday night. I called Sharon and said, 'Did Krishna die on Tuesday?' Yes, she had. See, I was hooked in on a deep level with her. Sex, life energy, death, there's a polarity there."

"How big was Krishna in the dream?"

"My size."

Linda directed me by turns to the C. G. Jung Center on East 39th Street, where the Jungian librarian loaded my table with rat fables: of sinners transmigrating into rats, of rats becoming invisible. The ancient Egyptians thought of rats as being made from Nile mud. "A phallic interpretation has been superimposed upon [the rat], but only insofar as it is dangerous or repugnant," wrote J. E. Cirlot in *A Dictionary of Symbols*.

The historical rat legends roughly paralleled contemporary rat lore; Professor Jan Brunvand, who has written three very popular books about urban myths, has lots of rat stories, notably the one about the woman who brings a rat back from a Mexican

vacation thinking it's a Chihuahua puppy. It gets sick, she brings it to the vet, etc. Another favorite is "Kentucky Fried Rat," which, since the diner ultimately dies of shock, is some kind of morality tale about fast food. The Jungians also collect references to King Rat, a rat that commanded thousands of others, anticipating by centuries that modern horror classic *Willard*, in which a young boy directs a rat swarm to eat Ernest Borgnine.

I looked up another horror classic, in Volume 10 of Freud's works: his "Notes on a Case of an Obsessional Neurosis." Here a young patient had suffered paralyzing delirium when he learned about an Eastern torture: Rats were placed on a man's buttocks. A pot was turned upside down over them (when Idi Amin covered this tune circa 1975, heat was applied to the pot). After a time the rats, the patient said, "bored their way in—" and then he faltered. "Into his anus?" I helped him out," Freud wrote.

Many rat callers described variations on one of Professor Brunvand's urban-myth standards—the one about the alligator in the toilet. But this time, it was rat in the toilet.

"My instinct was to close the lid and run for my life," Viva said. "But I ordered myself to use the toilet brush. I sort of hit the head and squeezed it hard."

"This is the best story of all," said Jennifer, calling from the Upper West Side.

"We live in a brownstone. It's not a crazy building. My mom was sitting on the toilet and she hears something and—oh my God I don't know how it got there—she felt something wet and hairy touching her—I don't have to say where. When she jumped up it dived back into the hole and disappeared. She ripped off all her clothes and got into the shower. It came out a few more times. My dad didn't believe her till he saw the wet spot it left. She couldn't go to the toilet without bending over to look."

"Hold on," I said. I got out a letter.

"Two women in this southern city have had the misfortune to have been bitten on the fanny on the commode," wrote A. R. Tatum of Augusta, Georgia, a pest-control man.

"Well, my mom didn't get bitten, she got *nosed*," Jennifer corrected.

The reason I had a letter from a southern pest-control man was, I'd finally made it to question 825 in Frishman's book: "Is there anything commercially available to prevent rats from swimming up through toilet bowls?" The answer, of course, was yes: an Omaha company made a "plastic rodent stopper" that sold for \$10.95. The deeper we look, the more we want to know, so I called up Levenson's.

Over the phone from the resourceful and unsqueamish Midwest, Jack Dutch explained that he'd bought the patent to the device from its inventor, F. C. Martin, 20 years back. The thing was made out of—we spoke the neutralese of the pest-control business—"milk-white plastic" and was called either

RATS 'R' US Is it just our imagination, or are people today looking and acting more and more like rats?

Selfish tenacity is the defining behavior of the age, and merely being a survivor has become a moral virtue—the two greatest characteristics of you-know-which-rodent. Sondra Locke, an actress who physically resembles a rat (albeit a pretty, blond one), even made a well-received 1986 movie, *Ratboy*, about a boy who looked like—why, yes!—a rat. And there are this spring two new biographies of Roy Cohn, the era's ultimate ratman. Below, the first roster of America's Rodent People.



Self-loathing homosexual thug ROY COHN

Much-assisted novelist JERZY KOSINSKI



Singer-dancer-temptress-survivor JOEY HEATHERTON

Rich wig-wearing politician ANDY STEIN

Litigious widow JOAN RIVERS



Congressional wheeler-dealer TONY COELHO

Workaholic right-winger WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Federal prisoner IVAN BOESKY



Forgetful Nazi KURT WALDHEIM

Politician-restaurateur SONNY BONO

Right-wing direct-mail whiz RICHARD VIGUERIE



Right-wing talk-show thug MORTON DOWNEY JR.

Well-connected *Phantom* star SARAH BRIGHTMAN

Unbearably successful composer ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



Smarmy talk-show host-vulgarian GERALDO RIVERA

Former journalist TONY SCHWARTZ

Pathologically libidinous actor JAMES WOODS



Felon-showman STEVE RUBELL

Ishtar star DUSTIN HOFFMAN

Unsettling comedian RICHARD LEWIS



Unsettling comedian RICHARD BELZER

Curiously successful lawyer ANDREW CUOMO

Overproductive novelist JOYCE CAROL OATES

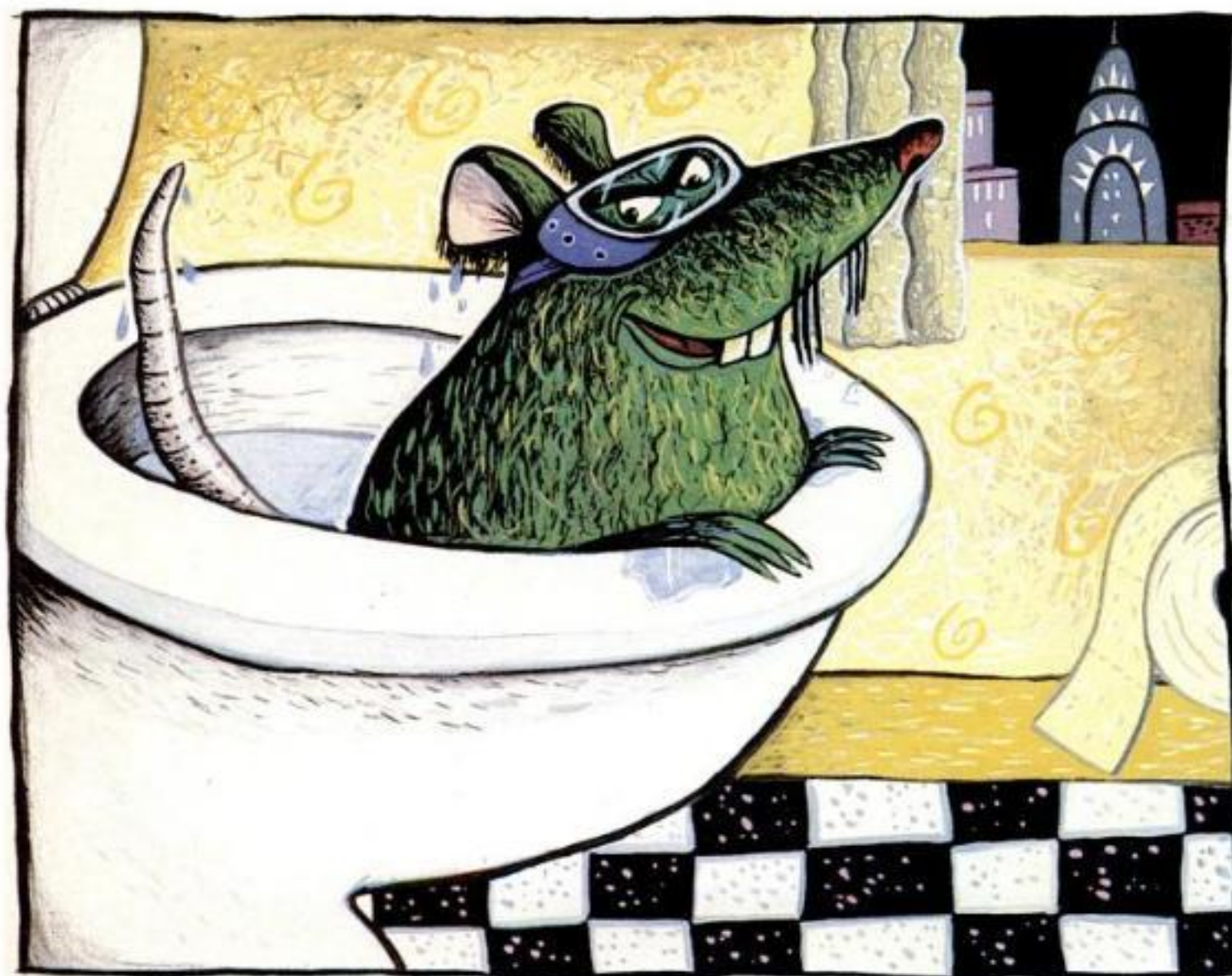
Many people described a variation on a standard urban myth—the one about the alligator in the toilet. But this time, it was a rat in the toilet.

the Ratguard or, in neutralese, the Homguard.

"It clasps in the toilet in such a way that when the toilet is flushed, it has a tongue that freely allows the water and refuse to go by but will not allow any object, or in this case a rodent who will come up a sewer pipe, to pass the barrier," Dutich said.

But he was sheepish about the Ratguard. "I'll be honest with you, I haven't made a million dollars off it."

He sent me on to his biggest buyer, John W. Young, a born salesman who's got brown rats stuffed and mounted in his two Speed Exterminating stores in Cleveland. Young explained everything. The sewage system is supposed to be a closed-loop, toilet-to-treatment facility, but during big rains, underground gates permit the waste sewers to accept overflow from storm sewers. These gates often get



stuck, allowing rats to enter the waste chain. Then Young told me about a seven-year-old Cleveland girl who got bitten on the behind in 1971.

By such hints and nuances Young had sold hundreds of Ratguards. But he echoed the lament of the pest-control business: people are crisis-oriented, and so don't respond to a real need ahead of time.

For example, a while back a suburban lady called Young and said to come quickly, there was a rat in the toilet. He told her to flush it and she managed to, but she still wanted him to come right over. Young told her that she should "take whatever heavy object she had and put it in the toilet."

"We got out there and she had put her husband's bowling ball in there. It's funny that a certain ethnicity would do that, put a bowling ball in the toilet."

"What ethnicity is that?"

"I don't think I should say."

After hearing such stories I wondered why Jack Dutich hadn't made a million dollars off the Ratguard. As it turned out, Dutich's daughter-in-law had written a marketing study on the Ratguard to

get her M.B.A. at Columbia.

Susan Dutich's market plan laid out a grand strategy of alerting people to the fundamental danger lurking just below. If the facts that rats were having a "population explosion," that they "can bite through concrete" and "tread water for up to three days," were widely promulgated, then Ratguard might achieve sales of 95 million units in the U.S. alone. The big selling point was "peace of mind."

There was more about peace of mind in the Ratguard literature Jack Dutich sent along.

"Don't sit on a time bomb!" said one flier. Another flier said, "They are popping into homes like they owned them.... Kitchen disposals are adding tons of food to these filthy, vicious, disease-carrying marauders.... (Remember, as they climb, they can see light)." The flier had an illustration of two rats going up into your, my—Everyman's—toilet. One rat was in a pipe in the wall and the other, which had a fiendish grin, was scrambling around a loop in the plumbing to get into the actual toilet bowl. The illustration drew on a couple of traditions. One was making rats ferocious; caricatures of rats can never be too mean. Also, the cross section of the plumbing, with all the serpentine passageways inside a bowl-like outline, looked like one of those cross-sectional drawings of the human abdomen, and in this way the drawing only heightened the fear of a rat entering one's body.

THE RAT CALLERS, SOMEHOW SENSING MY MOOD, changed from toilet-infestation themes to rat attack.

"My sister woke up with blood on her face and two puncture marks on her nose....," Alice said of her childhood in East Harlem.

"They have something like novocaine in their saliva," a woman at a bar said. (She was wrong.)

Laurel's stories were ordinary but in a way the worst of all. They involved Central Park and the matter-of-factness with which man and rat carry on there. Man reading his newspaper and dropping his crust in the grass of Strawberry Fields, rat creeping behind the bench cool as can be, munching out. By now I felt I had it: rat was a mirror, it showed us squinched and filthy—ice cream indeed. Rat was man's "opposite," as Konrad Lorenz put it, matching man's eat-everything, destroy-the-rest aggression with its own childlike bites. Thus rat pledged to walk into the future with man, right behind us, faithful as a shit stain but letting us do the marching (rat refusing above all things to be useful). It didn't matter if rat had never personally touched your life, no, rat was the claim that nature, or at least an idea of nature, made against our modern self-conceptions.

So when rat called—and it called often—it said, *I'll eat your money and outlast your eternity, I'm the core of doubt and always gnawing.* It made one other point: it couldn't tread water for three days—it was lucky to clock three hours. ☛



Scrambling to get

a visible table

an apartment

into a private club

into a nightclub

on the right mailing list

backstage

New York's Desperate, Demeaning Addiction to Exclusivity

your car garaged

your kid schooled

anything you really want

New Yorkers love to be excluded. We must—or why would we choose to live in a city that always seems to be saying no to us and yes to everyone else? All New Yorkers, great and humble, know deep in their hearts that there is always a better restaurant, nightclub, table, child, fitness program, mode of transportation, address, business contact, conversation-stopper, bank, than their own. And yes, of course it matters. In the pages ahead, SPY examines the gauntlet New Yorkers must run just to get a roof over our heads, and some food on our plates, and the better of a maître d'. Is that so much to ask? Yes.



The Fewer, the Merrier

**BY GEORGE
KALOGERAKIS**

Call it the process of unnatural selection. Each day, New Yorkers can expect a struggle as we go about doing the most basic things—shopping, eating, exercising, learning, socializing. The path from dawn to dusk may be relatively smooth and mundane elsewhere in the United States, but in New York hurdles shoot up unexpectedly, onlookers jeer constantly from the sidelines, people you never knew existed are suddenly making the most distressingly arbitrary choices and judgments regarding you, in every kind of situation. *You, yes. You, no.* New York is a city of pecking orders and musical chairs.

Think about it. You practically have to *inherit* a Central Park softball field or good seats for the Met (or the Mets, lately—*months before spring training*, interested fans were sent an announcement saying that there were no box seats left for the 1988 season). Even sandlot softball can assume the aura of exclusivity: out in Sag Harbor, not everyone gets to play in the famous-writers-and-wealthy-orthodontists game, and even fewer people get to pitch (Mort Zuckerman, who has several hundred million, does). To get a taxi medallion you have to wait for an opening—the number of medallions has remained fixed at 11,787 for 50 years—and then hand over an unfixed sum in the neighborhood of \$125,000. Before you can run in the New York City Marathon you must *request an application*, as 40,000 did last year for 22,000 spots; it's the only American marathon to use a lottery system. To live in certain apartment buildings you must first reveal intimate details of your life to a board of complete strangers (*see story on page 82*). Some of New York's best hotels are, wholly or in part, residential hotels—cooperatives. And that can mean, as it does at The Ritz Tower, that references, an advance deposit and the right "attitude"—their word—are required to *get a hotel room*. Try making an appointment to have your hair permed or colored at Bumble + Bumble and they'll actually ask to see your hair first. (*Separate interview? Should I come, too, or just my hair?*) For a good price on a fur coat, you have to use your connections to get it wholesale on Seventh Avenue. Only a licensed interior decorator's card or an appointment made for you by a decorator will get you into one of the better furniture showrooms in the D & D Building on Third Avenue. Similarly, one can't buy couture clothes by just dropping by or even phoning ahead—if

you don't have a reference, then you probably *can't have* a Saint Laurent or Ungaro or Arnold Scaasi. Banking in New York is likely to be exasperating unless you do it at places such as U.S. Trust (minimum individual account: \$5,000) or you're a preferred customer—a "high-net-worth individual"—meaning \$5 million at Morgan Guaranty. Even obesity, despite recent evidence blaming metabolism more than sublimation, can be corrected in a *better* way: an ad in *New York* magazine offers "an innovative weight-loss approach designed for a select few." To get your wedding announcement into the local newspaper it is all but obligatory to have social standing or a degree from a selective college or prep school. (Barring that, having a father who is a pressman at the paper will do it, too.) Successfully placing your obituary in that same paper requires more credentials than mere death—that's *easy*. And once dead, where do you suppose you're going to be buried? Probably not in Manhattan.

New Yorkers not only accept and even welcome these insane rules of exclusivity, we volunteer for *more* humiliation. We want into the right clubs, restaurants, screenings, and once in, we want the right *table*, Goddamn it, the preferred *seat*. But more nervous questions are then raised. *Is this, in fact, the best table? Can this still be the right club? Are there enough people out there not getting in? Shouldn't we really be somewhere else?*

Of course we should. In New York, any kind of exclusivity is relative. *Show me a rose, the city seems to sing, and I'll show you a more desirable rose with a velvet rope and a beefy guy named Dom in front of it.* And if we do make it in, the selecting and excluding continues. Ticket-holders and pass-clutchers will themselves sooner or later be separated, subdivided, judged, found wanting, reassigned. A GUEST sticker may get you backstage at a Mötley Crüe concert at Madison Square Garden, but it's the almost-mythical, hard-to-come-by *laminated all-access pass* that promises hospitality tables, dressing rooms, maybe even an audience with the band. Connections may have got you a ticket to *Saturday Night Live*, but that's really when the anxiety starts. Downstairs in the lobby of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, civilians who wrote in three years

ago are told to line up against one wall, friends and guests of the show against another. Celebrities are rushed right up—no waiting. Once upstairs, will you see the dress rehearsal as well as the live taping? Will you watch on a monitor in the green room or from a seat in the studio? (Even in the studio, there is a cordoned-off area for friends of Lorne Michaels's.) Will you be invited to the postshow party? Uh...*which* postshow party? Which table at which postshow party? Will you be sitting beside Lorne or the guest host?

New Yorkers compound the struggle further by insisting on being *first*.

Getting the *Sunday Times*, for example, early on Sunday morning is sweet and hopelessly old-fashioned: buy it Saturday night. Or sign up with one of the home-



delivery operations that start dropping off sections at your door by Saturday morning. Select editors at *Time* get Arts & Leisure and the *Magazine* delivered to their offices on Friday—early enough to be able to talk about what's going to be in the paper two days hence, thereby impressing Friday-night dinner companions. *Be first.* If you haven't read Elmore Leonard's *Freaky Deaky* by the time it's published, you run the risk of embarrassing yourself. Get your hands on a reviewer's copy or, if possible, an uncorrected galley proof. That should suffice—but pray that at the next cocktail party you don't run into someone who read the book in manuscript or, God forbid, wrote it. Did you say you *subscribe* to this or that magazine? How charming. How quaint. Couldn't you get on the comp list? You mean your *New Yorker* doesn't have FIRST RUN COPY stamped on the cover? You mean you weren't one of the specially selected 30,000 women who received the early issues of *New York Woman* free?

Similarly, you must be among the first to go, whether it's to the new Woody Allen or *Phantom of the Opera* or China. China, of course, has long since been spoiled; save your money. *Phantom* may be completely sold out until Halley's comet reappears, but in a sense all those performances stretching into the next millennium are a

mere formality—if you didn't see the show by mid-February, three weeks after it opened, don't even bother saying you've got tickets. And even if you saw the New York *Phantom* before it officially opened in January, you're too late—your friends all saw it in London. With movies, the top-me-I-dare-you attitude is easy to track: you must at the very least be invited to an all-media screening at a theater, or to a critics' screening in a film company screening room (one of the plusher screening rooms, if you please—the 33rd floor of Gulf + Western, which seats six, or The Broadway Screening Room at The Brill Building), or, better yet, to one of the in-house screenings open mainly to movie executives and their friends. Most impressive is to have seen either a rough cut (preferably with the musical score still missing) or, of course, the dailies.

If you not only profess to care about none of this but *actually don't*, you'll still find the competition hard to avoid on some level. In Manhattan even crime victims must, in a sense, vie for attention. Your best bet is to be murdered, because homicide tops the list of offenses that the NYPD will investigate most urgently—and if you're lucky enough to be a white upper-middle-class-professional corpse, you'll probably make the papers. If you've been burglarized but there is no evidence, you'd better hope the thieves took you for plenty: each borough has a dollar-value cutoff, below which police don't investigate—at the 19th Precinct on the East Side, for example, it's \$10,000.

Don't neighborhoods bring out the best in class-conscious New Yorkers? Even within the borders of the Upper East Side, the 10021 ZIP code has traditionally out-cached 10028, which in turn is preferable to the recently created 10128. Your phone number has a lot to say about you, too; 988, 288 and 744 are all good prefixes—since they indicate the old YUkon, BUTterfield and RHineland ex-changes and, therefore, longevity at the East Side addresses that those exchanges covered. On the West Side, 10024 is better than 10023, which is farther south but has a denser concentration of cheap, newish condominiums, or 10025, which is just too far north. Up in "Riverdale, New York," citizens would very much like to forget that they really live in the Bronx; but, again, exclusivity is relative—as any homeowner in the top-of-the-line *Fieldston* sec-

tion of Riverdale can tell you. The Hamptons too have their own pecking order—East Hampton (preferably the Georgica section), Southampton, Bridgehampton, Amagansett, Wainscott, Sag Harbor, Quogue, West Hampton and finally Hampton Bays—down to the telephone exchange (283 is the one to have in Southampton, *never* the parvenu 287; 324 in East Hampton, *never* 329). But, of course, the best people don't even summer in the Hamptons anymore.

Normally, where you live has a lot to do with where your children are educated—unless you can send them to private schools. In New York, competition to get into the "best" private schools is stiffer than ever. One successful applicant in 20 is not unusual. And with so few openings after first grade, it's clearly essential for parents to shoehorn their toddler into the right preschool early on—or doom the child to a life of failure, broken dreams and (don't think these things aren't inter-related) bad tables at second-tier restaurants in run-of-the-mill neighborhoods.

The private schools say they're looking for bright, eager children, but as an admissions member at one of these schools puts it, "What we *don't* say is we're looking for the kid who's got very rich parents." A celebrity? "No problem." Donations aside, the family has to be rich just to pay the tuition: kindergarten at Brearley costs \$7,100; at Dalton, \$7,800; first grade at Collegiate is \$7,200. P.S. 6, the public elementary school with the highest reading scores in the city, will cost you nothing—but you have to live in the neighborhood it serves. Do the ZIP codes 10021 and 10028 sound familiar?

The recent New York City Department of Consumer Affairs decision to enforce a city law requiring art galleries to post prices for all the work on display was an awful blow to the exclusivity of the art world. Too democratic! Galleries don't sell paintings so much as *place* them, preferably in museums and in certain private collections, and preferably before the opening. Putting your name down on some gallery waiting list—itsself a mind-boggling notion—for a Richard Diebenkorn, Frank Stella, Jennifer Bartlett or Julian Schnabel doesn't mean you'll ever

have the privilege of spending thousands of dollars to own one. Often the would-be owner's name goes straight into the wastebasket. Or if you are called (*Me, me, me*), according to one gallery worker who's seen it done, you may be shown one painting out of, say, eight that have become available—take it or leave it. "And you'd better take it," says the worker, "if you want to be allowed to buy a better painting next time."

If galleries sound forbidding, you can always try your luck at auctions. At Sotheby's and Christie's, you'll need a ticket to get into the main rooms for the big Impressionist sales in November and May (take care not to be part of the overflow of humanity spilling into the side galleries). At a Sotheby's auction, where—and whether—you sit says a great deal. Stand-

ing room? Embarrassing. Old, esteemed clients can choose and hold their seats—they might prefer the third row, or the tenth. Real VIPs watch the sale from private, phone-equipped, glassed-in boxes. When John Whitney Payson unloaded Van Gogh's *Irises* for \$53.9 million last year, he observed the proceedings while guzzling champagne in a curtained boardroom furnished with sofas and a bar.

Then there is the brutal, relentless process whereby certain New Yorkers who want to eat are distinguished from other New Yorkers who want to eat. The process starts early in the day. While some people are downing chocolate chip cookies and Tropicana over the kitchen sink, others are power-breakfasting at the Regency (Victor Potamkin, Peter Ueberroth, John Lindsay, John Weitz, Andy Stein, the Tisches, Felix Rohatyn, for example) or the Mayfair Regent (Kirk Douglas), and still others (Lee Iacocca, Paul Laxalt, Henry Kissinger) are squaring their elbows over their scrambled eggs with smoked salmon at the '21' Club's exclusive (that word again) Private Breakfast Club. Before the club opened last summer, some 2,500 "membership opportunities" were sent out; about 450 movers and shakers—how many of each cannot be confirmed—have joined, at a cost of \$2,000 plus a \$250 basic annual fee (an

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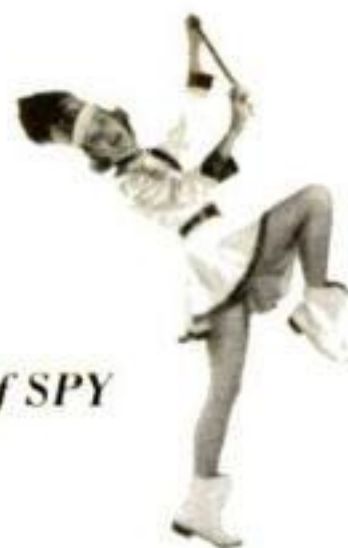
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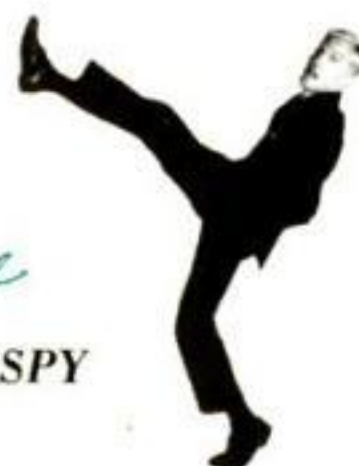
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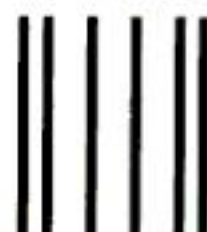
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• Take This Test — YOU JUST MIGHT FAIL •

This quiz is designed to determine how well you can navigate the dangerously, insanely exclusive world of New York. Even if you are not among our very special readers who received an advance, uncorrected galley proof of this quiz, go ahead and take it anyway. It will still be fun. Although, of course, not quite as much fun.

- If you are refused a table at a restaurant and the owner humiliates you further by becoming abusive, you should
 - call the Better Business Bureau and complain
 - vow never to return and go eat somewhere else
 - return with friends and wait even longer for a table
 - return with friends and set fire to the coat-check room
- The most exclusive way to get to the Hamptons is
 - on the Long Island Rail Road
 - on the Hampton Jitney
 - by limousine
 - by private plane
 - on Mort Zuckerman's private plane
- True or false: each interested person has exactly the same chance as the next of getting backstage access to a concert by (even so populist an entertainer as) Bruce Springsteen.
 - True
 - False
- Who among the following is *not* a member of the Council on Foreign Relations?
 - Caspar Weinberger
 - Tom Brokaw
 - Max Frankel
 - Henry Kissinger
 - Sylvester Stallone
- In a nightclub, which is likely to impress and please your date more, an actual drink or a drink ticket?
 - Actual drink
 - Drink ticket
- You receive an invitation to a late-night party. You then learn, through a catty friend, that you are among the second tier of guests who will be attending—that a first group, invited for an earlier hour, will be served dinner as well. The correct response is to
 - turn up early anyway and wedge yourself in
 - refuse this and any future invitations from the host
 - go when you're supposed to, but make huffy remarks
 - go to Nell's instead and try to breathe fresh air from Judd Nelson's nostril
- Failure to place your three-year-old in the right kind of private school will almost certainly
 - prevent the child from making those valuable early contacts with influential preschoolers
 - sentence the child to a career as a television sports commentator
 - reflect on you, as a parent, in the worst way
 - save you close to \$100,000
 - most of the above
- As a member of the board in a prewar luxury Manhattan co-op, your most important concern will be keeping
 - the marble in the lobby clean
 - the brass doorknobs polished
 - the original windows in
 - Madonna out

—G.K.

Answers: 1 (c); 2 (e); 3 (False); 4 (e); 5 (a drink ticket); 6 (d); 7 (e); 8 (d)

initial, *more exclusive* basic fee was \$1,500). Members can suggest someone as a potential new member—a *member of a restaurant!*

No one can claim to have lived a full life until he has seen a powerful CEO, with all eight cylinders going, stopped short and held effortlessly at bay by a wispy maître d' with a possibly foreign accent. The best place to look for this is at lunch, and not at perfectly delightful little Italian places where announcing yourself as *dottore* is enough to secure a good table. Instead, try

The Four Seasons. There the ne plus ultra is to have your own regular table, and you phone the restaurant only when you *don't* intend to come in. Those who aspire to one of the remaining tables will often try to speak with Julian to make a reservation. Let's say—purely hypothetically—you are able to make a reservation and, indeed, are perilously close to actually being seated. *Where will it be?* The Pool Room, while pleasant, is favored by a minority and is usually populated by nobodies. But The

Grill Room—*abbb*. Less elegant, less comfortable, but greater visibility—essential to the executive for whom appearing successful is all. Hence, the place to be. But The Grill Room has its own trapdoor, the balcony upstairs: Siberia, humiliation.

"There are people who would never set foot on those stairs," says a former Four Seasons employee. Faced with the dread balcony, some (Jackie Onassis, former investment banker Pete Peterson) have accepted their fate with equanimity, while others (Paul Goldberger, investment banker Steve Rattner) have reacted with indignation. Upstairs is a fate that can occasionally befall even downstairs people, but for some it can be, "after a good few years," a transitional step from The Pool Room to The Grill Room—the sea-level Grill Room, that is. But even here the semicircular banquettes are thought to be better than the ones on the west wall (where diners sit alongside one another), which in turn are thought to be better than the freestanding ones in the middle (with the exception of the two at the south end of the room). Someone who ought to know says that, ultimately, what will get you into The Grill Room is "persistence, money, having your face known and being nice about it." What might it "cost"—in financial terms, not emotional pain—to attain The Grill Room? If an average meal for two is \$104, and if at least two visits a week are required (\$208), that would work out to \$10,816 a year. Multiply that by, say, three years, and you should prepare to invest \$32,448 to establish yourself in The Grill Room, plus whatever subsequent "maintenance" costs, in regular lunches, are required to keep you there.

The tragedy of New York dining is played out regularly all over town. Elaine's is one of several popular restaurants—including Le Cirque, Mortimer's and Elio's—where the objectively bad tables are, perversely, the nominally "good" tables: A good table used to be the quiet one in the back. At Elaine's the best ones run along the center wall. The best table of all (Woody's) is just beyond the kitchen door. And even if you make it to one of the prized wall tables, the pecking order continues. Did Elaine talk to you? Did she sit down at your table and pick at your calamari? Barbra Streisand was once mistakenly seated, by a waiter who didn't recognize her, at the wrong table. She didn't mind, according to public-relations man

The Rich Are Diffident: A FIELD GUIDE TO OLD-FASHIONED NEW YORK CLUBLAND



by
Taki

	SNOB APPEAL- EXCLUSIVITY RATING	CHARACTER	LIABILITIES	MEMBERS	REQUIREMENTS FOR JOINING	WHERE MEMBERS TYPICALLY LIVE	WOMAN MOST LIKELY TO BE ADMITTED (once they begin to allow women)	WHO THEY'RE HAPPIEST ABOUT EXCLUDING
THE BROOK , 111 East 54th Street, estab- lished 1903, approx. 1,000 members	10	Studiously up- per crust; com- munal table; good food, drink and lodging	Upper-crust membership	Frank Shields, Charles Pfeifer, Anthony Edge- worth, Drew Middleton, Henry Clay, Laurance Rockefeller, Claiborne Pell, David Ogilvy, William Wrig- ley, Reinaldo Herrera	To have (or at least be able to fake) gentle- manly manners	Upper Seven- ties on the East Side; Southampton and Newport in summer	Bunny Mellon	Real estate developers
RACQUET & TENNIS CLUB , 370 Park Ave- nue, est. 1876, 2,045 members	9	Best racket- sports club in the country; has two "court tennis" courts	Luis Basualdo	Anthony Edge- worth, Walter Terry, Eugene Scott, William Surtees, Clar- ence Pell, Claiborne Pell, Francis Kellogg	Must be sport- ing type; gen- tlemanly man- ners, real or fake	Upper Seven- ties and lower Fifties on the East Side; East Hampton in summer	Pam Shriver	Residents of Queens
KNICKER- BOCKER CLUB , 807 Fifth Ave- nue, est. 1871, 800 members	8	Architecturally delightful; good place to hold a dance	Stuffy, even for a club	David Rocke- feller, Laurance Rockefeller, Paul Mellon	Gentlemanly manners, real or fake	Gracie Man- sion area; Maine in summer	Brooke Astor	Playboys
NEW YORK YACHT CLUB , 37 West 44th Street, est. 1844, 2,700 members	7	Grotesquely huge great hall and public rooms	Peeling noses, clothes with a nautical theme	William F. Buckley Jr., John The- odoropoulos	Some familiar- ity with boats, some sailing experience, some manners, a blazer	East Sixties; Long Island Sound in summer	Already ac- cepts women as members	As long as can- didate has big boat, they tend to ignore other shortcomings
UNION CLUB , 101 East 69th Street, est. 1836, 1,100 members	6	Urbane, Irish country club	Its members	Claus von Bulow, Henry Clay, Charles Pfeifer, Lindsay Herkness	Gentlemanly manners, espe- cially fake	Nineties on the East Side (Fifth, Madison and Park); Litchfield County in summer	Donna Han- nover (Rudy Giuliani's wife)	Non-Kennedys
THE LINKS , 36 East 62nd Street, est. 1909, 1,250 members	9	Quiet enclave for mortgage- foreclosing commercial bankers	Top commer- cial bankers	Daniel K. Lud- wig, Paul Mel- lon, David Rockefeller, Laurance Rockefeller	An inclination toward commerce	Central Park South and up- per Fifties near the park; Greenwich and Watch Hill in summer	Carolina Herrera	Anyone not really rich or not a captain of industry
CENTURY ASSOCIATION , 7 West 43rd Street, est. 1847, 1,900 members	4	Abundance of artists, architects and writers	Abundance of lawyers	Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Claus von Bulow, William F. Buckley Jr., Philip Johnson, E. L. Doctorow	Reading and writing	Central Park West and Mur- ray Hill; Litch- field County, Cape Cod and the Berkshires in summer	Jennifer Bartlett	Illiterates, arch- conservatives
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB , 180 Central Park South, est. 1868, 10,003 members	1	Best all-around athletic facili- ties in the city	Abundance of broad, florid faces; too many young men in suspenders	Bill Fugazy, Ed Hayes, Richard Merkin	Good legs; strong liver	West Side, New Jersey; Bridge- hampton in summer	Martina Navratilova	Old money
UNIVERSITY CLUB , 1 West 54th Street, est. 1865, 4,400 members	3	Stanford White; Ivy tradition	Young, faintly literary execu- tives with ex- cessively planned-out schedules	Ferdinand Cou- dert, Laurance Rockefeller	To have at- tended an accredited university	Park in the Thirties; Manhattan in summer	Already ac- cepts women as members	Ivan Boesky

Bobby Zarem, "but as she left the restaurant everybody sitting in the key sections realized *what had happened*." (At Elaine's, incidentally, it's very, very wrong to question the unitemized bill: it may be inaccurate—even in your favor—but *just pay it*.)

Not far from Elaine's is Elio's, an Italian restaurant that has remained popular with a European and show business clientele even though several of its own waiters have defected and opened other successful Italian restaurants nearby (Azzurro and Vico). Elio Guaitolini, who himself defected from Elaine's, values loyalty. "Elio goes on dawn patrol," says one of his regulars, "looking for former customers who might come lurching out of Vico." If Elio catches you and then you try to return to his place, "he tends to seat you beyond the back kitchen." At least for a while.

At Le Relais, exhaust fumes from Madison Avenue buses waft over the "best" (outdoor) tables in warmer weather, and co-owner Albert Hacko runs roughshod over some of his patrons. "It makes them feel like it's a privileged place," says François Dunoyer, a former waiter, "because they are getting yelled at." It isn't just the uptown restaurants, of course, that are afflicted. When Florent, the chic meat-district bistro, first opened, Florent Morellet himself would greet diners and give out a special telephone number. Later on, another number for reservations was added for the masses to use.

But nowhere is the principle of exclusivity exercised more publicly and pathetically than in front of Manhattan's clubs. Not the Century Club, where no fewer than a dozen letters of recommendation are necessary to get your candidacy even considered (see chart on page 78), and not one of the Mulberry Street social clubs, where it probably helps to work in—or with—cement, but nightclubs: the ten-year-old legacy of Studio 54 endures. Groups of people, feeling ill-dressed or ill-bred or just vaguely ill, gather in the evening chill to grovel, plead or stand expectantly, periodically shifting their weight. Groups of other people point and shout and otherwise select individuals for admission to dark, dangerous-looking places. Civilization seems far, far away.

At Nell's, says someone who worked there as a doorman, "the main thing you have to consider is you can't make your own personal choices." You have to let in what the ownership wants: appropriately

• CATCH *Vingt-deux*: WHY YOU CAN'T EAT HERE •

There is a little French bistro in my part of town that is so *soigné* that it doesn't even have a name on its charming green awning. Even if you happen to learn that the name is Le Bilboquet, you are unlikely to know what it means, unless, of course, you are French. ("Cup-and-ball [toy]," says my *New Cassell's*, or "a giddy-headed fellow.") Operators cannot find its telephone number. Possibly it's New York's first unlisted restaurant.

When Le Bilboquet arrived in our neighborhood more than a year ago, my wife and I thought that a little meteorite chip from the streets of Paris had fallen into our midst. Every morning the restaurant dispensed flawless *café au lait* with a crusty chunk of *baguette*. In the evenings waiters would run to the liquor store to fetch you a bottle of wine. Of course, it was too good to be true. Soon enough Le Bilboquet achieved its destiny. It was now more crowded, more expensive and, above all, exclusive. Only very stylish, prosperous-looking people were allowed to dine there. It became clear that the restaurant would not seat us even if a table were available. We stopped trying.

One afternoon, when I was being taken to lunch, I decided to give my neighborhood bistro one last chance. I guess I wanted to know for certain whether, like so many other New York institutions, Le Bilboquet had left me in its wake forever. As soon as I walked in, I could see that three tables were available, so I strode right up to the irreproachable young Frenchman who served as *maitre d'*—flowing hair, quadruple-breasted suit—and said that we wanted a table for two. I knew what was coming, but I felt that a perfect test case was in the offing.

"I'm sorry," he said, "we have nothing available."

So far, so good. "What about those three tables?" I asked, all innocence.

"I'm afraid some people have telephoned," said M. Le Bilboquet.

"Oh," I shot back, "do you take reservations?" Of course they didn't; I knew they didn't. A few people were beginning to stare, though of course this European crowd was far too *raffiné* to waste more than a glance on a truculent New Yorker. I was among strangers.

The *maitre d'* remained unflappable. No, he said, they did not take reser-



tions, though sometimes people phoned.

"Well then," I said, with the triumphant air of a lawyer on the verge of a revelation, "would you give me a reservation if I called?"

"No," he said. "That is only for regular customers." Exactly. Since I couldn't get a table, I would never be a regular customer. It was a perfect system. By such magnificent displays of hauteur, my local bistro had vaulted into the upper reaches of Upper East Side exclusivity. It had reached that most desirable of all planes in New York: the *unattainable*. I walked up the street to my usual haunt and tucked into a plate of chicken-in-the-basket.

—James Traub

dressed people with the ability to spend money. Another Nell's doorman says, "It's a wonderful, fascistic way to make a living." Doormen are afraid of being fired for making "the one mistake"—letting the wrong person in. Ideal, at Nell's, would be 850 of the right people a night. On a typical Thursday, Friday or Saturday, as many as 1,200 are let in and 400 turned away. Sundays and Mondays around 400 get in, and although the policy at the door is more lenient, people are still turned away. *People*

must be turned away. Even though the majority get in, many people stay away thinking it's futile to try. The great New York fear—*fear of exclusivity*.









Having Nell drop by your table elevates you and your company somewhat. Beyond that—and there *is* something beyond that honor—is being invited for a private dinner with the club's owners hours before the club officially opens.

But Nell's has been around for 19 months—ages. And now the club is un-

• No Room at the In Spot: A FIELD GUIDE TO NEWFANGLED NEW YORK CLUBLAND •



by
**Michael
Musto**

	ARCHETYPAL HABITUÉ:	ESTIMATED PERCENTAGE OF THROG ADMITTED:	MOST EFFECTIVE ATTITUDE ON ENTERING:	DRESS CODE:	MOST EXCLUSIVE SPOT IN ROOM:	EXCLUSIVITY INSURANCE:	SPECIAL FEATURES:	VIP ROOM?
NELL'S 246 West 14th Street; snooty neo-Victorian lounge; opened 19 months ago	<i>Vanity Fair</i> gossipist Bob Colacello 	45; on the plus side, the other 55 percent includes <i>Women's Wear Daily</i> editor Michael Coady and Don Johnson	"Here I come, you fuckers"	Lon Chaney Jr./ Belinda Carlisle	The "Frank Sinatra table" (corner booth on left side of back wall); la- dies' room, sec- ond stall down	Not laughing out loud, smirking in- wardly; acting out Meryl Streep's reper- toire of accents	Warm salads, chilly hostess	Yes: the kitchen
FORTY WORTH 161 West Broadway; mausoleum- like piano bar; opened six months ago	Fur designer- nightclub fix- ture Larissa 	Most people get in, but John Waters was turned away once when door thugs didn't recog- nize him	"This isn't my first time at the rodeo, fellas"	Women will get in no matter what they wear, but lipstick on teeth demon- strates a quirky sense of fun	Table near anomalous moose-head wall plaque	Laughing knowingly at exotic New Jer- sey accents	Darkness; loud money disputes between man- agement and staff heighten behind-the- scenes ambience	No
THE WORLD 254 East 2nd Street; chan- deliered former church, cater- ing hall and jail; opened eight months ago	Once- fashionable wall painter Keith Haring 	On weekends 50 percent get close enough to doorman to scream his name; 75 per- cent of those get in	"I could fake an accent, or I could just wipe the sidewalk with your ass"	Not bathing for a week	VIP office within VIP speakeasy within balcony (the owners call the club "anti-elitist")	Penciling in cir- cles under eyes to avoid police raids on minors	The last VIP room doorper- son was shot in the leg by a disgruntled patron	Yes, three: as de- scribed at left, plus the Crystal Room
BENTLEY'S 25 East 40th Street, Wednes- days; retro seventies disco for fashion pro- fessionals; opened two months ago	Couturier Jean-Paul Gaultier 	The fashionable get in until about 12:30, when it be- comes danger- ously over- crowded; then a new patron is admitted only when someone already inside retires	"You want five dollars? How quaint"	Women dress as women; men dress as women	The smallest of the club's "2 1/4 dance floors"; upstairs	Spinning club proprietor Susanne Bartsch spread- eagle around dance floor while simulat- ing copulation, then doing same with her significant other, Ty	Drink tickets cannot be used for nonalco- holic drinks; tired drag queen screams insults at pa- trons as they exit	No
STRING- FELLOW'S 35 East 21st Street; glitzy supper club- disco for Arabs and their secre- taries; opened 26 months ago	Robin Leach  	90 percent who adhere to circa- 1979 L.A.-style dress code	"I smell sex organs"	Chest hair spelling out LET'S HAVE LUNCH; edible panties	Public phone by bathrooms	Pretend you were the origi- nal drummer in Judas Priest and get free dinner	Nightly unveil- ing of the But- terfly Room dance floor to the tune of "Also Sprach Zarathustra"; promotional video assuring patrons that proprietor Peter Stringfellow once sat next to Princess Di	No
TUNNEL Twelfth Avenue at 27th Street; rail tunnel turned vast, up- and downscale disco; opened 17 months ago	Club kid- band mem- ber Allison Wonderland 	80; the crowd left outside is mostly for cos- metic reasons	"I'm a train buff, and I want to see the tracks"	Dacron up- stairs, Darvon downstairs	Ex-Mr. Dianne Brill and Tun- nel creative di- rector Rudolf's office, for free photocopying and phone calls	Doing insouc- iant things in the hidden basement stairway	Club is a \$20 cab ride from anywhere	Yes, two: private party room/ basement lounge and upstairs chandelier room
M.K. 204 Fifth Ave- nue; Eric Goode's sophistication mall; opened two months ago	Fur designer- nightclub fix- ture Larissa 	60	"I'm here for one reason only—to look at Eric's art"	Black suit, Gold Card	The top of the stairs—few can make it that far	Looking out from second level at crowd being rejected outside; pre- tending you know what "M.K." means	Billiards, res- taurant, bed- room, art by Palladium artists	Yes: the dance floor

dergoing a change in door policy, having recently refused admission to State Liquor Authority plainclothesmen because they weren't "members." It turns out the liquor license at Nell's is for clubs without memberships. Nell's insists it has no members. This was all made perfectly clear in an announcement that went out to, uh, members. The on-again-off-again club at 428 Lafayette Street is so studiously rarefied that it doesn't have a name, though it's called Undochine (Indochine being the you-may-not-be-quite-good-enough-to-eat-here restaurant above it). A doorman there, "Horhay" (his *nom de bounce*), says that when it isn't closed for liquor license violations, he typically admits 500 people out of a craven 1,000 on weekends.

Naturally, getting into a club is not enough. Suppose there's a VIP room? How can we get there? Small clubs in a sense *are* VIP rooms (though Undochine has, in its art deco dressing rooms, "potential VIP rooms where anyone has access," according to Horhay). In bigger places such as the Tunnel or the World or Palladium, where more of the rabble manage to get in, there has to be *something* to generate envy and self-loathing among the mass of revelers, so, official or otherwise, there are not only VIP rooms but also VVIP rooms, and so on. Curiously, they tend to get smaller and less comfortable as they get more exclusive. You can keep your Michael Todd Room (Palladium) or the upstairs bar at Lime-light or owner Elli Dyan's new hideaway on the Tunnel's mezzanine — we'll be where it's really happening: crowded into the deejay's booth or loitering in the kitchen. And if you tell us that's nothing, that you just saw Sting or Emily Lloyd joining some friends in the closet where the fuse box is kept, we won't bat an eye. Because we know for a fact that all the *really* important people are in the club's hamper, spilling drinks and being amusing among the soiled towels and tablecloths.

Horhay works the door at the Tunnel as well as at Undochine, and at the smaller club he is sometimes confronted by rejects who complain, "But you always let me into the Tunnel." What naïfs! "Sorry," Horhay will explain with commendable patience, "but this is another club."

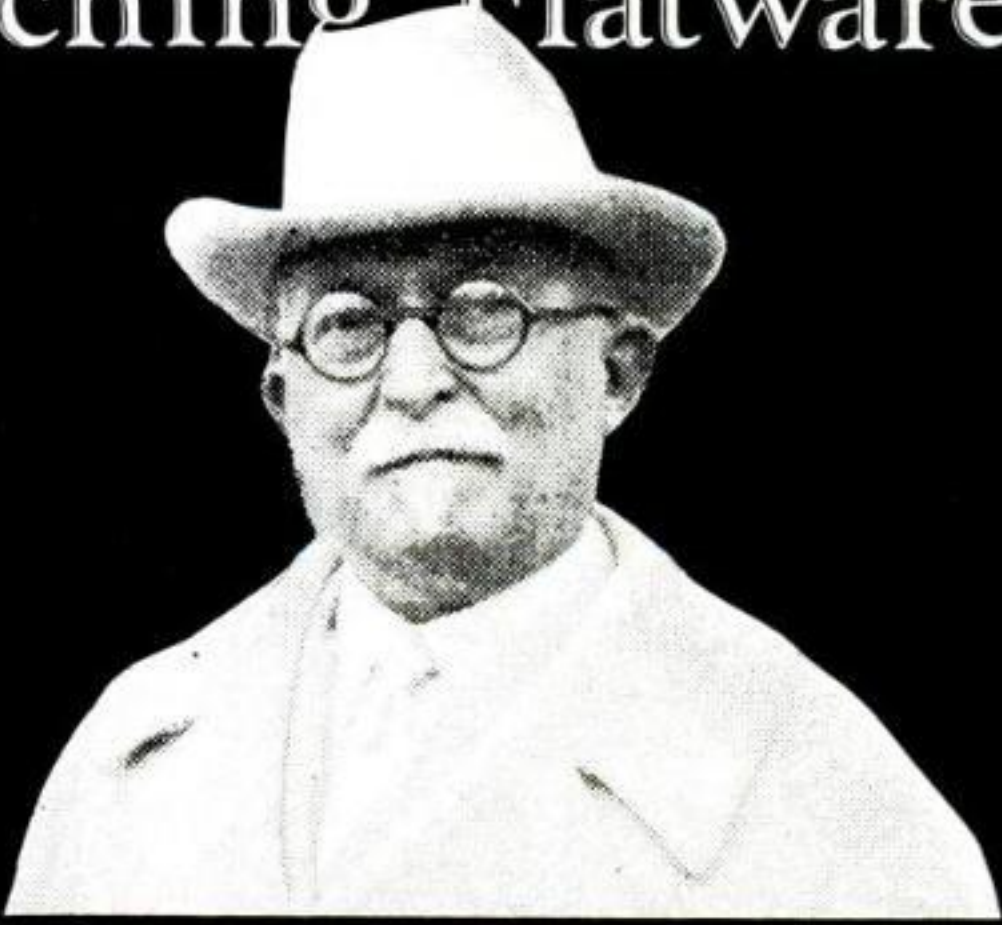
And that, really, is the one beautiful thing about New York City exclusivity: it is strictly nontransferable. Tomorrow morning's power-breakfasters are tomorrow evening's well-dressed losers. ☛



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• CO-OP BOARD HORROR STORIES •

by Joe Queenan

Of all the creatures on the planet, man—specifically New York man—is the only one who can be turned down by a co-op board because he might invite Menudo over once he moves in. This is what separates *pithecanthropus* from such creatures as the amoeba and the buffalo bug, and it is why so many other species are content to grovel in quagmires rather than evolve and keep growing, like Cher. No other creature in the universe has to deal with the shame and humiliation of being grilled by a capricious co-op board. No other creature has to answer an interminable series of demeaning questions about its finances, comings and goings, musical tastes, and feelings about small boys. No other creature in this solar system would put up with having its huge sum of good money turned down because it is too poor, too rich, too Venezuelan, too famous, too straight, too fond of folk music, or because it happens to be in the catering business. This kind of thing never happens to the capybara.

But it happens to New Yorkers regularly. With disequilibrating frequency, Manhattan co-ops of all sorts adopt what one broker calls a drawbridge mentality, which decrees, *If you're not one of us, we don't want you living here. If you're yellow, we see red. If you're straight, we're gay. If you're Calvin Klein, we prefer Oscar de la Renta. If you're the son of Katharine Graham, we're the daughters of Frankenstein.* They do not actually use those words.

What follows are a few examples of the little things that will, unfortunately, keep just about anyone out of just about any co-op building.

SEX, DRUGS AND PEOPLE WHO SING SHOW TUNES AROUND THE PIANO

A while back, theatrical producer Stephen Graham, the scion of *Washington Post* chairwoman Katharine Graham, tried to buy a "huge triplex" on Park Avenue with his fiancée. At the co-op board showdown, the six-inquisitor team from 812 Park Avenue asked what Graham calls "intimidating questions about our personal financial

setup" and received answers it didn't like. One was that Graham and his girlfriend were not yet married, which he believes nixed the whole deal—because, as everyone knows, you have to be morally irreproachable and sexually conventional to be allowed to buy a triplex in New York City.

Actually, Graham says he'll never know the official reason the board rejected him. "They never tell you anything," he says. "They can refuse you for any reason, legal or illegal. There's no appeal. And if you sue them, you'll never get into another co-op, because it will get around very quickly that you've been rejected."

Graham says that the board, consisting of "a Mrs. Bernstein, some 90-year-old gentlemen and a few 30-year-old investment types," may also have blackballed him because "I'm in the theater, and co-op boards fear that people in the theater will have wild parties."

Graham's second attempt to buy an apartment, this time at 720 Park Avenue, wasn't jinxed by the ugly specter of future depravity but because of his alleged past libertinism.

"Someone told the board that I liked little boys and was a coke addict," says Graham. He does admit that some years ago he developed a short-lived affection for drugs, but never for boys, little or otherwise. Graham says that the head of the co-op board—"a WASPy woman-about-town"—said she couldn't give him any information about the board's deliberations and told him that it was "unfair to ask" about them—*unfair to ask*. Then somebody leaked the story of his rejection to Page Six of the *New York Post*. His broker advised, "You'd better make a deal quick or you'll never get a co-op." He never did get a co-op. "We gave up," Graham says. "We bought a townhouse on East 78th Street instead."

UGLY RACIAL STEREOTYPE No. 1: HOW MANY ASIANS CAN YOU FIT IN A PHONE BOOTH?

Not everyone has the option of buying a townhouse, particularly those who are neither white nor scions. True, it is against the

law to discriminate against co-op buyers on the basis of race—but then again, the last guy who tried to tell your fortune was committing a Class B misdemeanor and liable for 90 days in jail. Moreover, some discrimination wraps itself in vague crypto-logic. In the privacy of their own homes, most white people figure that all successful black people know one another; so if a successful black couple decides to throw a big party, it's possible that Mr. T, Don King and Sammy Davis Jr. might show up. As for Hispanics, they probably get the thumbs-down because of lingering bias against any ethnic group that could spawn Charo and Julio Iglesias in the same century.

Discrimination against Asians follows a very different pattern. One East Side resident lost six months' rent waiting to get her co-op board to approve the application of an Asian man who wanted to buy her studio apartment. This had nothing to do with Pol Pot. The prospective buyer was a successful architect ready to put down \$65,000 in cash—half the value of the apartment. But the co-op board still expressed reservations about his ability to meet the enormous monthly mortgage of \$400 and the crippling maintenance fee of \$310 on the paltry salary he earned as a highly successful, well-paid architect.

"The stereotype is that Orientals always overoccupy their apartments," says the seller. "People were afraid that after he moved in, he might bring along a mother, a father, a couple of sisters-in-law." Or maybe even Sydney Schanberg.

UGLY RACIAL STEREOTYPE No. 2: THE LATIN PLAYBOY

When people consider the minorities most likely to be discriminated against, they usually think of blacks, Puerto Ricans, Jews and gays. Virtually ignored is the hapless heterosexual Venezuelan businessman. When one ex-Greenwich Village resident tried to sell her \$200,000 one-bedroom apartment to a wealthy M.B.A. from Caracas, the co-op board committee put him through a documentary inferno, demanding pay stubs from months back, exhaustive financial data and personal references from his employer and his bank.

Some people in the building had worried that because the prospective buyer was South American, his money might come from smuggling cocaine. The build-

ing in question was, by the seller's description, "dinky," mostly rent-controlled and rent-stabilized, with no doorman. People who sell cocaine don't usually buy one-bedroom co-ops in dinky, doormanless, mostly rent-controlled and rent-stabilized buildings. It's not part of their ethos.

The co-op committee, consisting entirely of gay men, was headed by a "meticulous gay certified public accountant" who said that he "couldn't really know a guy until he'd seen his financial statement." The Venezuelan businessman-buyer wondered whether he was in fact being discriminated against because, if accepted, he would be one of the only straight men in the building.

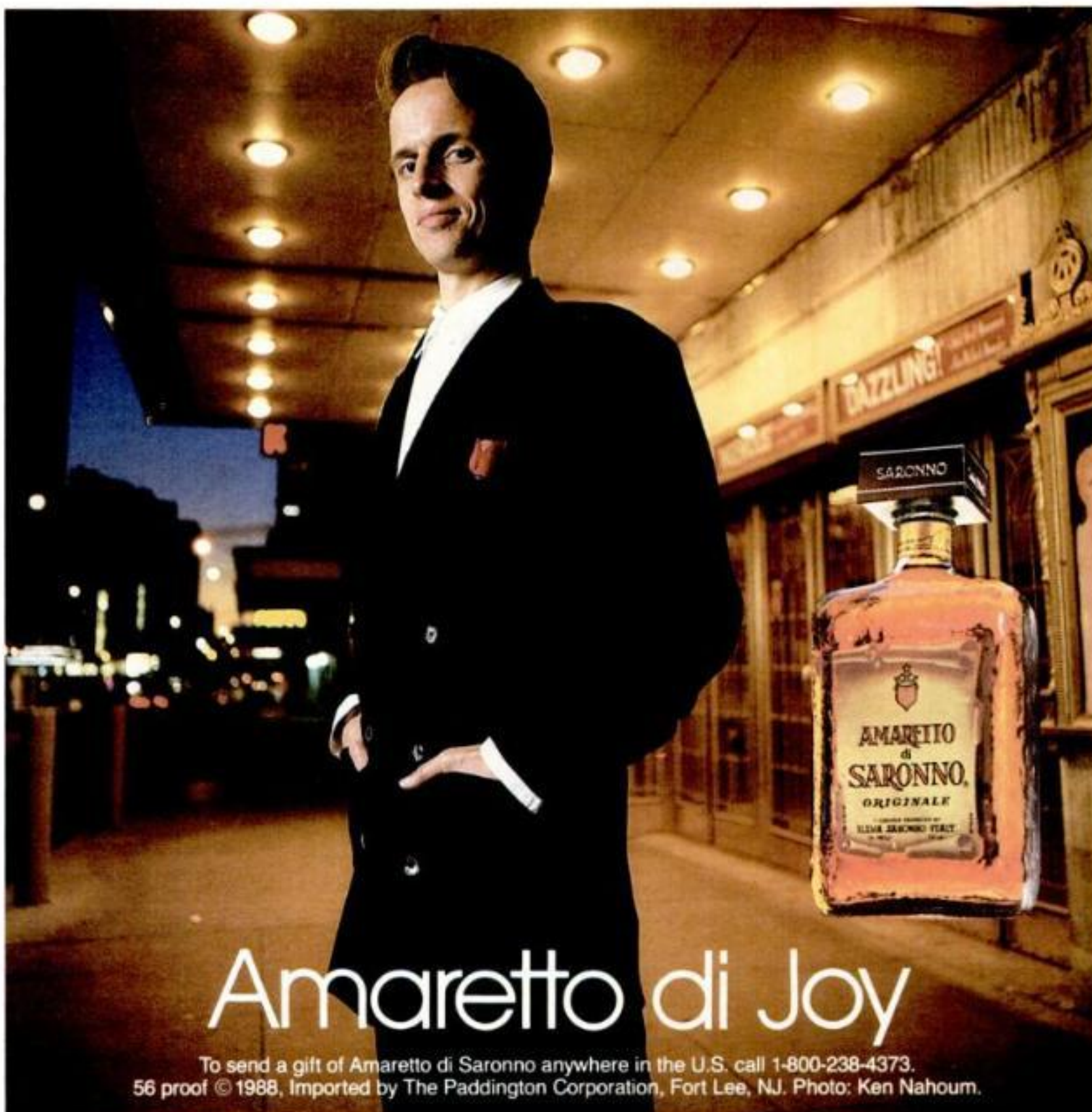
The seller suggested that most of the members of the board, being self-employed, self-styled artistic types, would not themselves have been able to supply the kinds of financial documentation that they were demanding of the Venezuelan. This perverse trend crops up often in stories of co-op rejection: board members are only interested in living next door to people more successful and more stable than they themselves are.

EMOTIONAL FASCISM: THE TOO MODEST CO-OP BOARD

Contrary to popular belief, it's not always a case of co-op residents' considering themselves *too good* for the applicants. Sometimes it's the other way around. Co-op attorney and marketing specialist Susan Bird once represented a very rich woman who wanted to escape the Park Avenue scene after her divorce and move into a low-key, seven-apartment West Side building. The co-op board included a husband-and-wife physician team who proceeded to psychologically brutalize her by demanding why a woman of her means and background would want to live in a building like theirs with people like them. They also insisted that she bring around her fully grown children so that they could ask them questions like "Do you use recreational drugs?"

THE SCOURGES OF FAME, SUPERFAME AND ILL-BRED LABORERS

Barbara Corcoran, a broker who publishes *The Corcoran Monthly Survey*, a newsletter about the New York apartment market, says that the mere fact of wealth is not enough to guarantee being approved by a co-op board.



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"There's the right kind of money and the wrong kind of money," she says. "There's new money and old money. There's a difference between being a rock star and working for IBM." I say potato and you say Tater Tot. But Corcoran believes that 95 percent of co-op board rejections *are* for financial reasons. "People want to think it's social," she says. "But when I take a look at the papers, there's almost always a big financial hole."

This, she says, is why on-the-road-to-being-washed-up celebrities have such a hard time getting into established old buildings. "There's fame and there's super-fame," she points out. Superfame is Paul Newman. Fame is Joey Heatherton, who was turned away by the Dakota. Yes, *the* Joey Heatherton. Overburdened with her ever-demanding singing-dancing-entertaining schedule, she apparently failed to show up for two board interviews.

But even superfame isn't always enough. (Madonna and Richard Nixon have had their troubles.) For example, Calvin Klein was reportedly turned down by the San Remo because the board found that he'd spent two years remodeling his previous apartment, and they dreaded having workmen trooping in and out of the building for the next 24 months. (Dustin Hoffman — already a San Remo resident — had spent ages redoing his place.)

GO, DOG, GO

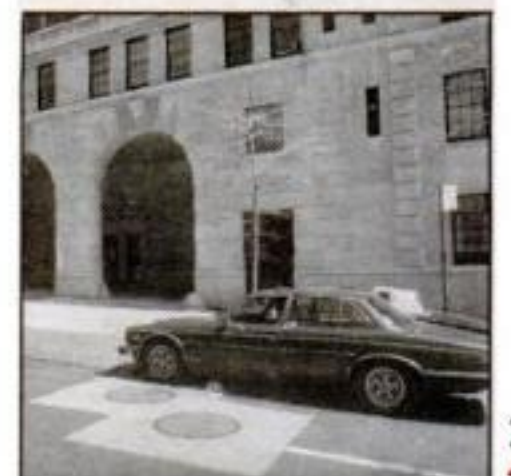
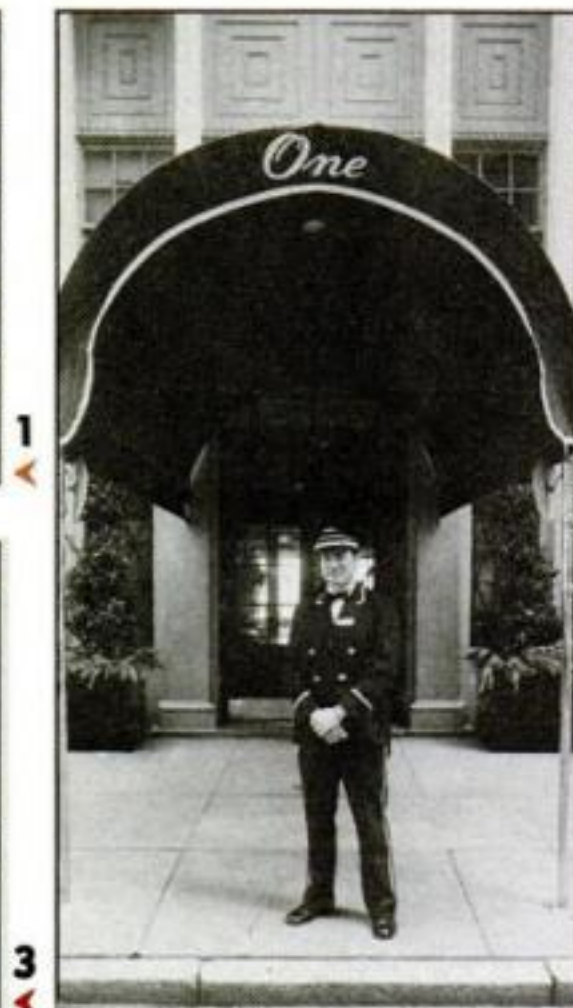
Animal lovers think it's unspeakable that pets should be grilled by a co-op board. But they're the lucky ones. Attorney Susan Bird says that some boards have adopted a no-new-pets rule even though members themselves own dogs, cats and gerbils. This means that noble wolfhounds are put to the sword while vile dachshunds live. And dogs should have no illusions about that man's-best-friend stuff being reciprocated when it comes to real estate. Bird represented one man whose dog never even got a chance to impress the board with his savvy and charm because the members said flatly that all pets were forbidden. At first the prospective buyer took the moral high ground, adopting a love-me, love-my-dog attitude. "But he really wanted to get into the building," says Bird. "So he gave away his dog."

THE WE-HATE-MENUDO REJECTION

People who are or consort with folksingers might as well write AX MURDERER on their

• BOARD STIFFS: NEW YORK'S MOST *Exclusive* CO-OPS •

Getting real estate brokers to discuss egregiously snooty co-op boards is like asking them to bite the hand that feeds them — a hand that is very rich, very establishment, has a prestigious job, is not too well known, is married and is at least nominally heterosexual. "What you're trying to do just isn't applicable anymore," one historically minded broker lied to us. There are, however, a few honest souls out there — *even in real estate*. We found three who would talk. Herewith, the five addresses that came up most often when discussing New York's most rejection-happy co-op buildings.



1) 765-75 Park Avenue: "There's a board that's anti-everything," one of our brokers says. "Everything, that is, except an old-time WASP."

Evidently acceptable tenants: *Marella Agnelli, Ward Casey, Harvey Spear, Mrs. A. S. Schuster*

2) One Sutton Place South: "A difficult board."

Evidently acceptable tenants: *Marietta Tree, Phillip Moffitt*

3) 19 East 72nd Street (the building that turned down Richard Nixon): "You're not going to see too many Goldbergs or Goldsteins in the directory. And if you do, it'll be a doctor's office on the first floor."

Evidently acceptable tenants: *A. Walker Bingham, Richard Meier, J. H. Vanderbilt, Jack I. Straus*

4) One Beekman Place: "It's a very establishment building, but it's not anti anyone in particular."

Evidently acceptable tenant: *Mark Goodman*

5) The River House, 435 East 52nd Street: "It's more difficult now, but it's not impossible. There are some people who got in 10 or 15 years ago who would never get in now."

Evidently acceptable tenants: *Peter Peterson, Muriel Siebert, Thomas Watson Jr., Carter Burden, Arthur Levitt Jr.*

— Rachel Urquhart

co-op applications—even in once-bohemian Greenwich Village, where you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows. Linda Z. Redding, who handles co-op loans for Dime Savings Bank, had a client, Tom Pomposello, "who could not get his apartment in the Village because he writes music for folksingers."

It would not be unreasonable to believe that the board at a West Village co-op turned down Pomposello's application last year for the \$200,000, two-bedroom unit

because it didn't think he could cut the financial mustard with what he had made doing a regular radio program on WBAI-FM, teaching at Five Towns College on Long Island and getting nominated for five consecutive years as Best Blues Guitarist by *Guitar Player Magazine*.

But these were not Pomposello's principal sources of income. Rather, he is a "very commercially successful composer with a very stable career," says Pomposello, who regularly gets royalties on the scores of

advertising jingles and soundtracks he has written and produced (including the MTV theme). He composed the music for Showtime's "lost" *Honeymooners* episodes. He has produced videos for James Brown. He has won two Clio Awards. Why, then, was he turned down?

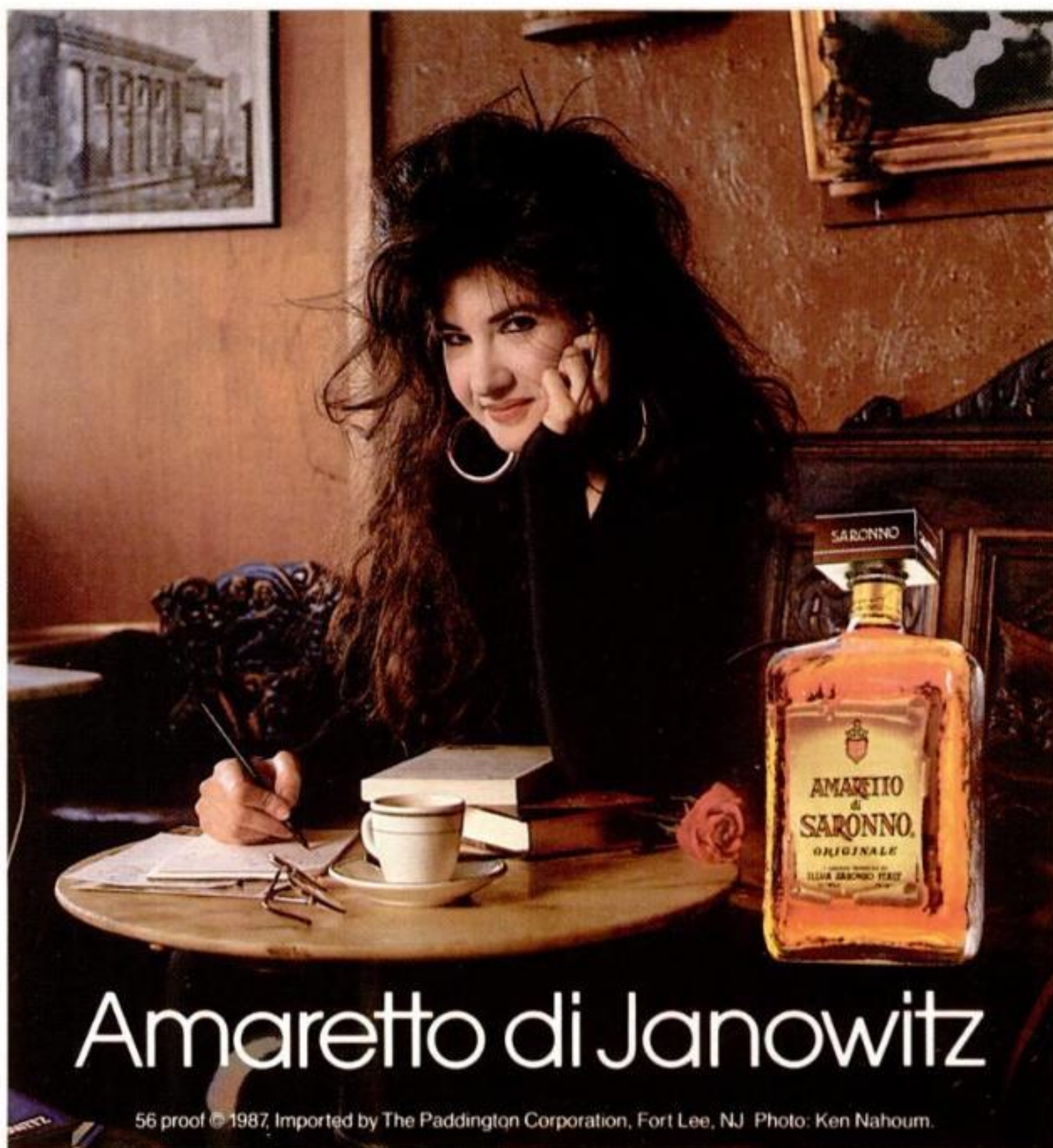
M-E-N-U-D-O.

"The bank found no fault with us," says Pomposello, noting that the Dime quickly approved a \$170,000 loan to enable him to buy the apartment. But when he and his wife showed up for the board interview, they were "grilled extensively on a number of topics," the clear implication being that no musician could afford a co-op.

"They really demeaned us," says Pomposello, trying to figure out why he and his wife were rejected. Going back over the interview process, he recalls an undue apprehension on the board's part that once he and his wife had moved in, they might invite Menudo over. Pomposello has since filed a complaint with the Commission on Human Rights, citing board members' aggravation over the fact that a person already in the co-op building "played the scales" on the piano. The board had demanded assurances that Pomposello would never play music in the apartment, would not invite fellow musicians over to visit and would not bring synthesizers into his apartment. Moreover, according to the complaint, one member of the co-op board "sought assurances...that he would not bring the musical group 'Menudo' into the Building."

Pomposello, who says that the experience caused him immense embarrassment, has since suffered more embarrassment: when he showed up for his hearing at the Commission on Human Rights, he found that the board had hired what he describes as a "rough, tough" lawyer to "totally impeach my character" and finances. Meanwhile, the board has been skittishly backing away from the Menudo issue. A decision on the case is expected shortly.

According to Robert Sandler, director of public affairs for the Commission on Human Rights, ten complaints of discrimination were filed against co-op boards in 1986. Of those, *none* of the prospective buyers was able to overturn the co-op board's decision. Of 16 complaints filed in 1987, 7 are still pending, 2 buyers *did* get their apartments and 2 were awarded cash settlements—one in the amount of \$1,250, the other for \$200. ☐



Amaretto di Janowitz

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THE NEW YORK

THAT ALMOST WAS

By Christopher Gray Illustration by John Mason and Olivia Rowan

If you have growing doubts about whether any of the current crop of superprojects—the Times Square redevelopment, Trump (it was inevitable) City, Columbus Center—are going to be built, you have good reason. New York has a history of attracting building proposals that range from the truly ridiculous to the simply awful. Some came from dreamers, some from doers, some were better than what we got, some should never have been drawn up. Taken together, though, they form an entirely alternate, parenthetical city, a sort of (New) (York). The projects we've depicted are not mere drawing-board whimsies—each had serious prospects, and a few came breathtakingly close to getting built. Let us not dwell too long on these proposals (it might give our builder mayor more ideas than he already has); but here, anyway, are the highlights of Never-Never New York.

"World's Tallest Building"

LARKIN TOWER BUILDING,
330 WEST 42ND STREET

(JOHN A. LARKIN, 1926)

John Larkin's 110-story "superscraper" was received very skeptically by the construction industry ("Absurd," said The Engineering News Record), despite Larkin's substantial experience in the field. Plans were filed for this silly-looking stack of blocks, but problems ensued and, fortunately, Raymond Hood's exquisite McGraw-Hill building went up on the site instead.

Central Park Drive

(ERNEST FLAGG, 1904)

As part of a larger plan for a new, island-long north-south avenue, Flagg proposed to sell two-thirds of Central Park, making the middle third into an avenue like "the Champs-Élysées of Paris" but—ah, the price of progress!—destroying Olmsted & Vaux's masterpiece. In addition, little thought was given, back in 1904, to the havoc that bisecting the park would eventually wreak on the Broadway Softball League.

Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, competition entry

(W. H. WOOD, 1889)

Wood was one of four finalists, and although he was not successful, his scheme was the most visionary: a huge pile of minarets, domes and spires, much more romantic and inspiring than Ralph Cram's fussy Gothic front that is only now being completed.

Empire State Building remodeling

(SHREVE, LAMB & HARMON, 1972)

In the early 1970s the Empire State Building had only recently lost its "World's Tallest Building" crown to the World Trade Center, and the Sears Tower was pending in Chicago. Panic. The New York Times gave this proposal front-page display. ("The 16-story tower on top of the building would be torn down," reported the paper, "and the six stories beneath that would be remodeled and encompassed within a new 33-story structure, probably with an exterior of glass and a restaurant at the top.") The net gain would be eleven floors. In justifying the design, Robert W. Jones, the architect, was quoted: "It's like Chartres. They built one tower in early Gothic and later... another one in flamboyant Gothic." And then, lacking true vision, they just stopped.

"Dream Airport," Hudson River

(1946)

Don't show this one to Trump. Proposed by William Zeckendorf, this ten-story, 990-acre deck—covering Ninth to the Hudson, 24th to 71st Street—makes Westway look like a curb cut. The point? To cut air-travel time to Philadelphia from 138 to 93 minutes. This proposal resurfaced as recently as 1969.

Skyscraper bridges

(RAYMOND HOOD, 1930)

Intended to relieve Manhattan congestion, these could be Koch's fallback position as a way to increase traffic density when Columbus Center and Trump City proposals are rejected. Question: would residents of the adjoining buildings be considered bridge-and-tunnel people? Another question: up there, would we be safe from bicycle messengers?

St. Mark's Towers

(FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, 1929)

Wright didn't think much of New York and was probably not too disappointed when St. Mark's Church in the Bowery didn't build his triplet glass towers—the church had already declined to erect his design for a 1,500-foot "Steel Cathedral" on the same site in 1926.

Water gate, Hudson River near Columbia

(H.V.B. MAGONIGLE, 1909)

The 1909 Hudson-Fulton nautical pageant brought a slew of ideas for a ceremonial water entrance to New York City, but only a pair of temporary columns were built at 110th Street and the Hudson River; a year later they were taken down.

Pan Am Building, early scheme

(1960)

Still just a grunting box, but this version would have at least saved much of the Park Avenue vista now blocked by the revised design. The floodlights would have added a touch of spectacle, presumably too rich for the 1960s corporate mind.

Metropolitan Avenue

(MORRIS & O'CONNOR, 1931)

No problem! A new, midblock avenue between Fifth and Sixth, from 42nd Street north to the park—after all, the land was "relatively low-priced." It was, in fact, a great idea—these cross-town blocks are the widest in the city—and a new avenue would have added immeasurably to the vitality of midtown. On the other hand: 18 more intersections. A for concept; D for feasibility. ☹



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The Mafia Entrance Exam

The **SORRY TRUTH:** the Mafia is hurting. Do-gooding U.S. Attorneys have been racking up so many convictions that the bosses of all but one of New York's Five Families spent last Christmas in prison. 🐾 What this means, of course, is that new chieftains are needed. Wall Street is in tatters; heavy industry is downscaling — but the Mafia has vacancies. 🐾 This quiz, prepared by TONY GATTO and JEFF GRAMBS, will separate the mob from the masses. Part I will test your underworld savvy; Part II, your ability with numbers; and Part III, your communication skills. So clear the kitchen table, scrape the fungilli off the lunch plates, and remember, no cheating! Or at least, not *too* much cheating.



Ready? Begin. ➡➡➡



Part One

NICKNAMES

Match the names of the great Americans on the left with their nicknames on the right.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Simone Rizzo De Cavalcante | A. The Chin |
| 2. Al Capone | B. Tony Ducks |
| 3. Jimmy Burke | C. Sam the Plumber |
| 4. Carmine Persico Jr. | D. Patsy Ryan |
| 5. Vincent Gigante | E. Snorky |
| 6. Pasquale Eboli | F. Allie Boy |
| 7. Anthony Strollo | G. The Artichoke King |
| 8. Angelo De Carlo | H. Tony Bender |
| 9. Anthony Corallo | I. The Doctor |
| 10. Ciro Terranova | J. The Gyp |
| 11. Carmine Lombardozzi | K. The Snake |
| 12. Alphonse Persico | L. The Gent |

DEATHS

Throughout history Mafia heroes have died in the line of duty. Match the names on the left with the locations of their untimely demises on the right.

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| 1. Joe Gallo | A. Barber's chair at the Park Sheraton |
| 2. Paul Castellano | B. Couch |
| 3. Carmine Galante | C. Sparks Steak House |
| 4. Albert Anastasia | D. Umberto's Clam House |
| 5. Bugsy Siegel | E. The Joe and Mary Italian-American Restaurant |
| 6. Dutch Schultz | F. Palace Chop House in Newark |

MULTIPLE-CHOICE

1. Mario Puzo's *Godfather* takes the reader inside which fictional crime family?

- A. Tattaglia
- B. De Medici
- C. Manson
- D. Corleone
- E. Huxtable

2. *Wiseguy* was written by

- A. Rafael Sabatini
- B. Gay Talese
- C. Luigi Pirandello
- D. Nicholas Pileggi
- E. Garo Yepremian

3. The capital of Sicily is

- A. Naples
- B. Palermo
- C. Calabria
- D. Gravesend
- E. Bath Beach

4. The bookies' phrase *vig* is short for

- A. vigilante
- B. vignette
- C. vigorish
- D. vigor
- E. vigil

5. "Going to the mattresses" means

- A. mob warfare
- B. the death of a mob leader
- C. engaging in unseemly sex
- D. ratting on an associate
- E. stashing money away from the IRS

6. "Sleeping with the fishes" refers to

- A. going for a swim
- B. a big heist
- C. cooperating with law-enforcement officials
- D. going to bed with a moll
- E. a rubout

7. Who is considered the creator of the modern Mafia in the U.S.?

- A. Rudolph "the Angry Priest" Giuliani
- B. Salvatore Maranzano
- C. Nicholas Forlano
- D. Arturo "Fingers" Toscanini
- E. Chef-Boy-Ar-Dee

8. The _____ in 1919 marked a turning point in the history of organized crime in America, engendering a vast new criminal enterprise.

- A. recession
- B. Volsted Act
- C. Great Plains drought
- D. Passport Control Act
- E. invention of Bakelite

9. Onetime leaders of the Gambino family Philip and Vincent Mangano were succeeded by

- A. Sal Monella
- B. Paolo Prizzi
- C. Lucky Luciano
- D. Albert Anastasia
- E. Nick Apollo Forte

10. _____ shot and wounded Joseph Colombo Sr. during a rally at New York's Columbus Circle in 1971.

- A. Raymond Patriarca
- B. Karl Mundt
- C. Sacco Vanzetti
- D. Jerome Johnson
- E. Guy Lombardo

11. Vincent Teresa told investigators that what Joseph Valachi called *La Cosa Nostra* was called _____ by the New England mob.

- A. The Company
- B. The Office
- C. The Brotherhood
- D. Borgata
- E. The Kennedys

12. Frank Costello's real name was

- A. Giaco Bazzi
- B. Francesco Castiglia
- C. Sly Zapizza
- D. Bella Foradano
- E. Vinny Vidivici

13. Which is the quietest weapon?

- A. Colt Python
- B. Smith & Wesson 39
- C. Walther PPK
- D. USMC KA-BAR
- E. Heckler & Koch P9



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14. The _____ men mowed down by _____ gangsters in the St. Valentine's Day massacre of _____ were associates of _____'s.

- A. Six...Schultz...1938...Ciro Terranova
- B. Seven...Capone...1929...Bugs Moran
- C. Eight...Capone...1922...Dion O'Bannion
- D. Seven...Colosimo...1929...Al Capone
- E. Five...Scalisi...1933...Sam Harris

15. What was it that Vito Genovese gave Joe Valachi at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary that frightened Valachi into becoming a squealer?

- A. a frozen herring
- B. a kiss
- C. the evil eye
- D. a bottle of musk oil
- E. a copy of *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*

16. Carmine wants to provoke a fight with Rocco. Which of the following comments would be most likely to get a rise?

- A. *Desidero una poltrona!*
- B. *Ha bisogno di riposo!*
- C. *Posso chiamare direttamente!*
- D. *Mi stia alla larga, sporco perversito!*
- E. *Tenga il resto!*

17. During a 1986-87 trial in Brooklyn's Federal Court, John Gotti sometimes munched a favorite snack at the defense table. It was

- A. fried pork rinds
- B. Nestlé's white chocolate
- C. chitterlings marinara
- D. trail mix
- E. Stella D'oro bread sticks

18. In his opening statement at the trial Gotti's attorney, Bruce Cutler, used all but one of the following phrases to describe the government's case. Which did he not use?

- A. "a fantasy"
- B. "a stew with rotten meat"
- C. "[something that] makes you retch and vomit"
- D. "lies and half-truths"
- E. "*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*"

19. Fugitive Alphonse Persico was making something when U.S. marshals arrested him at an apartment in East Hartford, Connecticut, in 1987. What was it?

- A. love
- B. spaghetti sauce
- C. pirate copies of the video *Mean Streets*
- D. a parcel bomb
- E. a plank-on-frame model of the H.M.S. *Bounty*

20. See any rotten apples in this bunch? Pick the squealers.

- A. Jimmy Fratianno
- B. Henry Hill
- C. James Cardinali
- D. Vincent Teresa
- E. Angelo Lonardo



21. Which article of jewelry do wiseguys favor?

- A. puka shells
- B. diamond earring in the right ear
- C. mood ring
- D. pinkie ring
- E. friendship bracelet

22. The man who police say masterminded the Kennedy Airport Lufthansa heist was also linked to a gambling scandal involving which college-basketball team?

- A. Harvard
- B. Notre Dame
- C. Southampton College
- D. Brooklyn College
- E. Boston College

23. *Consiglieri*, capos and soldiers all pass the time by playing

- A. Parcheesi
- B. poker
- C. Trivial Pursuit Master Game (Genus Edition)
- D. Tic-Tac-Dough—The Home Edition
- E. mumblety-peg

24. Jimmy the Weasel testified that the mob once planned to kill Desi Arnaz, but he never got to say why. The mob was offended by

- A. the portrayal of gangsters on TV's *The Untouchables*
- B. the Cuban bandleader's rumba version of the Italian national anthem
- C. an episode of *I Love Lucy* in which Ricky made a joke about Italian women being fat, lazy and promiscuous
- D. his failure to attach a personal note to a Christmas card he sent Frank Sinatra

25. What was it that Jimmy "the Gent" Burke was said to have poured on much of his food?

- A. Worcestershire sauce
- B. Tabasco
- C. hot tartar sauce
- D. Accent
- E. catsup

26. When 76-year-old Genovese family don Frank Tieri was arrested by FBI agents on June 30, 1980, he had on him all but one of the following. Which was he lacking?

- A. tinted designer eyeglasses
- B. blue suede shoes
- C. exactly \$1,000 in crisp, new bills
- D. a solid gold Social Security card
- E. a driver's license and a credit card
- F. a powder-blue suit
- G. a gold ring with a blue star sapphire surrounded by diamonds
- H. a garish necktie
- I. a gold ID bracelet with FUNZI spelled in diamond chips
- J. a leather bag containing vials of medication

27. The first time "Crazy" Joe Gallo met Jerry and Marta Orbach at a small Brooklyn restaurant, he stunned the actor's wife by asking her

- A. who the killer was in Hitchcock's *Psycho*
- B. to show him how to cut his steak into bite-size pieces
- C. whether she preferred Camus to Sartre
- D. if she and her husband got a discount at Orbach's

28. The typical "*capo di tutti capi*" walks in public

- A. with his hands in his pockets
- B. with feet angled out 30 degrees
- C. reversing direction once every block to frustrate anybody tailing him
- D. however he pleases



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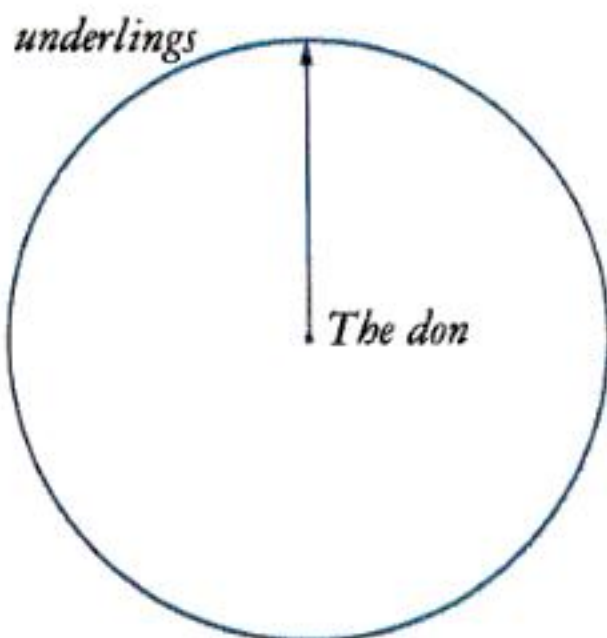
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Part Two

MATH

The don is seated at the center of the room. He is surrounded by family members. If the circumference of the circle formed by this gathering equals 8π , what is the distance between the don and any one of his underlings?



A. 6 B. 12 C. 2 D. 4 E. 24

Part Three

ANALOGIES

In each of the following questions, you are given a related pair of words or phrases in capital letters. Each capitalized pair is followed by four (4) lettered pairs of words or phrases. Choose the pair that best expresses a relationship similar to that expressed by the original pair.

1. CAPO : FAMILY

- A. hub : wheel
- B. tumor : cell
- C. manager : corporation
- D. Chuck Woolery : *Love Connection*

2. CAMORRA : THE FIVE FAMILIES

- A. Pinocchio : Gepetto
- B. obelisk : pyramid
- C. Naples : New York
- D. lungfish : any fish with gills

3. SQUEALING : GANGSTER

- A. croaking : frog
- B. crooning : Sinatra
- C. spanking : parent
- D. treason : countryman

4. GUN : WISEGUY

- A. rocket : cosmonaut
- B. pants : dog
- C. father's money : Donald Trump
- D. saw : carpenter

CONVERSATION

The next four questions involve conversational fragments that were part of the government's evidence at a mob prosecution in Brooklyn Federal Court in 1987. The speaker in each case is reputed Gambino family capo Angelo Ruggiero. Just fill in the blanks.

1. "So he says, 'Angelo, I want you to know, anything your brother gave me he owed me.' 'Look, pal, my brother owed you? My brother _____,' I told him."

- A. only lends capital to the Saudi royal family
- B. would have apprised me if he had any financial shortcomings
- C. has pecuniary obligations to no man
- D. don't owe a fucking person

2. "They impounded the car, and I can't get it back. A _____."

- A. sleek, well-tuned Morgan cabriolet
- B. saucy Italian sports machine
- C. VW Bug—I fixed it up, and it runs like new
- D. brand-new fucking Oldsmobile



3. "My brother was good to everybody. My _____"

- A. dander gets up when I hear aspersions cast upon his good name."
- B. brother is the Italian Santa."
- C. 'Sharona'—what a great song. Hey, whatever happened to the Knack, anyway?"
- D. fucking brother helped every fucking one of youse."

4. "What _____"

- A. is the last story in *Dubliners*?"
- B. a marvel of engineering is this thing we call the human body!"
- C. is the gram equivalent of 2.75 ounces?"
- D. the fuck is that?"

5. In March 1983, while being closely followed by an FBI surveillance team that was listening through a bug planted in his car, Lucchese family boss Anthony "Tony Ducks" Corallo said to his driver:

- A. "Lovely day for a ride in the country."
- B. "Sal, now be careful of that old lady crossing the street."
- C. "Traffic is moving with astonishing celerity this morning."
- D. "Did you catch President Reagan's news conference last night?"
- E. "Those fucking cops would have to be geniuses to follow us today."

Answers

PART I

NICKNAMES

- | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|
| 1. C | 4. K | 7. H | 10. G |
| 2. E | 5. A | 8. J | 11. I |
| 3. L | 6. D | 9. B | 12. F |

DEATHS

- | | | |
|------|------|------|
| 1. D | 3. E | 5. B |
| 2. C | 4. A | 6. F |

MULTIPLE-CHOICE

- | | | | |
|------|-------|---------|-------|
| 1. D | 8. B | 15. B | 22. E |
| 2. D | 9. D | 16. D | 23. B |
| 3. B | 10. D | 17. B | 24. A |
| 4. C | 11. B | 18. E | 25. E |
| 5. A | 12. B | 19. B | 26. E |
| 6. E | 13. D | 20. A-E | 27. C |
| 7. B | 14. B | 21. D | 28. D |

PART II

MATH

D

PART III

ANALOGIES

- | | | | |
|------|------|------|------|
| 1. C | 2. C | 3. D | 4. D |
|------|------|------|------|

CONVERSATION

- | | | |
|------|------|------|
| 1. D | 3. D | 5. E |
| 2. D | 4. D | |

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS ABOUT YOUR FUTURE IN THE MAFIA

47-56: *Capo di capi* material

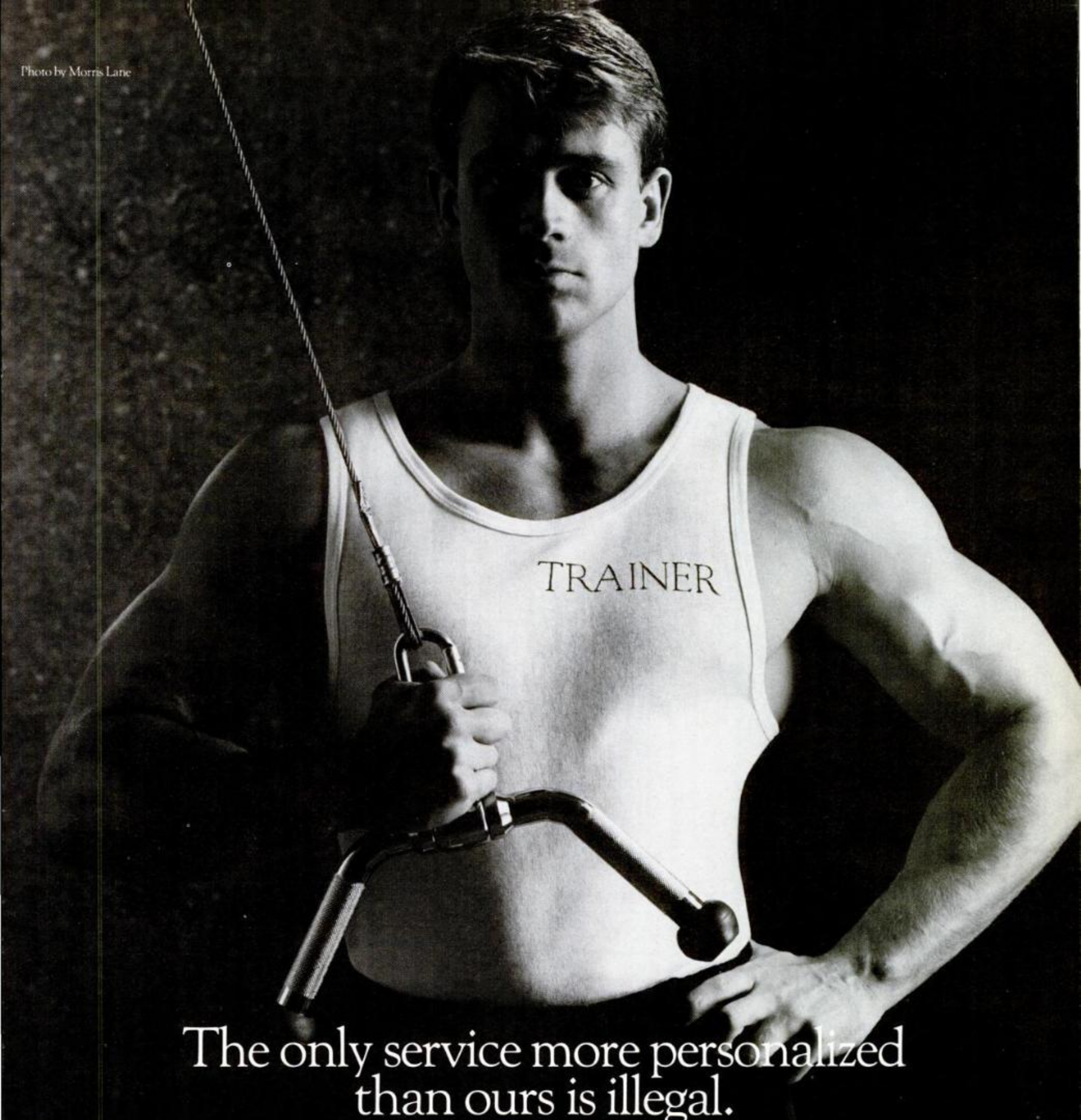
37-46: Might become underboss someday

27-36: Capable hit man

17-26: A fat guy shifting his feet and blowing on his hands outside the restaurant where the don is eating

Below 17: An innocent bystander

Photo by Morris Lane



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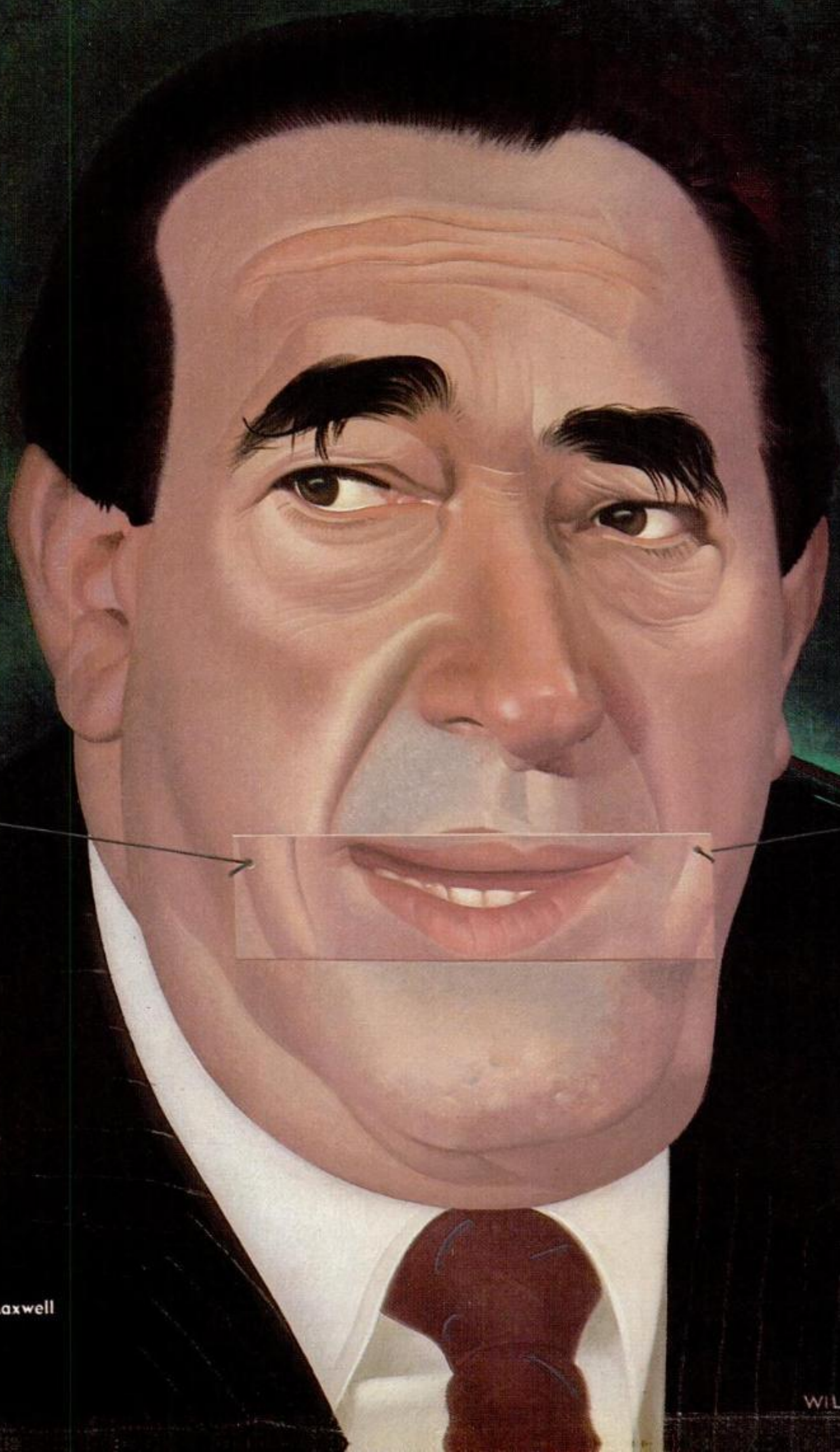
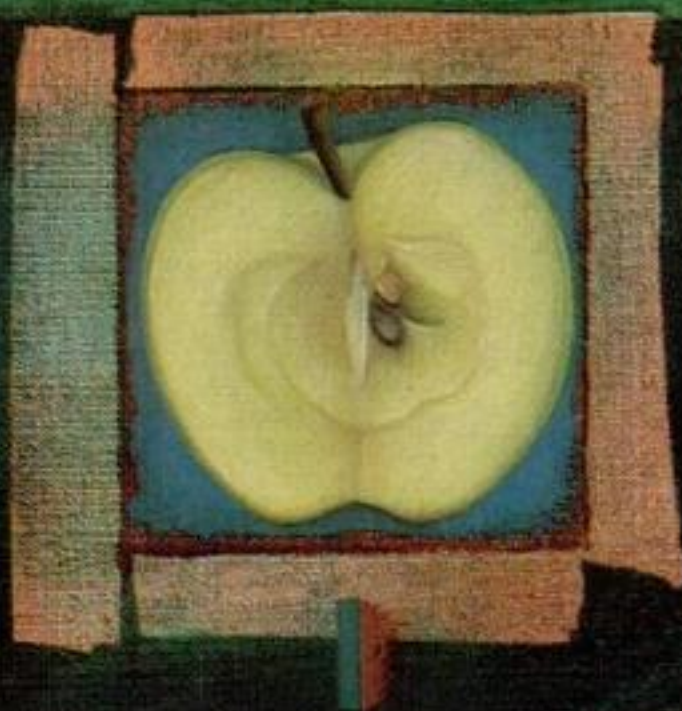
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Media mogul Robert Maxwell

WILSON M'LEAN

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It's always been rather amusing to watch Robert Maxwell strut and shimmy in London. He's a swaggering scoundrel of a press lord who hoodwinks his business associates and bullies his journalists. He yearns to be *by Christopher Silvester* like his rival Rupert Murdoch but instead comes across as a cheap circus clown, complete with bulbous nose and floppy shoes. Yet now, when he should be pondering retirement, Max-

well has taken aim at America. And we're frightened. Everything we stand for is threatened. (That's truth, justice and Larry Flynt's cartoons.) Maxwell recently tried and failed to purchase Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, *Scientific American* and the *New York Post*. He drew a bead on publishing giant McGraw-Hill. He missed there. Who's next? (SPY, by the way, is a very small company that loses money for its investors.)

RUPERT MURDOCH —THE SEQUEL

**DETAILS
INSIDE!**

WHEN PUBLISHER ROBERT Maxwell first became involved in the running of a British newspaper back in 1975, a colleague timidly informed him, "The press want to talk to us, Bob."

"Fuck the press," Maxwell replied.

The 65-year-old, Czech-born press baron, a 250-pound drill-master known in England, with more derision than affection, as Cap'n Bob or the Bouncing Czech, now wants to buy a major media company in the United States. Or maybe several major media companies. And he warns us that he has \$3 billion to spend. In the past year alone, Maxwell indicated interest in the *New York Post*, J. Walter Thompson and Macmillan. He was also strongly rumored to be planning a \$75-a-share takeover bid for the \$3 billion publishing combine McGraw-Hill.

Furthermore, there is a lot of talk in London that Maxwell longs to start a national American newspaper, sort of a down-scale *USA Today*. He is frighteningly irrepressible, so much so that the queen of England, not usually noted for her sense of humor, named her noisy cocker spaniel Maxwell.

Maxwell's plan for America and the planet is straightforward enough: to make Maxwell Communication Corporation into a global information company that by 1990 will be one of the ten largest communications companies in the world, generating perhaps \$8 billion a year. (By comparison, Time Inc. has annual revenues of over \$4 billion.)

To achieve this, Maxwell believes he must grab a major American newspaper or magazine or book publisher whose standards he can lower, whose employees he can cow and

whose assets he can strip. Ominously, he already has the Maxwell Communication Corporation printing empire all set up in Greenwich, Connecticut; it currently produces revenues of \$650 million a year, printing magazines such as *Parade* and *National Hog Farmer*, and it's just waiting to print real magazines and books. (Maxwell won't buy an American television station because, unlike Murdoch, who owns several, he is unwilling to meet the FCC's condition that he become an American citizen.)



Dashing, temporarily slender Maxwell in the British army, 1945

Fortunately, potential corporate sellers remain deeply suspicious of this crass yet charismatic man whose business career is a fascinating trail of lies and half-truths. As Bill Keyes, the former head of a British print union, has said, "Bob Maxwell could charm the birds off the trees—and then shoot them." Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, the \$1.5 billion publisher, all but destroyed itself (by borrowing too much money to repurchase its own stock) rather than be taken over by Maxwell. And the owners of *Scientific American* refused his purchase offer in 1986, even though Maxwell was willing to pay more than the eventual purchasers. More recently, his

archrival-role model, Rupert Murdoch, declined to sell him the *New York Post*.

As Harcourt Brace chairman William Jovanovich noted diplomatically when he rejected Maxwell's hostile offer, "[Maxwell's] dealings since he emerged from the mists of Ruthenia after World War II haven't always favored shareholders." Maxwell's problem isn't that he doesn't have enough money. (The British magazine *Money* recently estimated his fortune at about \$2 billion.) It's that, in even

moderately respectable business circles, his money's no good.

ROBERT MAXWELL WAS born to bully. Although his formal education stopped before puberty, he can terrorize and humiliate employees and opponents in nine languages, which comes in handy when you preside over an empire with outposts in Europe, Asia, Africa and North America, and employ 15,000 people in 16 countries. His Pergamon Holding Foundation, a mysterious secret trust registered in Liechtenstein, controls Maxwell Communication Corporation, a \$3.2 billion public company with

printing and publishing interests in Britain, France, Spain, Eastern Europe, Kenya, China, Japan, Canada and the United States. In addition to his American printing company, MCC, Maxwell also controls Mirror Group Newspapers, which has sales of about \$30 million a year from the six Mirror papers in the United Kingdom (including three national papers—the *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Mirror* and *Sunday People*—one horse-racing newspaper and two Scottish papers). His TV holdings include the British cable channel Premier TV and substantial stakes in France's Channel One and MTV Europe.

Maxwell attends to his burgeoning empire in a Grumman Gulfstream II jet with the call sign GO-VIP. When he touches down, he zooms around brownnosing his fellow VIPs, fathering children (he has seven, three of whom work for him), delivering very important commands in a deep, deep voice, checking in on his two soccer teams (Oxford United and Derby County, both of which he has hectored into the limelight), having his hair dyed jet-black every month, keeping his enormous eyebrows up on his forehead, bombarding people with phone calls (his official biographer has called him a "telephone terrorist") and poking into his employees' affairs between gulps of caviar, on which he is reckoned to spend over \$90,000 a year. Maxwell, who had part of a lung removed in the 1950s, is fond of telling employees, "I've only got one lung! Think what I'd be like if I had two!"

In London, Maxwell lives like an old-fashioned gangster. He has two Rolls-Royces, one of which bore the vanity plate PP 1923 (standing for Pergamon

Press and the year of Maxwell's birth) until he had it removed, fearing it would tip off potential kidnappers. He spent \$2.2 million converting the top two floors of an office block near the Mirror group headquarters into an apartment that looks like an eighteenth-century seraglio, complete with a marble

by one of Maxwell's companies and serialized in Maxwell's *Daily Mirror*. The most unauthorized one, *Maxwell: The Outsider*, by BBC journalist Tom Bower, was published by Aurum Press (owned by Andrew Lloyd Webber's Really Useful Group) and serialized—naturally—in Murdoch's *Sunday*

shall make you happy until the end of my days." *At last, a humble man*, she evidently thought as she acquiesced. Unable to quite express the Maxwell aura in her own words, Elisabeth explains it by quoting the French novelist Henry de Montherlant, whom she translates into English as follows: "You have rendered—

as a mover, a shaker—in his words, a Very Important Person. Hence his appreciation of the press, whose proprietors can so easily promote themselves. But he is not so much William Randolph Hearst as Orson Welles *playing* Hearst in full thespian grandeur and foolishness. Maxwell's tabloid, the *Daily Mirror* (circulation: 3 million, second largest in Britain), regularly shows photographs of him deep in discussion with Henry Kissinger, Deng Xiaoping and other Maxwell-level world figures. One entry in the *Mirror* solemnly described a Maxwell conversation with the Chinese minister of culture, Zhu Muzhi, that Zhu will never forget. The *Mirror* reported that the talk lasted "almost 31 hours."

Maxwell has developed friendships with many Eastern European leaders, including Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov and Romania's Nicolae Ceaușescu,

EACH YEAR, Elisabeth Maxwell presents her husband with a bound index of newspaper clippings about him. She explains, "I preface this volume with a carefully worded résumé of Bob's activities....I really sweat over this preface and review it many times until it is word perfect. This gift...allows me to live Bob's business life vicariously."

hallway, rococo ceilings and—we're talking class—a Jacuzzi.

Coffee and tea are served to Maxwell at his various offices in extra-large cups engraved on the inside rim with the legend YOU ARE A VERY IMPORTANT PERSON. His very important wife, Elisabeth, a lady of French Huguenot extraction, is so overwhelmed by Maxwell's power that each year on his birthday she presents her husband with a bound index of the past year's newspaper clips involving him, together with personal memorabilia and photos. As she explains, "each item is abstracted, logged and classified....I preface this volume with a carefully worded résumé of Bob's and the family's activities during the previous year. I really sweat over this preface and review it many times until it is accurate and word perfect. This gift means more to him than anything I could buy and it allows me to live Bob's business life vicariously."

Three Maxwell biographies have come out in Britain in recent months. The authorized one, written by Joe Haines (which uses many of Elisabeth Maxwell's files), was published

Times. Maxwell's lawyers tried to squelch the book, but since it had been printed in conditions of utmost secrecy—set in type in Hong Kong and printed in Finland, using the code name Robin Hood—they were unable to specify how the book would libel him and thus failed to get an injunction prior to publication.

Undeterred, Maxwell has sent letters to bookshops all over the U.K. warning that Bower's book and *Maxwell: A Portrait of Power*, by Peter Thompson and Anthony Delano, contain "a large number of serious libels," and implying that they should not be sold. The resulting *Spycatcher*-like hubbub propelled Bower's book to number one on the *Sunday Times* best-seller list in late March, while Haines's book languished at number six.

Maxwell never imagined that fame would bring so many detractors. Elisabeth Maxwell still vividly recalls Maxwell's vow to her when he asked for her hand in 1944: "I shall win an MC [Military Cross]. I shall re-create a family. I shall make my fortune. I shall be prime minister of England. And I

have made for me...that all men...for my lifetime are insipid. And mediocre all destinies."

THE SQUASH-SHAPED PUBLISHER has eclectic political and scientific interests. What other tycoon holds



With bookend Saul Steinberg just before the 1969 Leasco fiasco

honorary doctorates of science from both the Polytechnic Institute of New York and Moscow State University, as well as the Swedish Royal Order of Polar Star and the Bulgarian People's Republic Stara Planina Order? What other tycoon would wish to?

Maxwell aches to be seen

and often publishes translations of their turgid agitprop speeches for the benefit of unappreciative Western readers. In 1977 he published the electrifying biography of his look-alike, Leonid Brezhnev.

Maxwell has also tried to give himself a patina of class by employing British nobles. A

few years ago he purchased Peter Jay, an economist, writer and former thinker of great thoughts, who in his undergraduate days was considered the smartest man at Oxford.

His solicitor is Lord Mischon, the Labour Party's legal-affairs spokesman in the House of Lords. And the marquess of Kildare is Maxwell's very personal, very private, very special



Rivalrous press barons Lord Rothermere, Murdoch and Maxwell

Between 1977 and 1979 Jay was the British ambassador to the U.S. (during which time his wife, Margaret, daughter of former British prime minister James Callaghan, took up with Carl Bernstein). Jay, who is paid more than \$150,000 a year as Maxwell's chief of staff, has the very important job of smoothing his master's path to foreign dignitaries and trying to settle disputes with aggrieved former executives, as well as personally—*personally*, mind you—allocating parking spaces for Mirror group employees. Maxwell, known for his steamroller wit, sometimes calls Jay in the middle of the night to ask him what time it is.

And Jay is not Maxwell's only fancy groveler. Cap'n Bob also employs a former lord chancellor (the equivalent of a Supreme Court chief justice) as chairman of his legal-publishing companies, as well as Humphrey Mews, a former private secretary to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who organizes Maxwell's social life.

head gardener.

Maxwell also has the charming habit of buying off his critics. Joe Haines, who was chief editorial writer of the *Daily Mirror*, loudly opposed Maxwell's takeover of the Mirror group in 1984, saying that he would have to be "dragged through the door to work for a crook and monster like Robert Maxwell." That was, of course, *before* Haines allowed himself to be promoted—surely against his will—to Mirror Group Political Editor, with a seat on the board. This is the same Joe Haines who just published the happy-talk biography of the quondam "crook and monster" who now employs him.

Yet the "monster" within will out. At a dinner for Mirror executives and their spouses, Maxwell asked one executive's wife, "Is that *your* red wine?" She said it was. Without another word, without even a flicker of his rampant eyebrows, Maxwell produced a large cigar and dipped it in her wine before putting it into his mouth and

setting it aflame.

And the "crook" within will also out. Maxwell's reputation, never savory, still hasn't fully recovered from a 1971 British government report that branded him a liar and declared him unfit to run a public company.

MAXWELL'S FACILITY FOR invention begins with his origins. Born Jan Ludvig Hoch, he was the child of unemployed Czech farm laborers. Maxwell was 16 when the Nazis began their occupation, and by one of his many accounts he promptly joined the Czech underground movement and helped volunteers for a free Czech army escape to the West by escorting them through Hungary to the Yugoslav border. He claims that he was captured, tortured and sentenced to death but gained a last-minute reprieve because of his youth. However, Tom Bower writes in *Maxwell: The Outsider* that there were no German soldiers to speak of in Hungary in 1939, and that it was permitted for Czechs to

his name—first to Leslie du Maurier and later to Ian Robert Maxwell. He later became a British citizen and signed up with the British army. He earned a Military Cross for acts of bravery, met his future wife in France and was awarded a captaincy in 1946—a title he would keep as part of his name throughout the 1950s.

His commanding officer, Brigadier Carthew-Yourstoun, recognized that Maxwell would make a fearsome leader. A letter of recommendation he wrote for Maxwell concluded, "[He] will for various reasons give far better results if he has a certain amount of freedom of choice and movement than in a place where he is surrounded by too many rules and restrictions. His sense of duty is outstanding and his desire to kill Huns a driving force. I hope you will enjoy his society."

After the war Maxwell pursued a business venture distributing German periodicals and books to the rest of the world. His import-export busi-



Maxwell simpers after buying the *Mirror* and starting the *News*

ness grew, financed somewhat mysteriously by what he referred to as his "family in America"—he has always refused to further explain his financing. By the early 1950s Maxwell controlled an interna-

leave their homeland. In 1940—having apparently escaped from his captors and traveled through several countries before reaching Britain—Hoch joined the Czech army in exile and eventually changed

ness grew, financed somewhat mysteriously by what he referred to as his "family in America"—he has always refused to further explain his financing. By the early 1950s Maxwell controlled an interna-

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tional publishing house for academic and scientific journals, called Pergamon Press. Despite his questionable dealings in the 1955 Simpkin Marshall affair—in which Maxwell apparently diverted \$316,000 from Simpkin Marshall, a privately owned company that he controlled, to another of his companies and allowed Simpkin Marshall to go bankrupt—his business activities galloped from strength to strength.

Maxwell began to indulge political aspirations. In 1964 he was elected as a Labour candidate to Parliament, and he quickly made a name for himself by interrupting speakers in the House of Commons on points of order. To quiet him, his parliamentary colleagues appointed Maxwell to the very important post of chairman of the Commons catering committee, where he personally—*personally*, mind you—oversaw the distribution of custard and gravy to his fellow MPs. In his

In 1967 Maxwell had his first business tangle with Rupert Murdoch. The two had previously met at the poker table, where Maxwell, an inveterate gambler who sometimes places bets at several roulette wheels simultaneously, won the day. Maxwell has never since bested his nemesis.

pedias, just for those in Australia. I found out in London that [IPC] had written them off on their books years ago as being of no value. I don't mean Maxwell was crooked about it....I simply realized it was one-sided."

The following year Murdoch and Maxwell battled for the

West German publisher's representative who came to collect £10,000 his company was owed by Pergamon. Maxwell invited Benzing to stay for the night, cooked him a lavish breakfast, then gave him a check for £5,000, saying he could either take it as payment in full or sue him.)

AT A DINNER for Mirror executives and their spouses, Maxwell asked one executive's wife, "Is that your red wine?" She said it was. Without another word, without even a flicker of his rampant eyebrows, Maxwell produced a large cigar and dipped it in her wine before putting it into his mouth and setting it aflame.

Maxwell first approached Murdoch to offer him half-ownership in a company he would create to handle all of Pergamon's publishing activities in Australia and Southeast Asia. This prospective company would be built around an encyclopedia business, which Maxwell had recently acquired

News of the World, which had a circulation of 6 million and was the largest-selling Sunday newspaper in England. When Murdoch won, after feeding damaging information about Maxwell's finances to the British press (thus beginning the diverting war between Maxwell and the financial press), Maxwell spitefully called him a colonial upstart. The *News of the World* went on to become one of Murdoch's most profitable enterprises, and a few years later Murdoch beat Maxwell to the *Sun* (circulation: 4 million). It would take Maxwell another 14 years to capture a national newspaper group.

In 1969 New York's young conglomerateur-social climber Saul Steinberg made a \$60 million bid for Pergamon Press (which included the controversial encyclopedia company) through his company Leasco Data Processing, then in the information retrieval business. Maxwell was happy to sell. In order to show his good faith, he invited Steinberg to Britain and feted him as if he were a visiting (communist) head of state. (Maxwell also used this ploy with Horst Benzing, a

At a cocktail party in Steinberg's honor at Maxwell's manorial residence in Oxford, Headington Hill Hall (which is leased for \$18,500 a year from the Oxford municipal council), Steinberg and his then wife were introduced to three heads of Oxford colleges, as well as the philosopher Isaiah Berlin, the duke of Bedford and a mummeration of senior parliamentarians. Steinberg was also introduced to then prime minister Harold Wilson, who told him what a decent, upstanding sort of chap Maxwell was. The Steinbergs were awed by such classy *objets* as the stained-glass window depicting Maxwell as Samson at the gates of Gaza; Mrs. Maxwell would later recollect that Saul and his wife had scampered around her mansion ogling the possessions like—well, like money-grubbing American social climbers.

Steinberg's accountants proved less biddable. "At the end of the day," Steinberg later said, "we had definite information that [the encyclopedia company] was not what it was supposed to have been, that [Maxwell] greatly overstated



An unposed moment with wife Elisabeth

eagerness to have the dining room show a profit, he sold off its wine cellar and forecast a £20,000 surplus at the end of 1968. A subsequent audit reduced this figure to £1,800 and ultimately to a £3,400 loss.

from the International Publishing Company.

Murdoch declined. "I quickly discovered," he has since explained, "that he was proposing to put a value of a couple million dollars on the encyclo-



the profits. It took us, I guess, a couple of months to realize the kind of man that we were dealing with.... [Maxwell] had this enormous credibility in terms of business success, and what appeared to be political success, and what appeared to be social acceptance, and acceptance in the educational and scientific community."

But on August 21, 1969, the Panel on Take-overs and Mergers (a government body with powers similar to the Securities and Exchange Commission's in the U.S.) began investigating Maxwell and Pergamon. Steinberg immediately withdrew his offer. The newspapers played up the scandal that began to develop around Maxwell's dealings, and his brokers, Panmure Gordon, resigned when he refused their request to investigate Pergamon's profits. Maxwell, in classic understated British fashion, called Panmure Gordon "24-carat shits."

Maxwell was deposed as chairman by the outraged Pergamon shareholders, and Price Waterhouse began examining the company's accounts. Maxwell had claimed a 1968 profit of £2.1 million; the Price Waterhouse report adjusted this figure to £500,000, and subsequently to £140,000.

his bankers added another \$1.3 million. The British government report on Maxwell's chicanery said that "he is not in our opinion a person who can be relied on to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly quoted company" and that "he had a reckless and unjustified optimism, which enabled him on some occasions to disregard unpalatable facts and on others to state what he must have known was untrue."

One Pergamon executive, Philip Okill, recalled that shortly before the Leasco fiasco he and Maxwell "were together in his drawing room at Fitzroy Square, and he said to me, 'Okill, you don't seem to like me. You don't seem to trust me. Why don't you?' [I] said, 'Because, Mr. Maxwell, you're the sincerest liar I've ever met.' And his reaction was to laugh, because I genuinely think he took that as one of the nicest compliments I could have paid him."

LEASCO FORCED A FIVE-YEAR hiatus in Maxwell's career, but financial communities have notoriously short memories. And in 1975, having regained control of Pergamon, Maxwell once more careered after the grail of a national newspaper. A minor opportunity presented itself in

cided to start their own newspaper, and Maxwell offered himself as a partner, brandishing \$230,000 and his credentials as a former Labour MP. The *Scottish Daily News* was born.

Maxwell began to commandeer the venture almost immediately. He harangued his supposed comrades over the public address system and was fond of saying at their executive council meetings, "Well, I don't care how you vote—I'm going to do things my way." In a vain attempt to make friends, he contributed a column to the

say, "We are very solvent, we have no financial problems." A day later its own accountants pronounced the *Scottish Daily News* insolvent. It closed down soon afterward.

Though Maxwell's first venture into newspaper publishing failed, his printing and other publishing activities thrived, and he was well situated to make an offer when Reed International decided, in 1984, to sell the Mirror group. Maxwell bid \$151 million and—at last!—won his prize.

FORWARD WITH BRITAIN! read the front-page headline of



Stress-testing the shock absorbers of a motor scooter

paper about his Czech-peasant origins and his subsequent adoption of Scotland by taking the Scottish surname Maxwell for his own.

To dispel rumors of insolvency, Maxwell gave a press conference in which he an-

the *Daily Mirror* the day after it was sold to the publisher whose holding company, you will recall, is registered in Liechtenstein, the pseudo-country and tax haven. On the second page, Maxwell pledged that the Mirror papers would continue to fight for the return of a Labour government and "confirmed his undertaking to safeguard jobs and honour all union agreements."

Although the papers continued to support the Labour Party, Maxwell swiftly eliminated 1,800 employees. Since then, his bottom line has been impressive. But his editorial stewardship of the Mirror titles, especially the *Daily Mirror*, which has a circulation of just over 3 million, has been vain-glorious and uninspired.

WHEN HORST Benzing, a West German publisher's representative, came to collect the £10,000 his company was owed by Pergamon, Maxwell invited Benzing to stay the night at Headington Hill Hall, cooked him a lavish breakfast, then gave him a check for £5,000, saying he could either take it as payment in full or sue him.

Steinberg, who had lost money on his shares of Pergamon, sued for fraud in the New York courts. Five years later, in 1974, Maxwell settled the suit by paying Steinberg \$5 million;

1975, when the newspaper empire built by press baron Lord Beaverbrook closed part of its operations in Scotland, throwing 1,800 employees out of work. A number of them de-

nounced that "as a journalist—and we're in the media—I'm perfectly willing to answer questions." He then proceeded to dodge virtually every question put to him, though he did



Maxwell's two innovations were to launch a \$1.3 million Wingo-like competition to attract more readers and to stud the pages of the *Mirror* with circulation-building photographs of himself. One recent front page combined both notions: Maxwell was shown presenting a \$65,000 check to a lottery winner. Tucked away in a little box in the bottom left-hand corner of the page was the news: CABINET CHANGES — FULL DETAILS SEE PAGE TWO. In its first two years under Maxwell, the *Mirror's* circulation dropped by 700,000.

Perhaps Maxwell's most humiliating failure occurred last year when he launched the *London Daily News*, a multiple-edition newspaper modeled, strangely, on the wobbly *Chicago Sun-Times*. He had originally proposed the *Daily News* as a competitor to the *Evening Post*, a paper that Murdoch had said he was going to start. Murdoch then withdrew, leading some to suggest that his proposal had been a feint all along. But Maxwell's vanity wouldn't allow him to back down.

Promoted as the "paper that never stops for the city that

cused the *Standard* of lying about its circulation and boasted that the *Daily News* achieved a daily circulation of 500,000 within a few days, thus toppling the *Evening Standard* from its leading position in the afternoon-newspaper market. These were patent falsehoods, and after Lord Rothermere sued for libel, Maxwell was forced to revise his *Daily News* sales figures downward to 321,000. Independent estimates suggested that 180,000 was closer to the truth. Last July the paper folded after five months, its circulation having fallen below 100,000. Total cost to Maxwell: \$81.5 million.

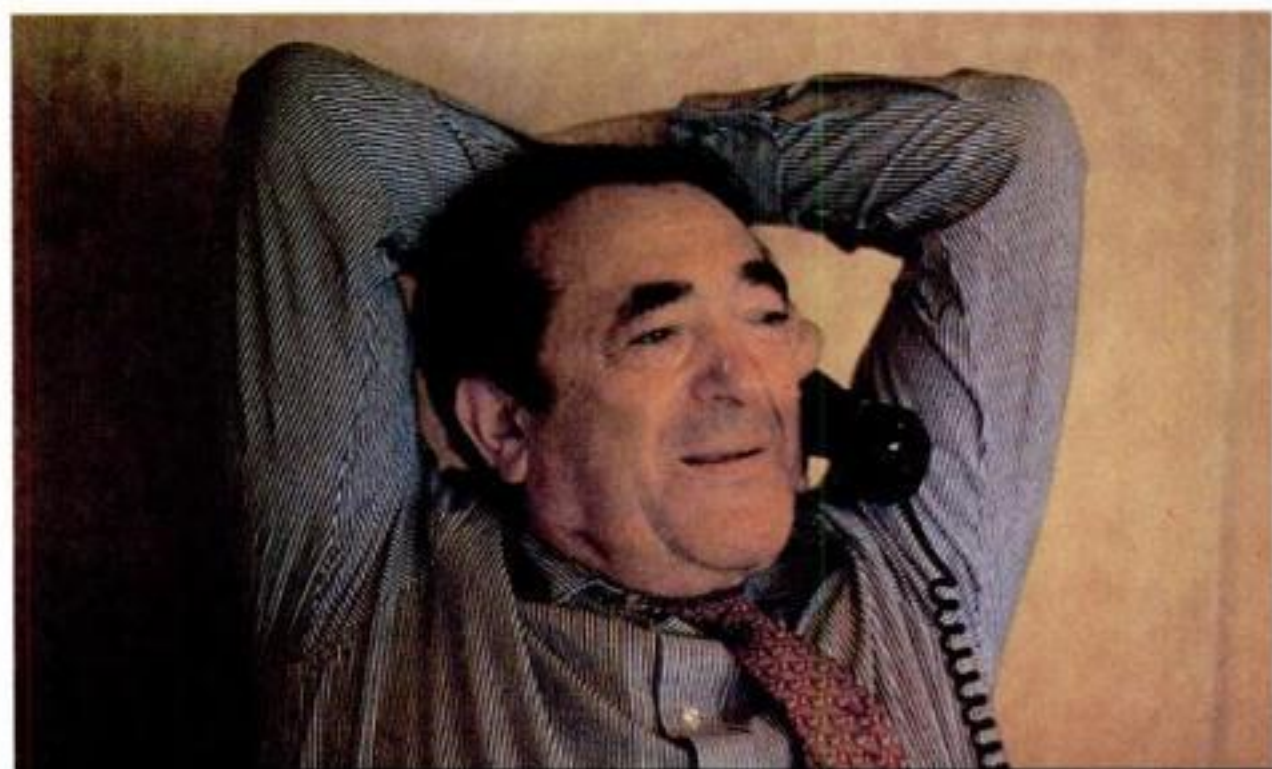
With all his failures in Britain, Maxwell became eager to begin anew. He has no strong dynastic feelings: though he has always been attentive to his children (he would call from abroad to go over their homework with them), he recently announced that when he dies they won't get a shilling: they will, however, control the Maxwell Foundation money, which will be used to seek a cure for AIDS, to end the Middle East conflict and to reduce racial

process and had made a sealed bid that turned out to be the lowest. He had then "invented his own rules," Piel said, and increased his bid.

When Maxwell launched his unsuccessful \$1.7 billion bid for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich last year, HBJ chairman William Jovanovich publicly raised

well. Now it's the turn of employees at every other publication in America to fear for their professional lives.

In December 1986, when Maxwell addressed an audience of American journalists at a cocktail party in Washington, he called them all "hacks" and warned them not to "weaken



The "telephone terrorist" plans his next disruptive purchase

the touchy subject of the British government's anti-Maxwell report of 1971. Maxwell told *The Wall Street Journal* that he had later been "exonerated of those charges by a British court." This was another lie: though Maxwell had sought to overturn the findings of the government inspectors, he was defeated at trial in 1972 and

this president, Ronnie Reagan. He's the only one we've got." Later, in conversation with Maxwell, Philip Merrill, publisher of *The Washingtonian*, said that "whether I felt that way or not, I probably couldn't control my writers," to which Maxwell responded curtly, "Well, I do. I have control over mine."

Like most powerful oafs, Maxwell apparently hasn't an inkling that, at bottom, he is a ridiculous figure. The classic Maxwell story goes as follows: One day, while riding in the elevator at work, Maxwell noticed a young man idly smoking a cigarette. Maxwell asked him to put it out. The man paid no attention. "How much money do you make a week?" Maxwell asked dangerously.

"One hundred pounds," the man replied.

Maxwell whipped out his wallet. "Here's two hundred pounds," he said. "You're fired."

Beau geste. The man he'd just paid off was a messenger from another company. ☛

THE BRITISH government report on Maxwell said that "he is not in our opinion a person who can be relied on to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly quoted company" and that his reckless optimism enabled him "on some occasions to disregard unpalatable facts and on others to state what he must have known was untrue."

never sleeps"—he even swipes city slogans—the *Daily News* was launched amid controversy, with Maxwell accusing Lord Rothermere, owner of the rival London *Evening Standard* (and *The American Lawyer*), of employing mobsterish intimidation tactics against news vendors. Maxwell also ac-

hated.

In 1986 Maxwell made a \$61 million bid for *Scientific American*, but Gerard Piel, its chairman, accepted a lower bid of \$52.6 million from a West German publisher. As Piel explained at the time, Maxwell had signed an agreement to observe the rules of the bidding

again on appeal in 1974, with one Court of Appeals judge even upbraiding him for having been both "verbose and irrelevant."

Last winter, because Murdoch and Maxwell can't agree about anything, reporters at the *New York Post* were spared the ordeal of working for Max-

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Review of Reviewers

The Industry

Eating

Politics

The Webs

Science and You

How to Be a Grown-up

Television



WORLDLY

Wisecrackers

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HI, GIRLS! AND NOW FOR A FAMILIAR sound, which goes like this:

TRUMP-TRUMP-TRUMP ME TRUMP
ME GREAT ME RICH ME LOUSY WRITER
ME DON'T GIVE A DAMN ME TRUMP-
TRUMP-TRUMP LALALA-
LALALABAMBA!!

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

I refer, of course, to the sound of Donald Trump. And lately *The New York Times*, in particular, is alive with the sound of the Don (as his glamorous, almost-English-speaking wife, Ivana, calls him).

Adding another color to his rainbow, the would-be Upper West Side ravager has

turned architecture critic, a role that doesn't suit him. In a wild letter to the *Times's* Arts & Leisure section — unghosted, we assume, by former journalist Tony Schwartz, Trump's "coauthor" on *The Art of the Deal* — the Queens-born casino operator replied in typically sophisticated fashion to the paper's architecture critic Paul Goldberger. What was the storm about? Goldberger, you see, had dared to criticize Trump in a tough, thoughtful column called "Trump: Symbol of a Gaudy, Impatient Time."

"I am outraged," began the outraged Don, yet another amateur usurping my Reviewer of Reviewers role, "that Mr. Goldberger has written a column about me without acknowledging that he himself was criticized in my book."

Well, Goldberger had bigger things on his mind, namely Trump's unrelentingly meretricious taste in architecture, Trump's ethics, Trump's self-aggrandizing propaganda and the future of New York City. But that's not how the outraged Don saw it:

"Mr. Goldberger is evidently upset by the fact that he is prominently mentioned in *The Art of the Deal*," Trump continues (though Goldberger was "upset" by Trump long before the book was published), "and

that the book has become not only a best seller but the No. 1 best-seller on every list. Mr. Goldberger's books have not sold nearly as well as mine because they are unnecessary (and boring)."

Trump, it seems, knows how to make another sound. It goes: NYEH-NYEH NYEH-NYEH NYEH.

Then the school-yard bully gives way to patronizing wisass: "Within the real estate industry, Mr. Goldberger is scoffed at and used as a barometer in reverse of what developments will or will not be successful. Often he gives his best review to buildings which become financial catastrophes and his worst to those which turn out to be truly successful." Ah, *truth!*

And most portentously: "My greatest disappointment is in *The New York Times* itself." The Pulitzer prize-winning Goldberger "should not be allowed to judge architecture," concludes Trump, the world's top judge of architecture.

The school of truly objective journalism took a turn for the worse with *Esquire's* March cover story on Robert Redford, headlined IS REDFORD FOR REAL? The answer seems to be, *No—he's God.*

Or something higher. "Could God ever be so great?" asked a Mike Barnicle, who has a flair for profundity. "Fame," he wrote of Redford, "is a bumper sticker that never peels away." But what Barnicle failed to mention is that in addition to writing adoring profiles of Redford, or God, he is also a very close personal friend of Redford's.

Good to know, too, that *The Wall Street Journal's* book critic and cultural czar, the very witty Raymond Sokolov, is a nice editor, or demigod, to his employees. Sokolov's *Journal* review of *Journal* film critic Julie Salamon's first novel, *White Lies*, was most flattering indeed. There is obviously no conflict of interest whatsoever, even though Sokolov is Salamon's boss.

Speaking of conflict, the Woodman turned up as political commentator on the Op-Ed page of the *Times* recently, having found Israel's policy in the occupied territories to be the most shocking thing since colorization. The piece prompted *Times* letter writers to turn into uncompromising movie critics: "Unlike Woody Allen, Israel cannot survive by playing the ingratiating little loser" (Gila Berkowitz, Teaneck, New Jersey). *The New Republic's* Washington Diarist, a Peretzite called A.Z.P., concluded tactfully, "Few subjects remain beyond the ken of a clever satirist. The

hemorrhaging of Israel is probably one."

Good old A.Z.P. reminds me of M, not to be confused with *GQ*, *WWD*, *MBM* or *House & Garden*, now renamed, so inspirationally, *HG*. M kindly persuaded the dynamic Edward Kosner (EK), editor and publisher of 20-year-old *New York* magazine (NY), to review his own success.

"If you think of an enormous mouth," said EK (Ed Kosner), "like those giant coal-mining machines which are put into the hole and which just consume everything, that's New York. People, things, institutions, whatever, get fed in one end, and whatever's left is extruded at the other end."

I don't like the sound of that, do you? But the talking Ed makes things clear: "And if you only stay in and read, you become constipated from too much data."

Well, that's certainly true.

In *Vanity Fair* (VF), the usually dependable politician reviewer (Gary Hart, Jesse Jackson) Gail Sheehy swooned over Albert Gore Jr. for being "so young." "So young," she began. Next paragraph: "So young," she repeated. Then Gore became "this colt of a country boy." Then: "He *looks* like a boy... He *walks* like a boy." What else does he do like a boy, Gail? "He *eats* like a boy." "But he never, ever—" *What?*—"talks like a boy." "So young," starry-eyed Sheehy concluded. "And yet so worldly-wise."

Some more swooning: the *Times's* resident television flake, John J. O'Connor, went into an embarrassment of raptures over HBO's presentation of Dennis Miller, the very-pleased-with-himself *Saturday Night Live* fixture. "Mr. Miller is a boyishly slender man, given to running his hands through his luxuriant head of hair," O'Connor gushed. "Dressed in a conservatively modish black suit—the shoulders are only tastefully broad..." Long live beautiful-hair Breck and tasteful shoulder pads!

But on with the new! Or newish. In the breathlessly anticipated revamp of *House & Garden* (HG), old or oldish ideas were recycled in the name of chic, e.g., Hockney at home again, the Rothschilds at home again, the changing face of the White House again, Little Black Chairs and Little Black Dresses again, Fragonard again and Dennis Hopper (his art, his life, his legend, *Blue Velvet*) again.

No matter! *HG's* prose is so...spell-binding. At the end of Brit hipster James Truman's article about Dennis Hopper's new new wave house, we find an oh-so-witty reference to Hopper's role as the

demonic Frank in *Blue Velvet* (again): "'They know I'm a heavy dude,' [Hopper] adds with a dry snigger that sounds less like his being frank than his being Frank."

Only another form of name-dropping could top that. In the same issue of *HG*, Rhoda Koenig concluded her gushing reverie on Bette Midler's knack for home decor as follows: "The next day at brunch I say, 'I saw Bette Midler yesterday. All she was wearing was sunglasses.' The waiter then puts my order in front of me. It is eggs Benedict, each one centered with a slice of dark truffle. 'Ah,' says Gore Vidal, 'that must bring it all back to you.'"

Ms. Koenig knows Gore Vidal, you see.

But on with the new, *again!* *Lear's*, the bold new magazine for the over-40 set who do not wish to be put to death, is welcome. As a woman who'll be 40 one day, I appreciate the wise introduction written (all by herself, I understand) by *Lear's* millionaire-owner-shrew, Frances Lear: "Happily, one usually changes for the better by virtue of the act itself, with its pumping of stilled juices, flexing of feelings and flesh, inventive migrations of thought."

Ooooh. If this is what it's like to be over 40, I can't wait. "Most women are Cosby-like," Lear continues. Oh, dear. Does this mean we've got to wear dolman-sleeved Missoni sweaters and talk slow? No! "A woman who wasn't born yesterday edits her life with the criteria of experience, classic values; she avoids powerlessness."

Absolutely! Nobody's going to kick us around, right, girls? "Things do change, yes. Fewer eye contacts with men." Aw, shucks. "A crescendo in the liking of oneself." Not a bad thing. "Make use of your character," concludes Lear, "your courage, and your hankering for fun." I will!

Kay "I Get Everything Wrong" Gardella, TV critic for the *Daily News*, is always courageous. Now, Kay's been "Cosby-like" longer than even Cosby has, but since *Lear's*, she's really let her "hankering for fun" get the better of her. "Feminists are going to hate me," she began recently, and correctly, I think. "I still like getting my nightly news from a man. [During Diane Sawyer's stint filling in for Dan Rather] I felt like something was missing. It's ridiculous, I know." And for a final, regressive note: "Diane should also avoid wearing red. It's distracting."

On second thought, maybe *Lear's* isn't for a girl like me. To borrow a phrase: *So young, and yet so worldly-wise.* ☛

Deal of the DECADE



BY CELIA BRADY

OVITZ, THE SEQUEL: IS HE OB-
sessed with agent defections? Is he irate
about fellow impresario Bernie Brillstein?
Or is he being driven mad by the construc-
tion delays on his I. M. Pei-designed hom-

age to Creative Artists
Agency? Goodness knows,
Mike "the Manipulator"
Ovitz has much on his
mind these days. But would
anyone care to hazard a guess as to just
which one of these nagging problems
caused the ordinarily low-key Ovitz to
sputter hysterically into his car phone at
the corner of Century Park East and Little
Santa Monica Boulevard recently?

Ovitz generally prides himself on being
emotionally undemonstrative. Others ac-
cuse him of actually lacking human emo-
tions. But perhaps nothing illustrates
Ovitz's ice-water tendencies better than a
recent incident concerning the defection
of CAA agents Judy Hofflund and David
Greenblatt to form their own agency,
InterTalent.

The story accepted as gospel in Holly-
wood is that the morning after Hofflund
and Greenblatt gave notice, another CAA
agent, Tom Strickler, was spotted having
breakfast with Greenblatt at a West Holly-
wood hotel by one of Ovitz's underlings.
Later that day Strickler attended the reg-
ular 90-minute staff meeting, at the con-
clusion of which Ovitz stood up and, al-
most as an afterthought, announced matter-
of-factly to the room that "Tom Strickler
is no longer a CAA agent." When Strickler
walked down the hall afterward in a state
of shock, he found that his office had
been padlocked and a security guard was
waiting to escort him from the building.
In fact, Ovitz called Strickler into his
office after the staff meeting and fired
him privately. And *that's* when Strickler
walked down the hall in a state of shock. A

classy place, CAA.

Of course, this particular event may
have had nothing to do with Ovitz's wild
fulminations in his car. Perhaps he was
registering one more complaint with a
maitre d' about having been made to wait
two minutes for a restaurant table. Maybe
he was negotiating with the Disney studio's
insanely driven chairman, Jeff Katzen-
berg, to make another deal with Ovitz's
best friend, the calculatingly boyish direc-
tor Barry Levinson. Or who knows?
Maybe Ovitz was asking yet another Los
Angeles political adviser what he thought
his chances were for a larger role in state
politics.

In any event, the question remains: is
this any way for an adult to run a talent
agency?

The \$5 Million Man: By now it's been
widely reported that wine-cooler spokes-
man Bruce Willis—such *range*—is being
paid \$5 million to bring his inimitably
self-effacing, soothing, sophisticated tal-
ents to the screen in the 20th Century Fox
production of *Die Hard*.

At first other studio heads condemned
the Fox troika of Rupert "I'm Spending as
Fast as I Can" Murdoch, Barry "I'm Not
Short, I'm Powerful" Diller and Leonard "I
Used to Produce *Charlie's Angels*" Goldberg
for paying this salary to the multitalented
wine shill—recording star—husband of
Demi Moore. Especially since Willis's last
film, the classic *Blind Date*, was quickly
and properly relegated to the 99-cent
made-for-home-video market. Five mil-
lion for Bruce Willis! By comparison, Syl-
vester Stallone's \$15 million for *Rambo III*
seems a relative bargain. Stallone is, of
course, a dreadful actor, but there seems to
be no shortage of repressed misfits willing
to pay to see him playing Rambo. But, the
reasoning quickly went, if Willis is now
worth \$5 million, what's Tom Cruise
worth—\$10 million? What's Bill Murray
worth—\$15 million? And—God help us—
what's Steve Guttenberg worth?

With this in mind, the studio heads is-
sued the usual nonnegotiable edicts that
(choose one) (a) Universal, (b) Columbia,
(c) Paramount, (d) MGM simply would
not meet a new round of inflated salary de-
mands. Actually, this is a fairly disingenu-
ous proclamation. As talent fees rise, com-
mensurate salary increases are also given
to producers, directors and studio heads.
The theory behind this is that a \$5 million
star just won't respect a director who's be-

ing paid only \$1 million; and by the same
reasoning, a \$1 million studio president
can't properly supervise a star and director
who are earning more than six times what
he or she earns.

So what was the final outcome of all this
Willis-inspired fiscal moralism?

Sometime in February, Michael Douglas
went in to negotiate his fees for producing
and costarring in "Romancing the Stone
III." Basing his request on Willis's salary
and on the combined box-office record of
himself and Kathleen Turner, the actor
asked for \$5 million for himself and \$4.5-
million for Turner.

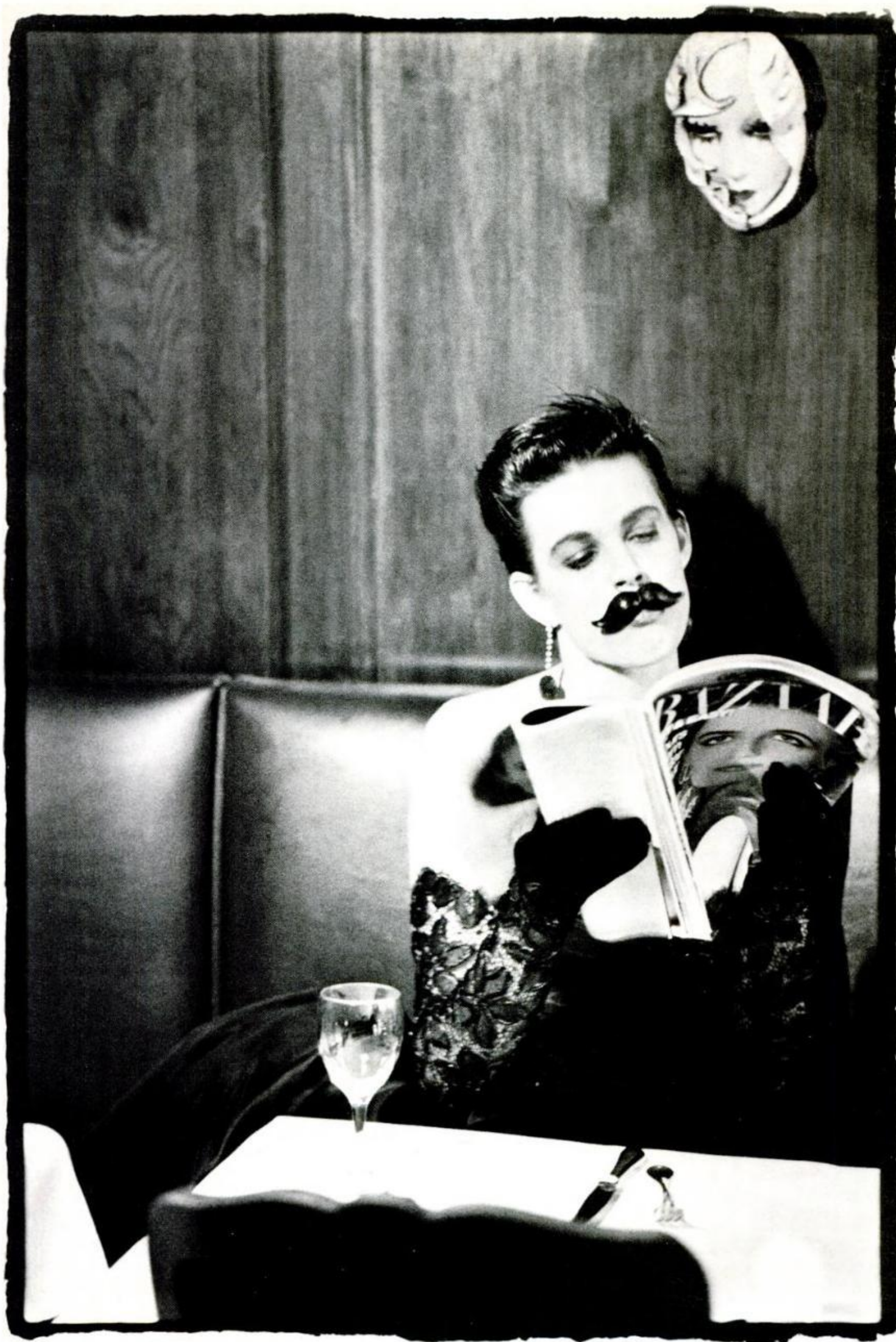
The response? The studio turned him
down flat, saying it couldn't afford it.

The studio? Bruce Willis's favorite, 20th
Century Fox.

Trims and Ends: Our Absence of Malice
(or Integrity) Award of the month goes to
Los Angeles Times reviewer Sheila Benson
for her fawning review of director-writer
William Richert's *A Night in the Life of
Jimmy Reardon*, released by Island Pictures.
Not only was Benson's review one of the
few positive notices the movie received,
but Benson's daughter is the head of pub-
licity at Island.... Despite the extravagant
hype surrounding the Warner Bros./Guber-
Peter purchase of Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the
Vanities*, most studios passed on the novel
as being too internalized and lacking a suf-
ficiently sympathetic protagonist for the
movies. Subsequently, Guber-Peter picked
up the rights to film Wolfe's book for sig-
nificantly less than the \$1 million-plus
that had been initially expected.... Has
Brandon Tartikoff really been talking to
short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump
about taking over a studio? (Universal?)
Tartikoff's friends say that the man respon-
sible for both *The A Team* and the recent
NBC-Fox Justine Bateman feature film tri-
umph, *Satisfaction*, wants to leave NBC
while he's still on top.

And Finally: For years, Aljean Harmetz's
primary blind source in her occasionally
accurate *New York Times* movie reports has
been Disney's Katzenberg. But Katzenberg
apparently wasn't entirely thrilled with her
recent profile of him as a smug, hyper-
aggressive workaholic who doesn't have
time to find legal parking places in West-
wood. Which means that in the future the
preternaturally well groomed Alan Ladd Jr.
will be Harmetz's only unnamed source in
the paper.

See you Monday night at Mortons. ☛



WILD

Things

BY ANN HODGMAN

SINCE WE LAST TALKED, I'VE EATEN zebra testicles. They were called Zebra Mountain Oysters on the menu, but that didn't fool anyone except the friend I was eating with. "We should ask the waitress

EATING

where Zebra Mountain is," my friend suggested as we pushed our appetizers around on our plates. As patronizingly as possible, I explained why we didn't have to ask the waitress. My friend's voice rose to a shriek.

"I've been eating *horse balls*?"

No. Zebras'. In a potato-crust-and-hickory-butter sauce, at the New Deal Restaurant on Spring Street. This was their annual Game Festival, and we had an ark-load of carcasses to choose from: snake, camel, lion, hippopotamus, elephant, giraffe, ostrich and kangaroo. Less scary, but no more enticing, were quail with lobster and lingonberries; buffalo steak with barbecued corn sauce; and medallions of venison "coated with finely chopped filberts & finished, simply, with maple-walnut butter, to allow the fine flavor to come through." (Well, then, why are the maple-walnut chocolates *always* the last ones in the box?) You could say that the nouvelle-ish treatment given the game at the New Deal is just as unpleasant as the game itself. But let's persevere.

Participating in this festival—the sixth annual one according to the front of the menu, the fifth according to the back of the menu—can be embarrassing. The tables at the restaurant are very close together, which means that everyone hears you ordering your food. And only a 13-year-old girl desperately proud of being quirky could enjoy ordering what my friend and I did.

"Let's see," I murmured to the waitress, "we'll start with the Szechuan snake and the zebra"—I thought it would be better

just to call it *zebra*—"and then we'll have, um, the camel loin and the ostrich stew." Our waitress smiled tolerantly as she wrote it all down. *This is for an assignment*, I longed to add.

The humiliation of having people think you're the kind of person who's proud of showing off this way! Everyone *knows* you're not ordering camel because you like it so much. And the fact that we both started to laugh halfway through ordering didn't improve our standing among the people at the neighboring tables. We sobered up when the food came, though.

This is the point at which you'd expect me to say, *And you know what? Everything was delicious!* But it wasn't. I was eight months pregnant at the time—"Didn't you think about parasites?" my obstetrician asked me later—and already fizzing with



indigestion as it was. So the appetizers we'd ordered did exactly the opposite of what they were supposed to do.

I believe I've mentioned the zebra already. It came as three delicately crusty ovals in a pool of creamy sauce with bits of tomato. (Why *three* ovals? My guess is that two would have been too graphic.) A nice enough presentation, but who cares? We still had to eat it.

The "meat" had—let's see—an elusive flavor. Sweetbreads tinged with urine, was that it? It was hard to tell, because the sauce was so obtrusive. Thin and acrid, it seemed to consist mainly of butter and liquid smoke. I suppose I should have been grateful to it for distracting me from the main event, although I doubt I'll ever enjoy smoky foods the same way again; when I passed a pretzel vendor on the street the next day, I reeled and lurched out of the way. The meat's texture was also disturbing. Almost all of the bites I took were soft

and slick except for one, which had some kind of...*tendon* or something in it. Whatever it was, it propelled me quickly on to the plate of snake.

Here things were more familiar. "The meat, removed from the bone"—thank God—"is roasted in sesame oil, tossed with an array of oriental style vegetables, & then, seasoned with plum, oyster and hoysin." Well, isn't it the point of Chinese food to disguise the unpalatable? Tendrils of snake in hoisin sauce taste pretty much like turkey. It was true, as my friend pointed out, that they tasted like half-cooked turkey. But at least the act of lifting my fork to my lips didn't make me want to scream.

We were impervious to shock by the time the entrées arrived. Here, in any case, there was even less to be nervous about. The ostrich tasted exactly like beef. And the loin of camel tasted exactly like veal.

Still, it was impossible to relax. "This is just like veal! This is just like veal!" I kept exclaiming. But it takes a lot of energy to transform one kind of food into another. The truth hovered, mutinously behind each forkful, and if I'd stopped concentrating for even a second, I'd have started yelling, "*Camel? I'm eating camel?*"

In short—as has been the case with all festivals I've ever attended—we weren't feeling especially festive. Then the waitress arrived with the dessert list. "Tonight we have a special chocolate marshmallow cheesecake," she began, and I asked for the check immediately.

Now, about the morality of all this. The menu hastens to assure you that you commit no environmental crime when you choke down your slice of zoo animal. "We *do not* feature endangered species, and *do not* purchase meats from unauthorized sources. Our more exotic meats come from preserves whose express purpose is to raise these animals for consumption and entertainment."

You can try to wriggle out of it, but there's no real doubt that *the higher up the food chain you eat, the worse you are*. How different is a hot dog from an elephant steak? Is it more horrifying to eat zebra raised on a preserve than veal from a calf that spent its entire life chained, on its knees, in a crate? Since you probably didn't eat at the New Deal's fifth/sixth Game Festival, you're not required to think about any of this. It's too late for me, though; I'm already going to hell. ☛

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MAD.AVE

Evangelist



BY PHILIP WEISS

UNTIL SHE FOUND JESUS IN A MADISON Avenue conference room at midnight one night three years ago—a meeting that ultimately led her to work for Pat Robertson—Constance Snapp had a reputation

POLITICS

for being a shark. She was near the top of the advertising business: a senior vice president at Wunderman Ricotta and Kline, a division of stuffy Young & Rubicam. Now here she was with stars in her eyes, appearing as a blissed-out guest on the Christian Broadcasting Network's *700 Club*. January 1986: Connie Snapp seemed to be flying right off the fast track.

"It made my advertising day look very boring," she said of her spiritual adventures. "I wanted to have an astral-body experience, have my soul leave my body." Baffled and gleeful colleagues passed around a tape of the show. Snapp was hardly recognizable. She'd traded in a frantic personality for a catatonic smiliness and wore a cross around her neck and what looked like a flowered housecoat—hardly the vestments of a Y&R executive. One colleague promptly dubbed a soundtrack onto the tape, with ghostly noises accompanying Snapp's occult talk and game-show music when she got to the part about finding Jesus.

But let them laugh: Connie Snapp had made a smart career move.

Spring 1988 found Snapp reincarnated as a star of the presidential campaign. The communications director for Pat Robertson, she was demonstrating that direct marketing, her specialty in advertising, worked just fine with evangelical religion-cum-politics. What Roger Ailes had done 20 years before in the marketing of a cold, unpleasant Quaker with five o'clock shadow, Snapp was doing for a feverishly pleasant preacher with a shadowy worldview. But whereas Ailes had used the me-

dia, especially television, to get Nixon elected, Snapp was avoiding broadcast media by using direct marketing, notably audiocassettes mailed to voters' homes. Until Robertson went and opened his mouth, spouting what Snapp calls his "funny facts," she was actually having an effect.

"From having the highest negatives of any politician since the Salem witch trials, [Snapp] brought [Robertson's ratings] down to mere Hitlerian levels," allows John Buckley, Jack Kemp's press secretary.

"I approach the campaign just like any other client, like I was taking on IBM for the first time," Snapp told *SPY*. "Political people said that wouldn't work.... But people are people. A sale is a sale."

Americans for Robertson provided a bio sheet jammed with the 38-year-old Snapp's achievements in advertising. Stuck on the end of the bio—almost as an afterthought—is the fact that "she is an active member of the music ministry of Living Word Christian Center in Manhattan." A hint, anyway, of Snapp's peculiar route to transcendence on Madison Avenue.

The do-gooding first child of white-collar parents in Newport News, Virginia, Snapp attended a southern Baptist college before going to work for the phone company. A brief marriage ended in divorce, and a Chicago ad agency hired her away from Illinois Bell. Blond, blue-eyed, sincere and sexy, Snapp was a superb saleswoman, and at 25 she vowed that she'd make \$1 million by the time she was 40.

Her rise in advertising mirrored the rise of direct marketing. For years "direct" was advertising's backwater, the province of mail-order men and catalogs, but as mailing lists grew more sophisticated they were sought after as a way to pitch offers to narrowly defined groups—everyone else being, as Snapp has written in the trade press, "irrelevant." *Clip this coupon, check this box, dial 1-800*: direct is creative advertising's robotic alter ego. Direct marketers disdain general advertising as so much pretty writing and nice pictures.

After a stint with Young & Rubicam in L.A., Snapp came to New York in 1983 to work for Wunderman, the largest direct marketer in the world. She was responsible for such blue-chip accounts as IBM, AT&T, CBS and Xerox; but inside Connie Snapp, things were coming loose. While watching the movie *Gandhi*, she had an epiphany: her life was too materialistic, too hung up on "money, fame and power." Thirty-three,

chubby, divorced, she turned to Eastern religion and in her free time began grasping for what she termed "the beyond."

"I thought there was something supernatural out there.... I spent two years going into a very deep study of things you couldn't explain, things you couldn't put your finger on," she later confessed on the *700 Club*. She was a New Age junkie, a devotee of films and seminars on channeling. "Then I got into reincarnation.... I couldn't do anything without consulting this woman [an astrologer]; her business card was the most dog-eared in my Rolodex."

Epiphany No. 2 came at a business dinner, during a conversation with a Wunderman colleague. "My next step is to Peru, and I'm going to leave my body and... meet the person I was married to in the past," she told her associate (according to her broadcast). He said he didn't buy it and tried to sell her on the idea of Jesus Christ. A couple of weeks of deprogramming efforts followed, culminating in the screening of a film about a book called *Death of a Guru*. "At midnight," she told the *700 Club*, "I accepted the Lord in that conference room." Even in Snapp's spiritual makeover, life imitated advertising: her converter, she noted, was "a marketing genius."

Soon Snapp was worshiping with Living Word Christian Center, a Fundamentalist, charismatic congregation that met in the Empire State Building, led by a beefy, vaguely authoritarian minister named J. Terry Twerell and his wife, Dell. Here Snapp discovered Christ to be supernatural and exciting: people spoke in tongues and healed by laying on hands. Services were filled with dancing and prophesying, and the advertising lady with the bright eyes and blond hair thumped the piano.

Come Monday morning at the office, Snapp was on a big new project: distinguishing Pat Robertson's religious and loopy-seeming Christian Broadcasting Network from its more grown-up-sounding offspring, CBN Cable Network. Robertson, considering a presidential run, needed a similar transfiguration for himself, and called on Snapp to perform it. She took an indefinite leave from Wunderman in January 1987 and moved to Virginia. Since then she has lost weight and income (federal records show she made about \$80,000 last year—surely less than her Wunderman salary), and she works round-the-clock. Her snazzy clothes and patterned stockings stick out amid the Bi-

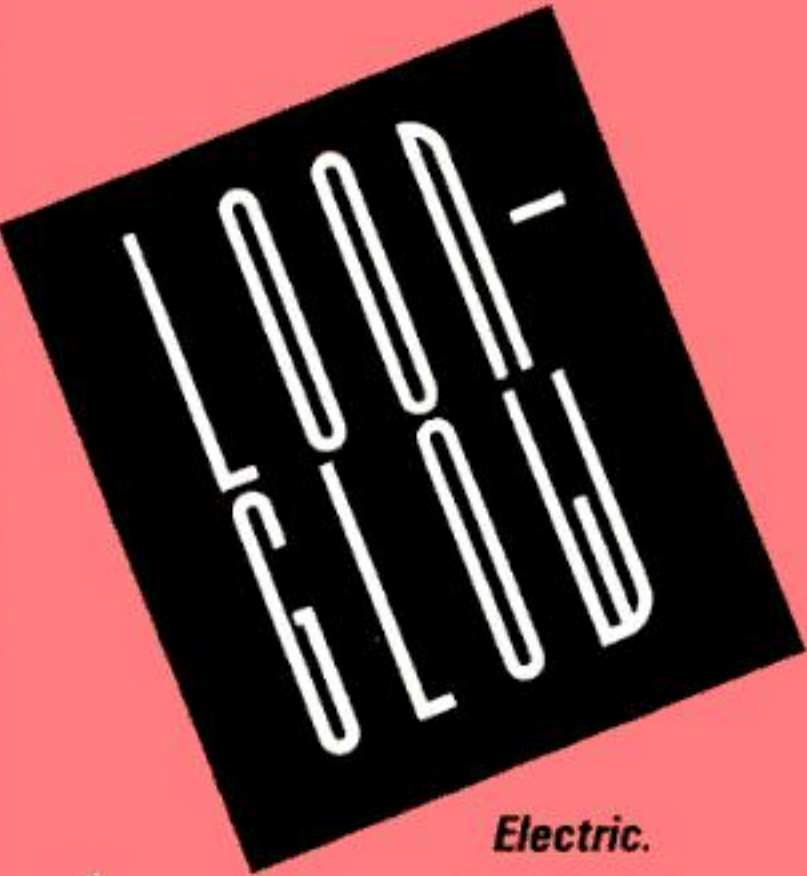
ble Belt blandness of her co-workers.

Snapp's strategy was to cast Robertson the businessman and charity worker as a presidential figure, hoping citizens would forget what Buckley of the Kemp campaign calls "the sheer volume of hemorrhoids he's cured by laying on hands." In many of these efforts she has simply appropriated the idiom of the Serious Statesman from the mainstream media—for instance, showing Robertson on videotape thoughtfully holding his glasses to make him seem less scary. In direct marketing terms, she also did a lot of "dimensional" work: mailing eye-catching packages containing audiotapes to hundreds of thousands of voters in Iowa and New Hampshire.

Her coup is a video made with the help of her own production company (It's A Snapp Productions) called *Who Is This Man?* Designed to be shown at private gatherings, the video presents Robertson in all the contexts of real statesmanship that TV news provides: in a motorcade, besieged by TV cameras, waving with his wife from the top of an airplane stairway and listening to Nicaraguan peasants—Robertson in an olive safari tunic, the regalia of a fact-finding senator. In what's meant to be a subliminal collage of desperate images, Snapp also jabs in Pat's moral hypo: discreet flashes of pornography, abortion, flag burning, evolution, pederasty and, yes, the New York Stock Exchange.

She didn't do nearly as well with live reporters. Foolishly, she tried to muzzle critical writers, once threatening to sue Mike McManus, a religion correspondent who has attacked the campaign's financing, for articles he hadn't yet written. She also banned some writers from press conferences and the campaign's press plane.

Meanwhile, Robertson points to Snapp's high status in his organization and her income as proof that, while he urges women to stay home, he doesn't discriminate against career girls. And though he has lost his shot at 1988, with Snapp around, advertising, Fundamentalist religion and politics stride hand in hand into the future. There's some doubt about whether she could return to her old job on Madison Avenue, but she's welcome elsewhere. A couple of months back she stopped in on Living Word, now relocated to Union Square, and is said to have asked her brothers and sisters to pray for the removal of the "evil spirits" bedeviling the campaign. Direct marketing, it seems, only goes so far. ■



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"LISTEN, MICRO-MAN, THE SITUATION IN THE OTHER ROOM IS UNPARDONABLE! CAN YOU FIX THE SYSTEM?"

"Holy OVACAMOLS!"

"NYST! NYST! NYST!"

"IT'S OBVIOUS YOU'VE BEEN SPEAKING TO MY BOSS'S WIFE..."

"LEAVE YOUR SON... LIVE WITH ME IN MY MOSCOW."

"GO JUMP IN THE HOLDAII!"

"MY DATA BASE MATCHED PAISA WITH GEORGE AND GORBY WITH BARBARA... AND PIPPY, MY NEW SECRETARY FROM THE ISLANDS, HAS OBSCURE ON GEORGE TOO!!"

"THE SYSTEM IS UP; THE MATCH-UPS ARE... PERFECT!"

"I LOVE YOUR COCONUTS, PIPPY."

"OH! WOW! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DATE AN EX-FIGHTER PILOT!!"

"HUUUU..."

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DMWB 88

RATHER

Nasty Tales



BY CHARLES POOTER

EXECUTIVES AT CBS ARE TERRIFIED about Ed Joyce's book on the network, due out this month. While Joyce, who was president of CBS News from 1983-86, was working on his memoirs, soldierly, dim-

THE WEBS

witted Broadcast Group president Gene Jankowski took him to lunch, gave him a sterling-silver Tiffany paperweight and told him, meaningfully, "Ed, you're a young man. You're going to want to work in this business again."

Joyce *won't* work in the business again. At least not at CBS, standard-bearer of the Edward R. Murrow tradition. *Prime Times, Bad Times* (Doubleday) is skillfully written, startlingly detailed and ruthlessly honest. Joyce, a reticent man thought by many to be a martinet, obviously had a book in mind for a while: he scribbled detailed memos to himself about the daily machinations in the political maelstrom that was (and remains) CBS News.

A quick read through the book's galleys turned up some wonderful revelations. Phyllis George, desperate to be taken seriously as cohost of *The CBS Morning News*, told her producer, "I want to do some interviews that make news. I want to interview that Gandhi woman."

The producer said, "Phyllis... she's dead."

"Oh..." Phyllis replied. "Well, somebody *like* her." Joyce concludes, deadpan, "Phyllis had difficulty remembering who was alive and who was dead."

Dan Rather's \$20,000 worth of voice-therapy sessions, monitored by reassuring CBS executives, comes in for similar treatment (Rather's prescribed vocal exercises: "woo-woo-woo-woo... woe-woe-woe-woe... waw-waw-waw-waw... wow-wow-wow-wow"). And Joyce notes that at Van Gordon Sauter's 50th-birthday party, a small affair in Connecticut, Rather was so

unnerved that Tom Brokaw was present—another anchorman! a better anchorman!—that he distractedly greeted Joyce with a wet kiss on the cheek.

But such nuggets are lagniappe to the main plot line, which is the story of how Joyce's closest friend and predecessor as president of the news division, the florid, Peter Principle-paradigm Sauter, grew frustrated as an executive at Black Rock and conspired with Rather to force Joyce out so that he could return as president. (Joyce is so pained by this treachery, he still won't talk about it, even with friends: the otherwise discursive narrative tightens to a skeletal outline when discussing Sauter's perfidy.)

Gossipy Welshman Howard Stringer, the current president of CBS News (Sauter lasted less than a year the second time around), will be especially discomfited by Joyce's detailing his own fits of Rather-bashing. Stringer has worked hard to become Rather's close friend: he knows that Rather has to be coddled at all times. Joyce recalls one time when Stringer mildly criticized Rather in public: "The color left [Rather's] face so quickly he looked like the underside of a very large mushroom." (The intensely political Sauter used to call Rather "Champion," because his face would light up so. Of such small moments are great master-dog relationships forged.)

Stringer on Rather's sexist attitude toward CBS's women correspondents: "Old Dan has a problem with our young women journalists.... He doesn't think they've earned it the way he had to." Strike One. Stringer on Rather's fussy obsession with having everyone respond to his needs: "Bit like a jealous lover, our Dan, isn't he?" Strike Two. Stringer on David Buksbaum, when Buksbaum was being considered for executive producer of the *Evening News*: "I know he gets things done, but the litter of bodies can be costly in the long run."

Strike Three. Buksbaum, a cigar-chomping pit bull who is now vice president and director of Special Events, is Rather's closest friend. Since Joyce left CBS, Buksbaum has solidified his role as Sancho Panza to Rather's Quixote, Lenny to Rather's Squiggy: the Vice President for Dan, as Buksbaum is called behind his back, sports the highly tasteful \$10,000 gold Rolex watch Rather gave him as if it were a fraternity pin. Buksbaum even enters rooms before Rather and scans them like a Secret Service man. When

things look bleak at CBS, which they frequently do, producers entertain one another with apocryphal tales of Buksbaum tasting Rather's food.

A few years ago, a drunk painter was annoying Rather by banging on the walls outside the newsroom while the *Evening News* was on the air. Lane Venardos, then the *News*'s executive producer, tried several times to quiet the painter, to no avail. Finally he had an inspiration: he called Buksbaum and said, "David, there's someone here who's trying to hurt Dan." Within seconds there were loud sounds of scuffling in the hallway—Buksbaum to the rescue.

Slavish loyalty and a contentious personality make a potent combination, which explains why Sauter and Stringer would often work around Buksbaum when he was in charge of allocating journalistic



resources as vice president of Operations. They would meet with Buksbaum and agree on one course of action, which Buksbaum would immediately report to Rather, and then they would tell Buksbaum's deputies, Ted Savaglio and Mark Harrington, what they really wanted done.

Stringer finally had the guts to move Buksbaum out of the loop and into Special Events: he sugarcoated it for Rather by explaining that in an election year, Buksbaum would have a lot of power over the coverage. So far, Buksbaum's major contribution to the network's election coverage has been to confront Richard Cohen, then CBS's senior political producer, after Cohen told *The Des Moines Register* what everyone at CBS was thinking: that Rather "made mistakes" in his confrontation with George Bush. On the night of the Iowa caucus, in full view of the news crew, an incensed Buksbaum told Cohen off. Cohen responded, "I'm an American citizen—I

can say what I want," which was constitutionally accurate but not germane at CBS: Buksbaum *banished* him from the set for the evening, and Stringer, upset by Cohen's history of honest remarks, fired the producer in mid-March.

And while we're speaking of Iowa, the lovely, talented and romantically frisky Kathleen Sullivan, cohost of *CBS This Morning*, further endeared herself to co-workers by asking a female producer to call the candidates' wives and find out where they got their hair done while they were in Des Moines, because she wanted to make sure that her *own* hair would remain pampered even when she had to go out to the nasty old Midwest. Some people would be called prima donnas if they insisted their limousine driver be transferred (at the company's expense) from Washington to New York, and if after each broadcast they either broke into tears or screamed at the people who had booked that day's guests. But Kathleen has so much *empathy* for the little people who make her look good—she knows they will help themselves most by helping her.

It's a caring, sharing kind of thing understood by those wonderful folks at *West 57th* and by house TV critic Tom Shales, who in the March *Esquire*, you will recall, conspired to promote correspondent Meredith Vieira in the magazine's must-read column Women We Love. Twelve inches of lubricious copy explain a couple of glossy, inappropriate cheesecake photos: hey, show biz! The people who would normally be upset about this tacky exploitation—the people who were upset when Diane Sawyer bent her body in suggestive poses for *Vanity Fair*—are quoted in the piece: both *West 57th* executive producer Andy Lack and Howard Stringer moan embarrassingly about Vieira's body. Richard Cohen, Vieira's husband, was not quoted.

This transparent attempt to bolster the ratings of the chirpy *West 57th* is doomed: Andy Lack has already given up, and is spending most of his time in California working on a docudramatization of really weird things that really happen to real people (to be called, *pace* David Byrne, *True Stories*) and having an affair with Susan Sullivan, one of the stars of *Falcon Crest*. *West 57th* will be yanked by June. Shales's closing words on Meredith Vieira may well have a longer life: "Baby, baby, gimme some news!" Ah, the Murrow Tradition. ☛

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

I think we're onto something with this themelessness angle. I'm not sure what it is, but—see, that's the beauty of it! A little more Darryl Strawberry here, a little more excess there (as it is, over appears three times), and this puzzle could have had a theme right enough, but I figured, hey, the Reagan years have been marked by too much theme. Let us rather err, if at all, on the side of pluribus, rather than unum. Besides, what we mainly want to do is get on with our serial earthworm novel (see below). (Maybe that's what we should be calling it: See Below.) —R.B.

ACROSS

4. Once I sat down to choose an all-time all-star baseball team composed of people with Dickensian names. But Danny Heep was the only one I could think of. You'd think there'd be more. Preacher Roe was, of course, an artful Dodger. At any rate, both Darryl Strawberry, in fact, and Uriah Heep, in fiction, have good names. A great name is Canaan Banana, who was until recently president of Zimbabwe.

8. *Renow* is *owner* rearranged ("weird"), and *n* is the head of *noodle*.

10. The liver is a gland.

12. *Look*, NY, *BR* rearranged ("sort of"). The old Brooklyn Dodgers were called the Bums.

13. The aforementioned Darryl Strawberry plays the outfield, or *fouled it* rearranged.

16. *Bing* embracing *Reed*. Jimmy the Greek, of course, lost his television job by pronouncing that black athletes could jump and run better than white ones because long thighs were bred into their ancestors by slave owners. In fact, you would think that jumping and running is something that you would want to breed *out* of chattels. The truth is that Jimmy the Greek was speaking out of thigh envy. A whole class of white people has been bred to have short thighs so they will stay put behind corporate desks. The Greek went so far as to maintain that the muscles of black athletes' thighs go all the way up into their backs. His only go up into where his head is.

19. *Han Gover* is to be found in that saying.

23. *Hovered* rearranged ("strangely") around A.

26. *Tis I SI HT*, returning. It is a sign of my increasing maturity that I did not incorporate some rearrangement of the word *shit* in this clue. Which gives me a chance to raise the question, why is it that Democratic presidents and presidential aspirants generally curse so much better than Republican ones? Truman, Kennedy and Johnson were all good at it, whereas Nixon, Reagan (words like *keister*) and most recently George Bush have egregiously lacked the hang of it. When Bush uses an obscenity, it always sounds so *dirty*. I think he has a bad swearing coach.

DOWN

1. *Re* is "about," and *RR* goes inside *May*.

4. Dwight is *Gooden*. Then *ought*. Then *ot* (to "coming up") around *ea* (abbreviation for *each*). *Savory* is a definition for the whole phrase.

5. *Vet Im not* rearranged ("somehow").

6. "The pits" is the definition, *drain* is the anagram (signaled by "strangely").

7. The coat is *mink* and the stuff that used to provide plenty in Dallas is oil. *Mink oil* will, in fact, protect your leather boots from water.

17. I guess this puzzle has just made this word up, but it seems appropriate to the eighties. *Relish* is a condiment.

18. "On the uptake," that is, in reverse, it's *de-Yaled*.

20. *Needless* without *SS*.

THE WORMS' TURN Chapter Three

The Worm Queen glistened dully.

You may think that our heroes Shandy and Blair (homeless young bisexual bond-trading couple of the nineties) had found themselves huddled before the Queen's throne in some vast subterranean palace chamber.

I mean when they awoke from the shock of being pulled gently but firmly underground by an earthworm the size of a ballistic missile.

But no. They had found themselves moving along a burrow—a long tunnel through the earth, indistinguishable from the dimly lit holeway of any earthworm, except that its size was enormous:

"The burrow," whispered the irrepressible Shandy, "of Queens."

Rhythmically the Queen progressed, by means of her bristles, or setae, which she also employed to keep our heroes pressed against her massive stretching-and-contracting flank.

This much was clear.

The question was, what possible use could she have for Shandy and Blair?

To be continued...



PUBLIC

Enema No. 1



BY AMY ENGELER

LAST YEAR, SPY VISITED THE PURveyors of a nasty little water trade, the people who make a living cleaning intestinal tracts. For a fee of \$35 to \$100 per session, these colonic irrigationists run enough

SCIENCE AND YOU

water through a victim's large intestine to flush a toilet for about a week. Medical science says colonics are pointless, but devotees are convinced they rid the body of "toxins"—drug residue, preservatives—and besides, they insist, colonics make you feel, like, *really really great*.

In March 1986, during one of these no-license-required procedures, a Manhattan man was inadvertently filled up beyond capacity, burst his guts and died. His New York colonic therapist, Xenia Marie "Sophia" Green (from Colón, Panama, no less), was arrested and charged with second-degree manslaughter and criminally negligent homicide.

For eight days last winter the tall, stately assistant district attorney Kristine Hamann and her aides lugged anatomy charts, scene-of-the-rupture photos and the bulky Plexiglas tubing of Sophia's homemade waterworks into court. Sophia, with her hair cut harrowingly close to the skull, arrived some days clutching a Bible. Her flamboyant defense attorney, Edward Hayes, took center stage, with his double-breasted drape suits, mangled nose and outer-borough rap ("Whaddaya, whaddaya...fer Chrissakes!"). A close friend of Tom Wolfe's, Hayes was the model for Tommy Killian, the defense attorney for the bond trader accused of killing a Bronx youth in a hit-and-run accident in Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*. Hayes and Sophia apparently have a mutual friend who enlisted him in the case.

Everyone talked bowel movements.

Things looked grim for Hayes and his

client as the prosecution presented its facts: according to Sophia's confiscated date book, Frank Van Deusen, the deceased, a telephone worker and resident of St. Marks Place, arrived at her 40th Street spa, Colonique, at 5:00 p.m. on February 28, 1986, to take one of his thrice-monthly colonics. At 8:00 p.m. a businessman came in for a cleaning, and during the 45-minute process he heard a man yelling, "Sophia, Sophia, Sophia!" from another room. It seems that Van Deusen's cecum (the softest section of the intestine) had been ripped by the force of the water, which, coming right out of the faucet, flowed at a pressure between 40 and 50 pounds per square inch.

By 9:00 p.m. the businessman had left. Six hours passed. Nothing was heard from the spa until almost daybreak. Finally, at 3:53 a.m., Sophia called the police to report a dead man in her colon spa. When police arrived seven minutes later, the place was immaculate, and the corpse, showing signs of "moderate rigor of [the] extremities," was clean and slumped over the toilet. ("Cleanliness is next to godliness," Sophia told SPY last year.) Outwardly calm while the police questioned her, Sophia said Van Deusen had administered two colonics to himself. The prosecution argued that it was the second colonic—applied to an already ailing colon—that blew a small perforation into a half-inch hole, letting 8,000 cubic centimeters of water into Van Deusen's abdominal cavity.

Since Sophia chose not to take the stand, we can only guess what happened the night Van Deusen lay dying: the coroner said many hours had passed between the time of the initial perforation and death. Defense attorney Hayes offered no clues but did suggest, in his nervous, fidgety way, that the waterlogged man *could* have telephoned an ambulance himself.

Prosecutor Hamann didn't attack colonic irrigation itself, instead focusing on Sophia's particularly "negligent" and homespun methods. Against Hayes's objections, Hamann called another—more *reputable*, was the implication—colonic therapist to testify as an expert. In a black pantsuit and white high-heeled go-go boots, the expert *clickety-clicked* into the courtroom, took the stand and gave her name as Jody Cuomo. She did not identify herself as the governor's niece.

A colonic purveyor on the Upper East Side for seven years, Cuomo explained her

very classy trade for the jury. "From the time I insert the speculum into the rectum," she said slowly, "until [I withdraw it], I am present. The inflow of water should be constantly monitored." Cuomo uses a popular brand of water machine that works on gravitational principles: the water flows out of a tank suspended above the body. During a typical colonic, the therapist massages the patient's lower back while the water flows. Sophia, by most witnesses' accounts, left clients alone to undress and operate the machinery themselves.

Hamann pulled out Sophia's system, a rather crude length of hosing that screws right into the faucet like a garden sprinkler, and held the contraption up for Cuomo: "Have you ever seen this particular device?" Cuomo shook her head no.

After calling nine witnesses, the prosecution rested. Hayes's small parade of two defense witnesses was finished in 30 minutes. They were Sophia's mother (for a good measure of sympathy) and TV reporter-colonic loyalist Phyllis Haynes, who testified, "Cleansing my bowel tract gives me peace of mind."

"You think it's impossible for someone to die with this device?" Hamann asked.

"Yes, I do," Haynes answered. "Unless they wrap it around their necks."

In his passionate closing argument, Hayes showed himself worthy of Wolfe's homage. "It's not just!... It's not fair what happened to Sophia! If her instructions are followed, this is as safe as taking a shower."

The enthralled jury began deliberations late one morning, and not four hours later they emerged with the verdict: not guilty of manslaughter, but guilty of the lesser criminally negligent homicide—a charge typically saved for drunk drivers.

"I'm unhappy," says Hayes. "I kind of like Sophia. I think she's a sweet person."

At the sentencing, Judge Thomas Galligan imposed a fine of \$5,000 (Sophia made only \$22,000 a year with Colonique) and put Sophia on probation for five years, with the condition that she be barred from giving colonics ever again. Sophia and a new lawyer plan to file an appeal on the grounds of insufficient evidence.

The Colonique phone number is now disconnected. Stripped of her profession, Sophia is looking into new entrepreneurial options. "There are a lot of things," she murmurs. "But first, I have to take care of myself." ■

ESCAPE

From New York



BY ELLIS WEINER

BLAME DR. BERYL SPRINKEL, WHO was a Department of Treasury undersecretary when I saw him a few years ago on (I'm not sure which one) either *The Something/Whosis Newswhatsis* or *Wall Street Thingamajig*

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

in Perspective. Backed by the full institutional authority of being on TV, he declared most vigorously that, sooner or later, we might have a recession. Anxiety coursed through my various veins and arteries. Yes, *we will have a recession*, I thought. No—I *will have a recession*. And so will my wife and child. What should we do? How best to forestall fiscal doom, provide adequate supplies of life-style, and not be...you know: a loser.

The result was home ownership, preceded, naturally, by home buyership and home-mortgage-appliership. As for Sprinkel—shall we not mince words?—*it's all his fault*. He drove us to it, condemning us to worry about everything from backyard-soil nitrogen balance to the thermodynamics of the electric water heater to "assessments." And I will never forgive him.

Of course, there are advantages: plenty of living space, access to great big wide-aisled Shop-Rites, and the quiet, civilized pleasure of knowing that we are now, at last, unbelievably, incredibly grown-up. How can we not be, after hurling ourselves, and our tax returns, at the feet of a strapping young man in the mortgage department of the Northeastern Bank of Pennsylvania and affixing our John and Jane Hancocks to the loan application?

It wasn't easy to arrange. When it came to our various sources of financing (banks, parents), I had plenty of illusions concerning the latter but none whatever about the former. Because I once read Volumes I and II of *Das Kapital*, by the German social philosopher Karl Marx, I think I know better than most that while banks cer-

tainly want very much to be your friend, they want to make money even more. When confronted with billboards on which handsome couples leap ecstatically into each other's arms and exult, "WE GOT THE LOAN!" I have never been deceived.

We got the loan!, I have mimicked with lethal sarcasm. *We got the right to plunge into debt past our eyebrows! We got obsessive gardening! We got permission to pay usurious interest rates to heartless strangers from now until we drop dead from overwork, obsessive gardening and worry about "assessments"!* No dummy, I see through bank advertising like Superman through brick.

How fitting, then, that one afternoon, while I was occupied in the challenging activity of breaking into my own car with a coat hanger, my wife appeared at the top of



the steps of our rented Park Slope apartment with a bit of news, and that shortly thereafter we thought it appropriate to jump up and down and yell, "We got the loan!" Thus does one man's satiric gibe become that same man's shout of triumph. To be allowed to embrace what you once mocked: how eighties, how the-story-of-my-generation, how, alas, grown-up.

And then came the closing. It was a scene of Altmanesque confusion. Toddler Nat bawling and shrieking nonstop; the sellers gamely making good-sport jokes amid the chaos; the real estate agent hustling out the door like a paramedic, to return in ten minutes with a bottle of apple juice for the child; and our attorney fumbling in the adjoining room, apportioning costs and computing taxes and charging us twice the originally agreed upon fee—and doing it all at the last minute, like a student faking an algebra assignment in homeroom.

As for the house, it is big, handsome,

chilly and wallpapered to a fare-thee-well in the previous owners' flowers and es-cutcheons and fleurs-de-lis. It is a noble, solid, generously proportioned manse (I hate that word, but it is sort of a manse) and therefore intimidates all of us except Nat, who is too young to know better. It has been well maintained by a succession of sober, responsible, grown-up owners for 115 years. Now we have moved in, and wait daily for the real owners to come back and ask us to kindly leave.

Until they do, we continually rediscover, like amnesiacs visited by flashes of the forgotten life, the necessity for upkeep. When I lived in Brooklyn, I would stroll to a neighborhood hardware store, buy some precious, tiny item of mainly cosmetic significance—a \$2 box of Spackle, say, or a tastefully high-tech reflector light bulb—and feel like Ralph Waldo Emerson, sternly self-sufficient in the maintenance of my dwelling. Now I need ladders, and kerosene heaters. I drive to a shopping center anchored by a Food Lane supermarket, a vast garden-supply-drome and Rickel's, one of those hangarlike home-improvement centers where, for your convenience, you may buy anything from tea towels to earth movers, the better to do-it-your-inept-self.

Bundled in a down coat like a hot dog in a bun, I wander the canyons of hollow-core doors and exterior latex feeling like a ninny. "Excuse me, where are the ladders?" I ask a lean, rangy guy in white shirt and tie, who has a clipboard and the look of a man who has managed to live his entire life without ever having to decide what he thinks about Julian Schnabel.

"Back end aisle, past Panels," he says telegraphically.

Thrilled, as always, to have been taken seriously by someone who could probably beat me up with one hand, I thank him and set off. "Panels" is just beyond the skids laden with 50-pound sacks of Halite deicing salt. (*Maybe we'll need one of those*, I muse, and for an insane second I picture myself lugging a bag, like a killer with his victim's corpse, up to the cashier.) The ladders, though, seem—to my newly unfrivolous homeowner's eye—a bit flimsy. *Can't abide a flimsy ladder*, I think. *Better check Triangle Hardware, out past Westgate Mall*. I get back in the car.

Park Slope it isn't. Apartment life it isn't. Urban it certainly isn't. Grown-up, for better and for worse, it is. ■

The Cartoon COPS



BY JOE QUEENAN

THE FILM SEEMED HARMLESS enough on first inspection, but just to be on the safe side, my wife and I checked the latest issue of *National Coalition on Television Violence News*. Wouldn't you know it: Holly-

wood was trying to pull another fast one on us, passing off as innocuous children's entertainment a movie that actually contained "biting, fighting, chasing [and] shooting." The film was *Lady and the Tramp*.

All in all, the report was pretty bleak. A second movie we had been thinking of going to see got the NCTV thumbs-down because it contained "kicking, hitting, shooting, attempted suicide by hanging, stabbing, shooting, and gassing." That film was *Crimes of the Heart*. About *The Nutcracker* NCTV warned, "Violence includes a battle between soldiers and mice using swords, bayonets, and cannons."

For five years the National Coalition on Television Violence has been helping credulous filmgoers such as myself avoid violent entertainment both at home and in the movie theater by keeping tabs on, for instance, how many times in a movie a man gets kicked in the groin. The NCTV review of *Tough Guys* counted three such incidents; I rented the video and counted only two. But I don't do this for a living.

If I did do this for a living, I'd be warning the public about the menace posed to society by Steve Martin films: the blood-curdling *Three Amigos* is damned by the NCTV because of scenes where characters are shown "throwing knives" and because "alcohol [is] glorified," while *Little Shop of Horrors* is condemned because somebody feeds a corpse to a plant. I'd be handing out film ratings like R(18)-6—the organization's Byzantine rating system is far more complicated than anything the Legion of Decency or the Hays Office ever cooked

up. There is an R(13), a PGV, an R(18), an RV, an X, an XV and an XUnfit. In layman's terms they all mean the same thing: *Stay home*. Each rating is accompanied by a number indicating the frequency of violent acts per hour. Thus the XUnfit-41 awarded to the patriotic 1986 movie *Born American* means that because of its 41 acts of violence per hour, it is in a "worse category reflecting levels of violence allowed only in controlled theaters in countries such as England, or banned altogether in countries sensitive to the violence issue. This violence could be considered similar to the worst pornography." The asterisk in front of the 41 means that at some point in the movie there is either a "rape or attempted rape by force or drugging."

The NCTV, based in Champaign, Illinois, is headed by Thomas Radecki, a psychiatrist and research director of the International Coalition Against Violent Entertainment (ICAIVE). Avowed NCTV adherents include academics from the University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins, mental health professionals the world over, at least one auxiliary Roman Catholic bishop, the Consumers Group of Siam, and Joan Baez. A recent ICAIVE press release also mentioned an organization called Canadians Concerned About Entertainment Violence, another called Canadians Concerned About Violent Entertainment and a third called Canadians Concerned About Violence in Entertainment. From Moose Jaw to Halifax, the terror spreads.

Radecki is an affable man, capable of stringing together lucid statements for several minutes at a time. Then he veers. During a recent conversation he told me of his dream that the U.S. House of Representatives would pass legislation requiring the TV networks to air public-service announcements every four to six hours "encouraging people to turn off their TV sets."

"No program would be named," he explained of the dream legislation, but the messages could be cunningly juxtaposed with the airing of such programs as *Miami Vice* and *Mike Hammer*. "We could recruit Bill Cosby, Mary Tyler Moore or Pee-wee Herman to do short, catchy 30-second clips telling viewers that violence is bad and that they should turn off their sets. We know ad people who would do it for us if we could get the airtime." Right.

The NCTV has been a fearless whistleblower from the very beginning. In 1985 it issued a stunning report denouncing *The*

Bugs Bunny/Roadrunner Show as "comedic violence with endless attempts to kill with dynamite, shotguns, steam-rollers, hatchets, etc." That same report damned *The Smurfs*, *Popeye*, *Tom and Jerry* and *Mighty Mouse*; linked *Scooby-Doo* with at least one child suicide; and ripped The Disney Channel's *Mousterpiece Theater* for its inexcusable levels of "inappropriate violence." But the NCTV reserved its most scathing criticism for *Woody Woodpecker*.

"In 'The Careless Caretaker,'" the group noted, "Woody Woodpecker is attacked by an obnoxious dog trying to keep him from pecking on a particular tree. The dog shoots a rifle, stomps on Woody and throws apple pie in his face. Woody spits in the dog's face, drops a tree on him, pecks his ears, cements his feet, and shoots a cannon ball in his face." Intriguingly, Brian De Palma's *Body Double* was released at almost the same time as the report, yet no one connected with *Woody Woodpecker* ever sued for copyright infringement.

The NCTV is certainly not afraid to take unpopular positions. In a snit about the amount of drinking that takes place on prime-time TV programs, Radecki recently called for "an increase in senseless drunken violence between family and friends in TV programming," demanding that studios begin preparing scripts in which "several leading characters on TV each year will develop alcoholism and die."

Radecki admits that his organization does seem to get an enormous amount of media coverage, "far out of proportion to the quality of our work," he says. (The newsletter is a grammatical and typographical mess.) Nevertheless, he questions the value of the coverage, noting that "the average adolescent viewer doesn't read *The New York Times*. They don't even read the *National Enquirer*. They watch TV."

Even so, the NCTV has no plans to let up. War toys such as G.I. Joe have been in their sights for some time, as has championship wrestling. In the meantime, the NCTV will continue its all-out assault on insidious children's entertainment, as it did so capably a while back when it condemned a short film in which villainous pranksters pounce upon the main character and "hit him in the mouth, sink his boat, tie him to the stake, shoot at him, electrocute him, etc."

But in that horrifying instance, Donald evened the score with Huey, Dewey and Louie by beating up a psychologist. ■

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New York was a more joyful place on the day that actor-producer-director-philanthropist-genius Jerry "The Day the Clown Cried" Lewis turned up *in person* at L'Escargot restaurant to accept his Lifetime



At the Museum of the Moving Image salute to Jimmy Stewart (chewing, at left), an elderly Kirk Douglas helps an elderly Nancy Reagan cut her lamb chop—just as she does for the president of the United States at home!



Achievement Award—the Nobel of the time-piece industry—from the Eterna Watch Corporation. The watch people had told Lewis that all he had to do to get their award—which salutes "his service to generations...helping us develop a sense of humor about ourselves, and our fellowman"—was show up and make lots of goofy faces for the cameras.



CHEESE Brooke Shields, Calvin Klein and Blaine Trump at the Jimmy Stewart dinner at the Waldorf. Guess which person in this photograph is a professional model.



Former stewardess Susan Gutfreund feigns deference while listening to her husband, John, the teetering investment banker.



◀ Donald "Stinky" Trump doesn't call his superglamorous casino-decorator wife, Ivana, a former "top" model for nothing. We've noticed that despite her super-high-powered schedule running a casino, Mrs. Trump keeps her purported modeling skills sharp. Note how she automatically pivots her calf sideways for photographers, making for a more attractive leg shot. *That's glamour.*



DANCE FEVER *Left:* Fashion scientists have finally perfected a method of fusing the bubble-dress look with the slutty-skin-tight-sequined-bustier look. And who better than the Trumps' best

friend, cable TV concoction Nikki Haskell (at right), to model it? — here cancaning with forever-young sex-magazine editor Helen Gurley Brown. *Right:* Texas-born Englishman-Warhol merchandiser Fred Hughes sashays with his pal costume-jeweler Kenny Jay Lane.



YO-YO Two of Sly Stallone's favorite ladies—his mother, Joan Collins impersonator Jacqueline, and his sometime girlfriend—social instructress, Cornelia Guest—get to know each other during a very, very warm chat. *Right:* Jacqueline Stallone shares a photo opportunity with another scary, gothic celebrity stage mom—George Hamilton's mother, Anne.



Party



MUSKRAT LOVE Rodentish married couple Andrew Lloyd Webber and Sarah Brightman make on-lookers squeamish at a *Phantom* party.



▲ What would you do with \$1 million from *Playboy*? Would you have massive breast-enlarging plastic surgery designed to make your body look like this, the way most people's bodies look before they go in for cosmetic surgery? Jessica Hahn did.



At very conveniently connected Ariadne Getty's photography exhibit, Judd "the Judster" Nelson, concerned that people might not pay attention to him, willingly looks foolish to oblige party-goers to remark on his new dreadlocks hairstyle.



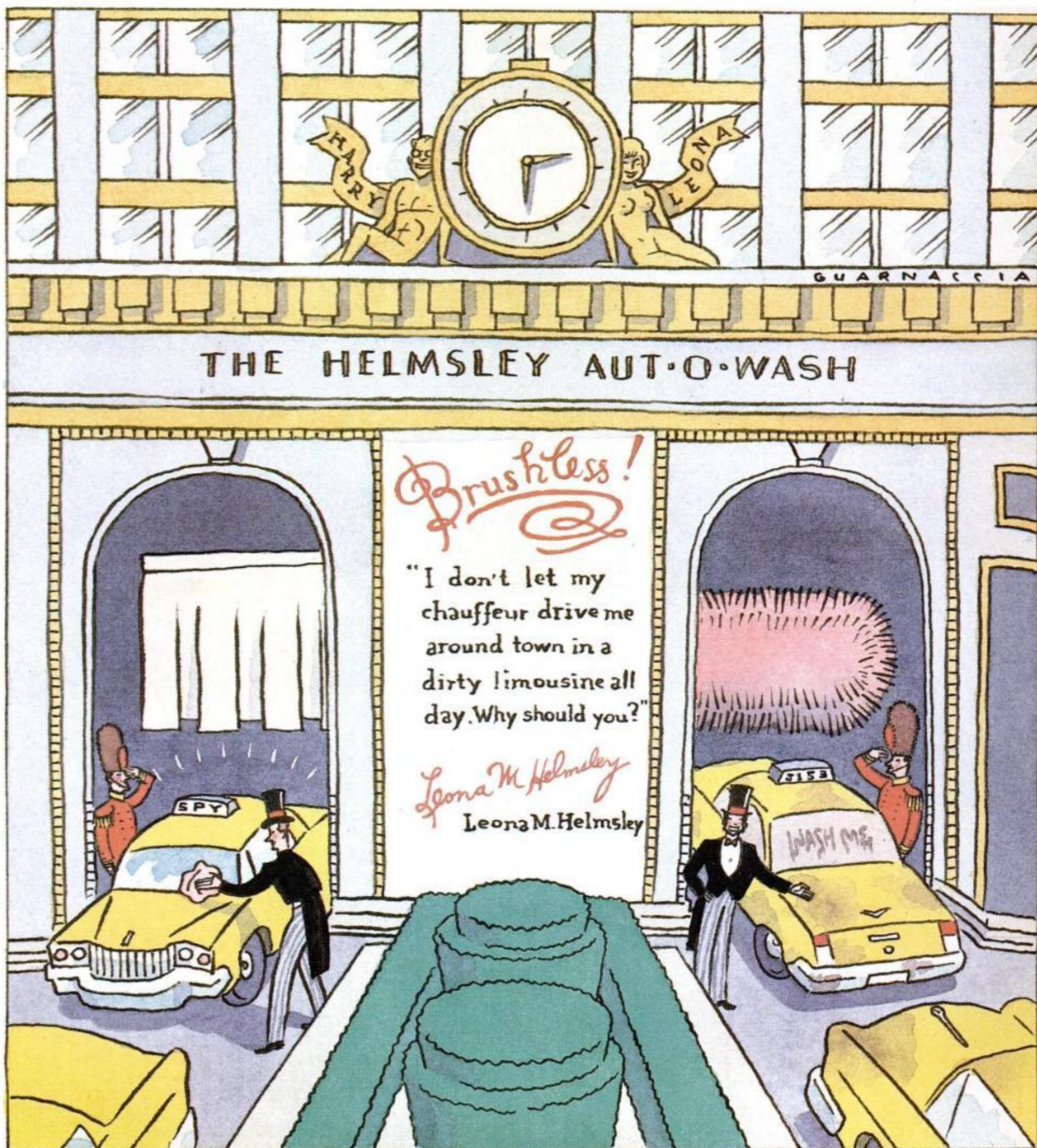
L.A. TO N.Y. Tastefully attired MTV game-show star Craig (*Remote Control*) Vandenburg hangs loose at Roxanne Pulitzer's book party (*not a sixties party, mind you*) at the Tunnel.

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IMPROVED
NEW YORK**

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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

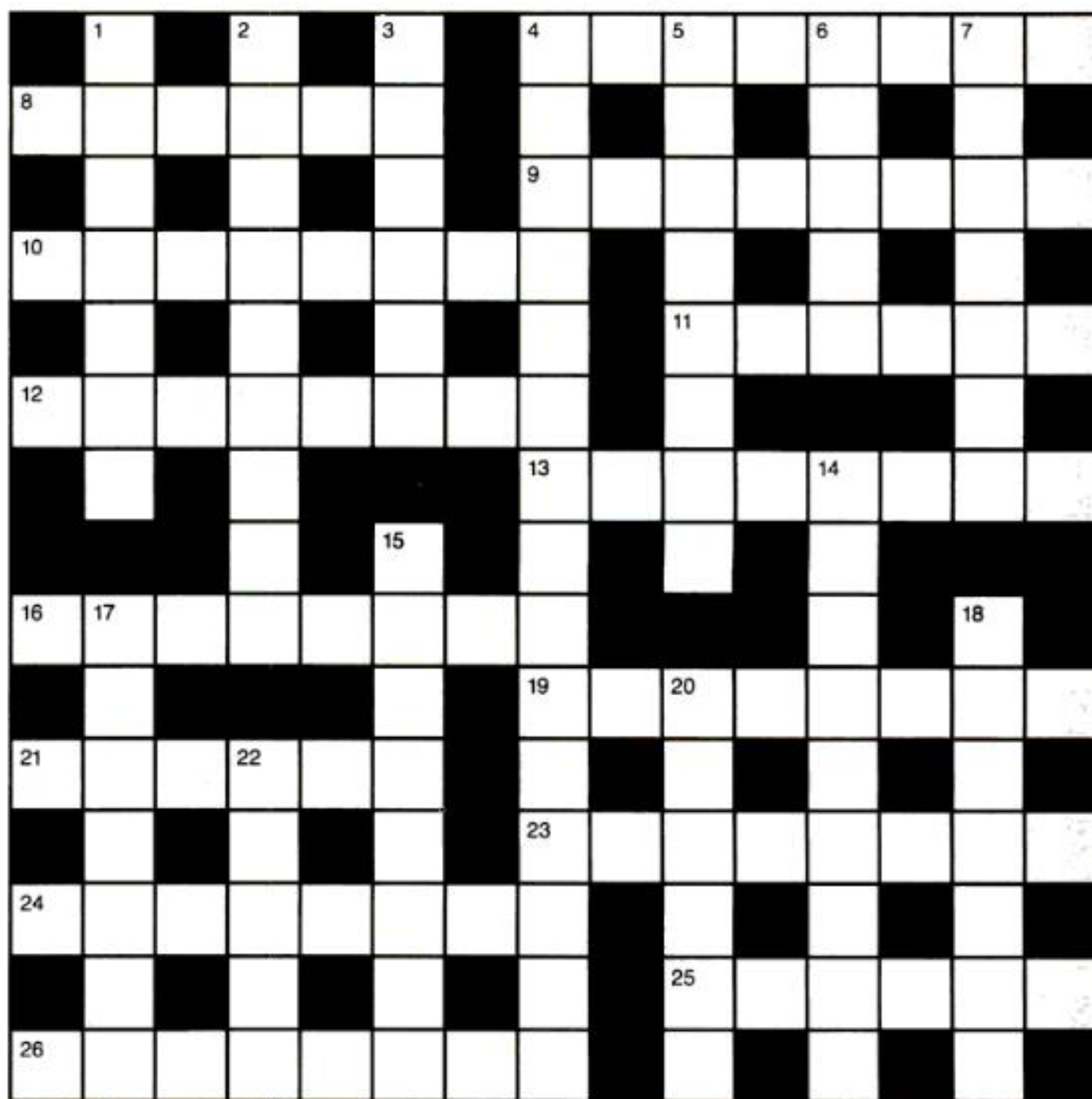
Themelessness Special

ACROSS

4. Bankable reputation of "Darryl Strawberry" or "Uriah Heep." (4,4)
8. Weird owner with noodlehead has fame. (6)
9. Perhaps drove one that's run into ground. (8)
10. Type of slaying combines Georgia 'n' liver, for example. (8)
11. Wine-red abandon. (6)
12. Look! New York bedroom (sort of) is old Bums' home. (8)
13. Fouled it disastrously to where Strawberry roams. (8)
16. Crosby embraces Donna, yielding what Jimmy the Greek attributed long thighs to. (8)
19. In saying "I'd rather be a lamppost in New York City than governor of California," he had morning-after feeling. (8)
21. Song of backward Labrador boy. (6)
23. Hovered strangely around top of Ararat, where anything hovers. (8)
24. Sid returns from Greek isle, separated. (8)
25. Air bag editor suddenly thrust forward. (6)
26. " 'Tis I, Staten Island" — Harry Truman, initially returning to announce discovery. (4,2,2)

DOWN

1. Sign up for new hitch about May (train included). (7)
2. Cherry tree chopper in drag? (3,6)
3. Involve in tale messily. (6)
4. Dwight ought to, coming up around each savory. (4,6,2,3)
5. Vet: "I'm not somehow something employed in handling hot potatoes." (4,4)
6. The pits drain strangely. (5)
7. Waterproof your boots with this coat Dallas women want and stuff that formerly provided plenty there. (4,3)
14. Dishes too good for outdo' dining where Nam is. (9)
15. Stupid not to care so much. (8)
17. Approximately authentic condiment containing vitamin. (7)
18. Extracted the Eli element on the uptake, getting held back. (7)
20. Unnecessary without supersonic stylus. (6)
22. Hair to the ear is smoked fish. (5)

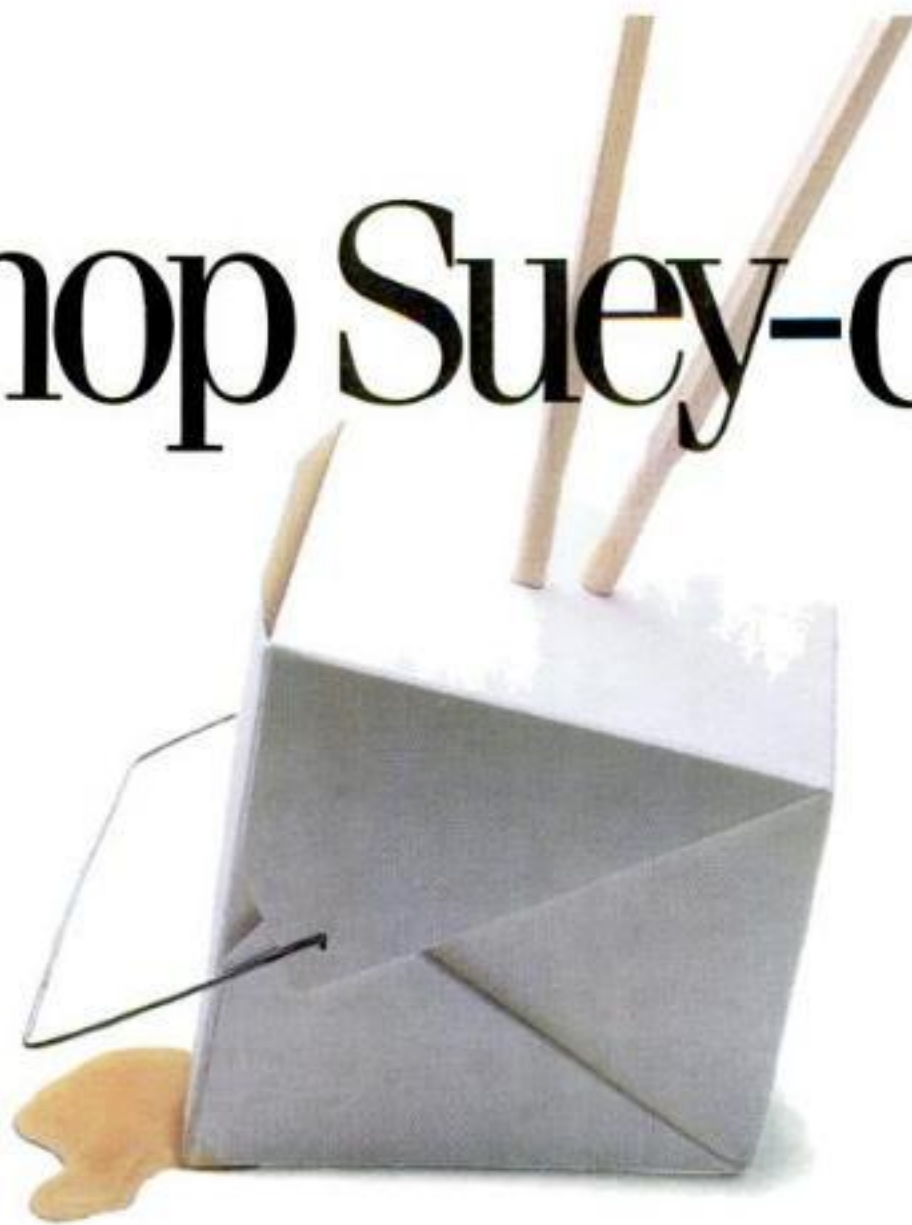


BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

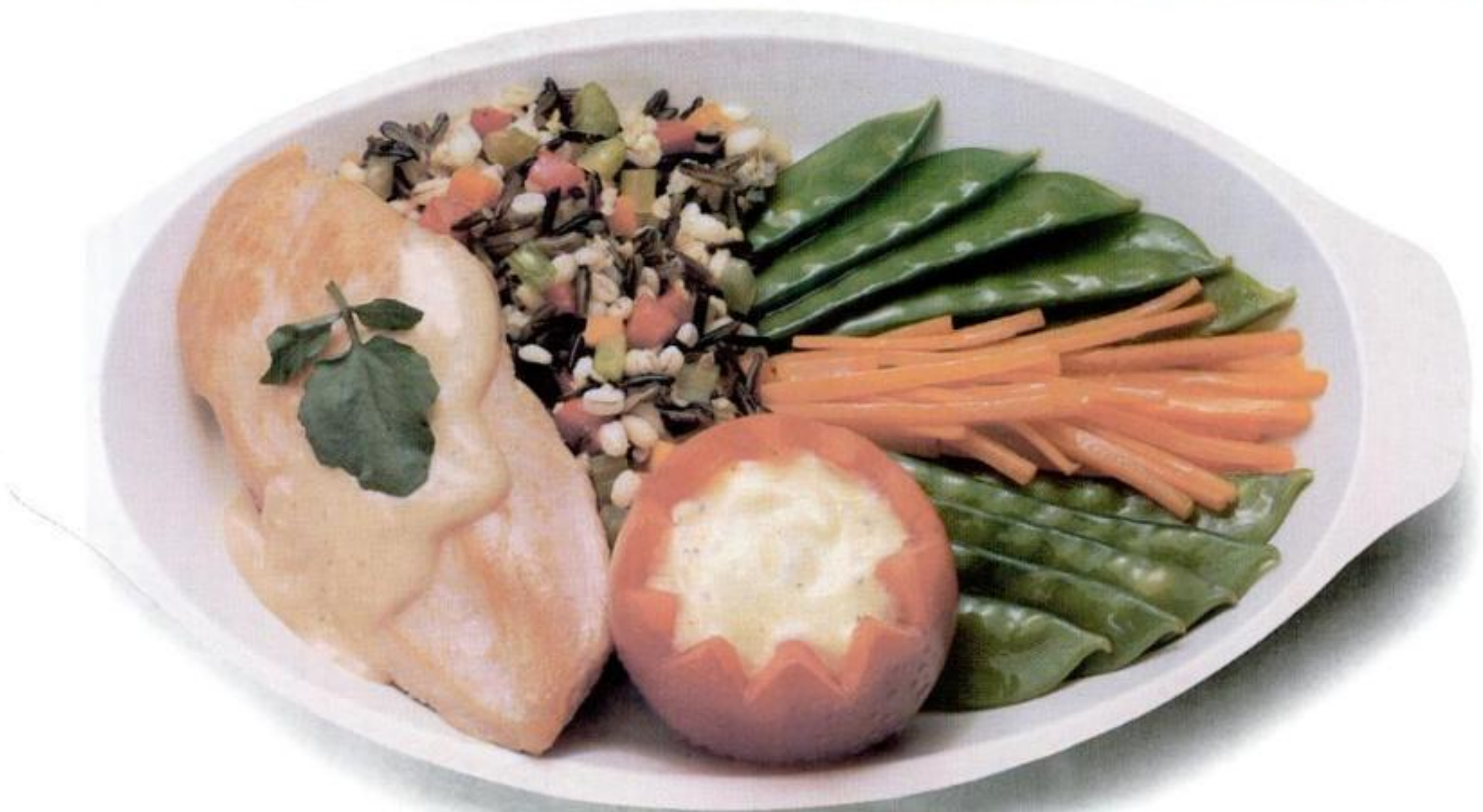


The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 115.

Chop Suey-cide.

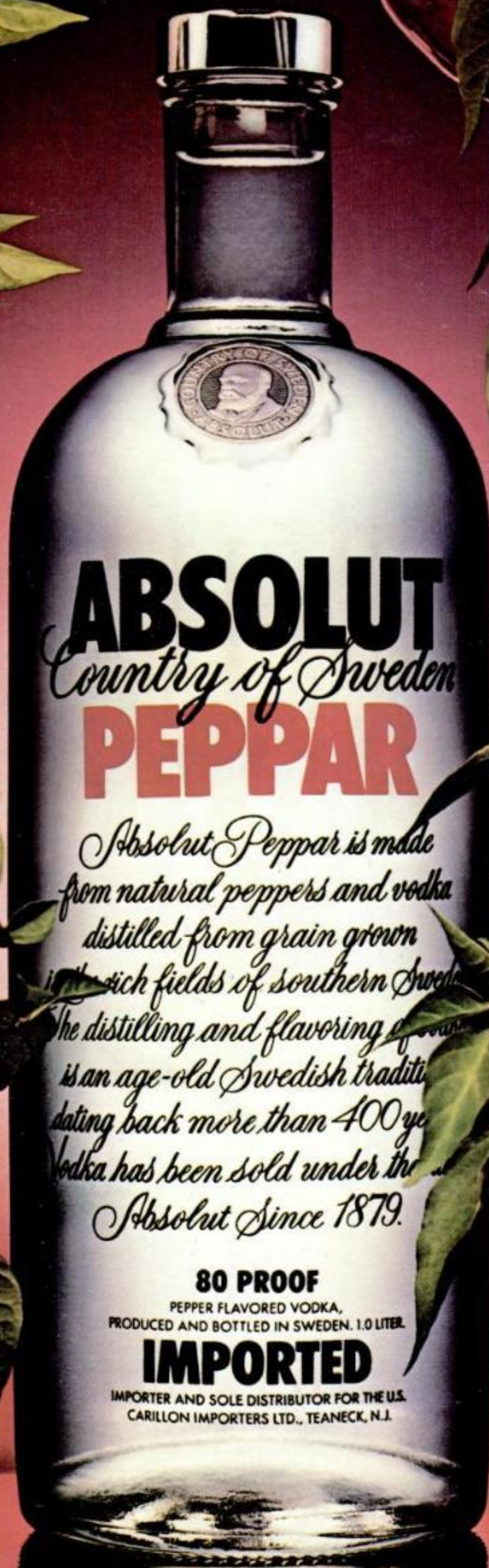


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